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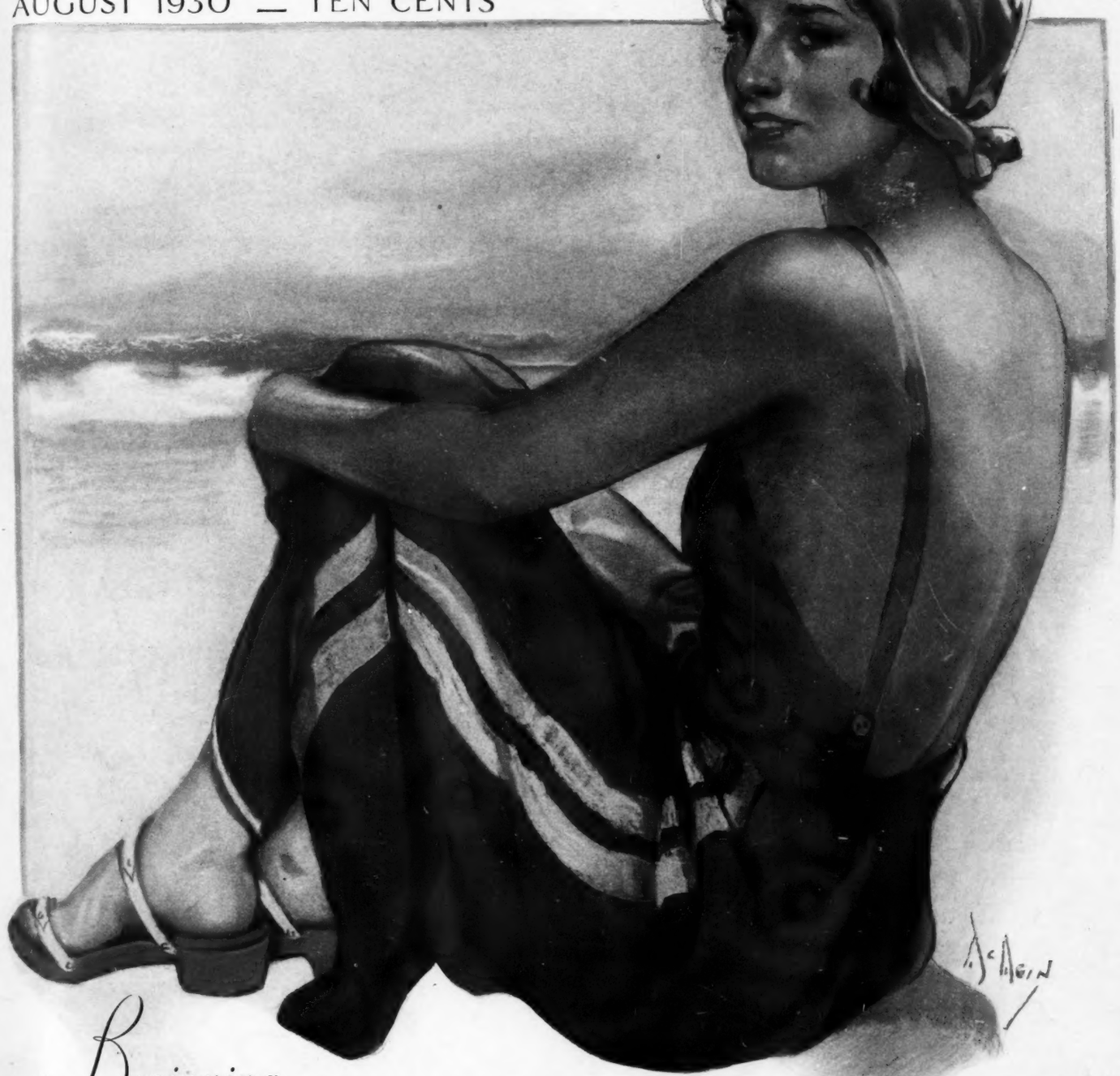

Beginning

MOON OF DELIGHT

The dramatic romance of The Black Opal —

also MEN ARE SO SIMPLE

by Fannie Kilbourne

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How about some Comfort, this Summer?

You don't figure it among the summer sports, do you, seeing how many mosquitoes you can kill on your ankles per hour? It's all right to be scratch man, but when you go fishing you don't really prefer to *show* your bites, do you? You *do* remember, we are sure, what just one tiny little mosquito can do to a whole night's sleep? And you have heard, have you not, that a single mosquito can lunch off you in seven places in six minutes and still be peevishly hungry?

Well, it's strange, admitting the truth of all this natural history, that so many people are going to have their summers almost completely ruined by mosquitoes. It's *so* unnecessary!

Of course the answer is Flit, whose clean-smelling stainless vapor is harmless to humans but quick death to all insects. It keeps mosquitoes away outdoors and kills 'em quick indoors—as it does flies and all other household insects. The few cents it costs will bring you lots of comfort this summer. Get the yellow can with the black band and the special inexpensive Flit Sprayer, before you scratch another bite.

Wise people have given up swatting. They spray Flit, and let the insects do the worrying.

SPRAY clean-smelling Flit — its stainless vapor is harmless to humans but it is quick death to all insects.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING INSECT-KILLER

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"I wonder how serious it really is"...

CHECK
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WITH

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is a disquieting trouble to face. For with it come visions of all manner of dread dental diseases that may follow in its train.

Decisively, "pink tooth brush" does not imply that you may have pyorrhea. But it certainly does mean that your gums have begun to soften; that they have become so tender and weak that they bleed at the touch of the brush; and that they need immediate protection if they are to be rescued from the possible attack of more serious troubles!

For this purpose thousands of dentists urge massage and brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste. Millions of people have found that Ipana guards their gums—wards off "pink tooth brush"—while it keeps their teeth sparkling white, their mouths clean, sweet and refreshed!

* * *

AS any dentist will tell you, soft foods are responsible for what amounts today to a veritable plague of gum disorders.

For this soft and creamy diet cheats the gums of exercise. The tissues grow weak and flabby, soft spots appear. The gums bleed, at first, ever so slightly. And thus gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea get their start.

The remedy, as any dentist will tell you, is massage faithfully done, and to this recommendation of massage, thousands of dentists add—"with Ipana".

With Ipana and massage, you rouse the languid circulation. You sweep wastes and poisons from the tiny cells —you quickly restore to your gums their natural strength and hardness! For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic long used by the dental profession in treating gum disorders.

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are* not *luxuries

Let Ipana keep your teeth sound and sparkling — let it stimulate your gums to robust vigor. Its ingredients are the finest and costliest; its formula modern and advanced. It may cost you a few cents more than some dentifrices, but its use is a sound economy.

Stop at your druggist's today and get a large tube — don't wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month's test. See for yourself how much healthier your gums can be, how much whiter your teeth, with Ipana's double protection.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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By Neysa McMein

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McCALL MIRRORS

Photo by Edwin B. Hesser

Margaret Bell Houston

"Little Daisy
You're so lazy,
Blooming but an hour!
When the sun shines warm and bright,
Then you shut your eyes up tight—
Naughty little flower!"

WHEN the eight-year-old granddaughter of General Sam Houston, picturesque soldier and statesman who twice was President of Texas, penned her childish "Oad to a Daisy," her first literary offering, her parents looked over her head at each other and smiled knowingly. Her father said: "The curse is on her." For the power of linking together beautiful words, of painting vivid pictures, of reading human hearts, was in the family of Margaret Bell Houston.

Dr. Samuel Houston, son of the founder of the Lone Star State, and his Kentucky poetess-wife, Lucy Anderson, were right about their daughter. Hers were the eyes of the romantic dreamer of dreams, the speech of the idealist and idyllist. Yet the authoress of *Moon of Delight*, which begins this month in McCall's, very nearly was an actress and a painter instead of a writer. After a childhood spent in Dallas in a garden that was "all a tangle of roses and pomegranate boughs," Miss Houston went to boarding school. There she concentrated on art for five serious years. Then she went to New York, and studied acting.

"I was a little rudderless ship, borne by every wind of chance," she said. But the chance which gave her the "curse" of poetry gave her the opportunity to express it, too. She went to live in a prairie town where there were no Art Leagues, no gates opening on histrionic fame, and so a typewriter and the United States mails became her tools for building a lifework.

Fannie Kilbourne, whose story of the technique of young love in this issue makes her record an even 200 short stories, is a newspaper woman who came out of Minneapolis to seek her fortune in New York. That is a conventional enough pattern. But Fannie Kilbourne, while writing, married, set up housekeeping in Westchester, and became the mother of twins!—twins being unique in any biography, literary or otherwise.

Did you think witchcraft was an ancient belief responsible for burnings and beatings roundabout Salem, Massachusetts, long, long ago? It might have been, but it is also a live, modern phenomenon, existing among superstitious people in this country. Evelyn Murray Campbell's story tells how potent belief in "witchin'" can be, even when the witch herself doubts her power to turn a man into a burning tree by a mere glance.

Nell Shipman's stirring serial, *M'sieu Sweetheart*, probably is the only story of the great outdoors ever written by a beautiful woman who has been photographed more often in evening dress than sealskin parka. Miss Shipman, who used to be a famous movie star, *really* looks like the picture on this page!

We asked Edwin Torgerson to tell us about himself. He said: "I am a product of the old Southern School of moonlight on the water, stately Colonial columns, scent of jasmine and honeysuckle, women on a pedestal, mint juleps if and when, thoroughbred horses and all those things that are said to be mere stage properties now. My favorite sport is planning to live in New York, but I live quietly on thirty acres of landscape and plot against the time the children will be big enough to dodge taxicabs and thrive on carbon monoxide." He neglected to say he believes in love—but his story tells that.

The story of the decade soon will be told by the United States Census Bureau, a story of facts and figures revealing many changes, but a story that must be incomplete for women. Have you stopped to count up all they have today they did not have a decade ago? Only a special kind of census could call forth this information, and we have conducted that kind of census—a feminine counting of noses and ideas! Helen Christine Bennett will present the results of the *McCall Census* in the September issue, a survey of how the world has changed for one sex in ten short years.

The literary pie next month is full of good plums: *The Show Must Go On*, a circus man's creed told in the vernacular by a veteran showman to Dorothy Reid; in *It Can Be Done*, Rita Halle shows how you may earn your way through college, and best of all, *Mary Faith*, a new serial by Beatrice Burton Morgan, who wrote *The Little Yellow House* for this magazine—remember? *Mary Faith* is the tale of an everyday girl who goes through life having everyday experiences just like you and me. You will like her. . . .

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Fannie Kilbourne

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"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult . . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

DR. N. G. PAYOT

Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne

"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPANSE, PARIS

Mme. N. G. Payot finds that Palmolive Soap complements her own "physical culture of the face" and her good preparations in keeping skin lovely.

"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, Parisian beauty specialist to the elite.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."

You have probably heard of Mme. N. G. Payot

Certainly, if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. N. G. Payot. And in this country you no doubt know her reputation as a beauty expert.

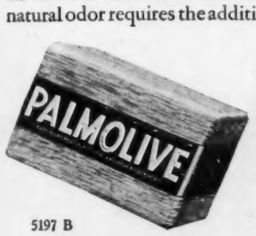
Many of our own specialists have studied with her abroad and they, too, recommend Palmolive Soap to combat the countless dangers that threaten complexion beauty. There are more than 23,720 specialists who advise daily treatments with this vegetable oil soap.

Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

This is the twice-a-day home treatment advised by thousands of celebrated beauty shops: make an abundant lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage this gently into the skin of face and throat. As you rinse it off you can feel the impurities being carried away. Finish with an ice-cold rinse in the morning. Get into the habit of using Palmolive for the bath, too. Millions already do, on expert advice.

No dye, no heavily perfumed soap

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . made of vegetable oils. Its color is the natural color of palm and olive oils. Its natural odor requires the addition of no heavy perfumes.



A soap that touches your face *must be pure.* Use Palmolive, on experts' advice, and feel safe, feel sure you are using the best protection against skin irritation.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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She is a portrait in pastels, this lovely First Lady of Virginia

In Miniature — Sue Pollard

Hostess to the South at twenty-three

By Selma Robinson

OFFHAND, a dress by Chanel, daringly and deftly drawn around a small figure, emerald green shoes and emerald green gloves, might not seem to be at home in a setting where the past is more actual than the present. Virginia, perhaps more than any other state in the Union, has been identified with misty, romantic traditions: the powdered wig, the kiss on the gloved hand, the dainty, crystalline formality. Even to this day of radios and taxicabs and the surging growth of its enterprises, there is about Virginia the feeling that in the old houses with the fine doors, men still bow and women curtsy.

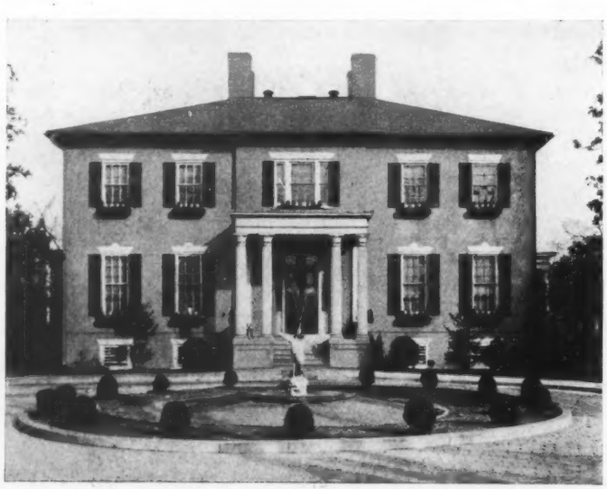
In one house particularly. It is a gray building, erected over a century ago. A covered passage leads from the main house to the quarters once occupied by Negro slaves. All about it magnolia trees blossom; and from it, at either side, grass-grown avenues extend, like arms opening out to the city of Richmond. In it, two former presidents lived, James Madison and James Monroe, as governors of the state. Austere portraits hang on the walls of its reception rooms: bewhiskered men, and women with billowing bosoms, and over all the paintings the dim aloofness that time brings.

Yet last January, when John Garland Pollard became Governor of Virginia and his daughter Sue took her place beside him, as First Lady at the age of twenty-three, nothing seemed more right.

For Sue Pollard belongs to the South: the South of soft voices and blue-green foliage and women who know how to be beautiful and poised and charming. She is flower-like and fresh; but the quality of beauty that looks out from her eyes and distinguishes her delicately cut features is not of the sort that depends on youth. Her mother has it, though time and illness have left their traces on her.

She is of less than medium height and exquisitely formed. Her eyes are hazel, which means that they have been called green and brown and gray. Everything about her is soft—her hair falls in loose brown waves over her softly flushed face; her lips, softly pink, not red; her softly curved cheeks. She is a portrait in pastels. Even though her clothes are as smart as those of the most sophisticated Park Avenue débutante, they do not make her look crisp and knowing. Most persons are changed by their clothes into this or that sort of personality: demure in organdie, gay in taffeta, mysteriously wise in velvet. Sue Pollard makes her clothes conform to her and they take on the same softness which is a part of her.

At twenty-three, Suzanne Pollard has had thrust upon her a career which would tax the patience and resourcefulness of women twice her age. Never in the entire history of the state has the First Lady been so young. Mrs. Pollard, Sue's mother, is, despite her boundless energy, an invalid; and on the slender shoulders of her daughter has fallen the impressive title of "Official Hostess." What Sue Pollard has done with her dresses, she has done with her new position—she has wrapped it about her, adjusted it here and there and invested it with her own soft dignity until now it seems the most natural thing in the world for a girl who looks like a coed and wears Chanel gowns and plays ping-pong to officiate at functions of state.



Virginia State Mansion, cradle of hospitality

Although she has been the hostess of Virginia for only six months, Sue Pollard realizes the significance and responsibility of her position. She has welcomed President and Mrs. Hoover to Virginia; she has been hostess to generals and colonels and dignitaries of the Army and Navy, to thousands of political visitors and to the continuous and unexpected callers who visit the Executive Mansion in Capitol Square. Every week there are at least two official receptions, some of them very elaborate, at which she must preside. On Wednesday afternoons, she is at home to the wives of the gentlemen of the Legislature; about one hundred and fifty women gather for these informal teas.

And then, of course, there are those numerous and often apparently pointless duties, like the opening of a new department store, or acting as a judge at the Baby Show, or reviewing parades, obligations that figure so often in [*Turn to page 34*]

I haven't got *many* teeth but they're *well taken care of*"

Testimonial from a one-year-old

"MAYBE you think I didn't beller the first time my mother brushed my teeth. 'Some more pain,' I thought, and sort of silly, too. But now I've changed my mind. It's a pleasure.

"You know even a baby like me wakes up occasionally with a funny taste in the mouth. It's probably due to the spinach they chuck into me at every possible occasion. And I'm always getting oatmeal caught between my teeth, too. Very annoying.

"Now that I've gotten used to having my teeth brushed, I look forward to it. Mother gets out a little tufted tooth brush, squeezes onto it some of that tooth paste made by the Listerine people, and then she goes to work. Inside, outside, up and down and sideways.

"The tooth brush tickles and I want to laugh. The tooth paste has a flavor that I like. And it gets rid of that unpleasant taste so quickly. My mouth feels clean and cool—and that's a help, especially when I'm teething. And Mother says that my teeth are just as white as white can be.

"Best of all, Mother puts a quarter in my bank every time we finish a tube. She says that is what this Listerine Tooth Paste saves over fancy tooth pastes costing 50¢ or more. Mother says at the end of a year I'll save $3. By the time I'm six I'll have $15. Oh boy!

"I don't know yet what I'll do with it but I think I'll give it to an anti-spinach fund. *I don't like spinach.*"

—

Judge by Results Alone

If you have not already tried Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, do so now.

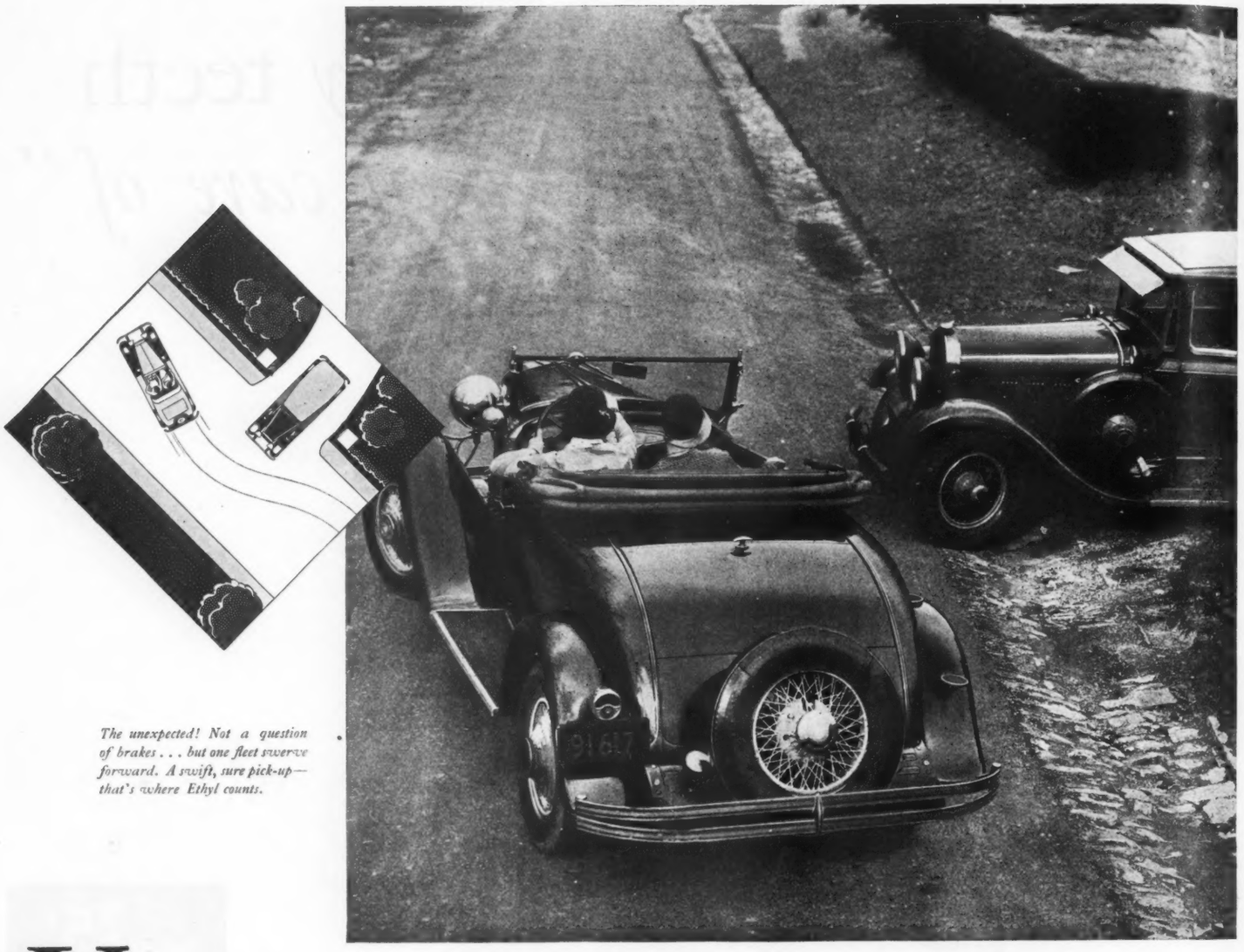
Compare its results with those of any tooth paste in the high priced field. Note how thoroughly but how gently it cleans the teeth. How it makes them gleam. How it refreshes the entire oral cavity.

In the last five years this quality dentifrice at 25¢ has won more than 4,000,000 users. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Buy baby toys with that $3 you save

There are so many things you can buy baby with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toy is merely a suggestion.

LISTERINE Tooth Paste



The unexpected! Not a question of brakes . . . but one fleet swerve forward. A swift, sure pick-up—that's where Ethyl counts.

Your motor "*thinks faster*" with Ethyl

INSTANT response from your motor . . . and you're out of a tight place —safely!

Ethyl is the gasoline that gives you this added measure of safety. For with Ethyl you can get quicker acceleration . . . better control . . . swifter, smoother pick-up. Your motor "thinks faster" . . . acts quicker, too.

Why? Because Ethyl isn't ordinary gasoline. It's good gasoline *plus* Ethyl, the anti-knock compound developed by General Motors Research Laboratories for one specific purpose—to improve motor car performance. No matter what your car may be—new, old, large or small—try Ethyl.

When you hear your motor run without a "knock" . . . when you feel the quicker pick-up, and sense the extra engine power . . . then you'll understand why thousands of motorists will use no gasoline but Ethyl. Please try it—a tankful—today. Wherever you see the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

WITH ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A. Knocks out that "knock"

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

A brand new kind of hero worship

RADIO ROMEOS

By Mary Margaret McBride

Illustrated by George Illian

TWINS are born in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and their mother ignores all the doting, expectant relatives, to name the newcomers for—two voices out of the air!

An old woman dies in Ohio and leaves five thousand dollars—to a voice.

A perfectly sane and respectable Middle Western farmer's wife writes five pages of intimate confidences about her home and married life—to a voice.

A level-headed, twenty-five-year-old business woman proposes marriage—to a voice.

These are a few of the true-story, stranger-than-fiction romances of the broadcasting studios of the country.

The secret of the spell which certain voices, flowing out over the air, weave about the hearts of hearers is a mystery.

It has been suggested, of course, that an eerie current is set up between sender and receiver. However that may be, it is just as important to make sure that the voice registers in the hearts of the unseen audience as that it microphones well. The verdict of the audience takes a few weeks, but is final and unchangeable when it comes.

Air salaries leap upward literally by mail poundage. No wonder newly-engaged broadcasters watch eagerly for the postman! If they are lucky, he brings good fortune, sealed up in white and blue and lavender envelopes!

These letters from unknowns are more fantastic than anything that the most ingenious press agent could devise. Excluding those weird missives from the nuts and cranks who pursue everybody at all in the public eye, there remain thousands and thousands of astonishing communications from educated, normal human beings all over the world.

Radio attraction has no age limit. Lonely old folks send affectionate advice and presents to young singers. Middle-aged women indite prose poems to youths who croon nightly into the microphone.

Flappers adopt a voice and pour out girlish confidences daily. Even five-year-olds print frequent letters to Uncle Toby of the bedtime story hour to say that they have given up biting their finger nails for his sake.

It is the strangest brand of hero worship ever known. True, certain actors, opera singers, and motion picture stars have had their brief moments in the public affection. But that was different. The unknown person to whom a voice belongs may be anything you wish to make him. He is a peg upon which to hang dreams.

Announcers, orchestra leaders and crooners, both masculine and feminine, predominate among the new matinée idols. And of course, there are Amos 'n' Andy. But at the top, above even Rudy Vallée, is "one who calls himself Cheerio," a mysterious masculine voice which comes on the air in the early morning.

You don't read much about Cheerio in the newspapers. He never gives out interviews and his real name is carefully guarded. He was once a big executive in the business world and an intimate of some of the most important men in the country. But today he is Cheerio—a voice.

In a single week recently his mail contained 35,000 letters—the record for all time.

This broadcaster is, as his name implies, an optimist. He has even been called by some slightly scornful souls a Pollyanna. To his unseen audience, however, he is the embodiment of all that is good and noble and hopeful—a lovely ideal. Many who listen to him are incurable invalids. These write that he has given them something to live for. He tells funny stories, recites poetry, Bible verses or philosophy, and jollies the fellow who is having a birthday. His mission is to prove that every cloud has a silver lining.

Housekeepers from all over the country write to Cheerio in this fashion: "My husband has just gone to his office. I have gotten the children off to school. The breakfast dishes wait in the sink but I settle down and close my eyes to listen to you. God bless you!"

Cheerio gets no "mash notes" in the ordinary sense. He is a sort of spiritual lover.

The great lover of the radio is, as nobody can help knowing in this era of publicity, Rudy Vallée. Vallée's entire technique is tuned to romance. His faint, almost whispering voice has a personal quality that makes every woman feel he is singing to her alone.

His songs are almost entirely about love and most of the letters he gets are love letters, some very beautifully written on expensive stationery in a cultivated hand. Many of the writers confide that they have struggled vainly against the temptation to write. They feel that it is foolish. But there always comes a night when his husky, searching voice breaks down their resolutions.

Vallée is a native of Maine and a graduate of Yale University. He came to New York to make his fortune with a saxophone and became the great American vocal phenomenon. He doesn't understand yet how it happened.

Among the curiosities in his collection of letters are several grateful ones from college boys who declare that he has "made them solid" with their sweethearts. The trick, they explain, is to turn on the radio when Vallée is singing and then, comments one youngster, "speak for yourself, John." [*Turn to page 50*]

They share the tragedy of the retired business man—these wives and mothers whose families no longer need them

WOMEN ON THE SHELF

Songs are written for the tired business man. But what of retired wives and mothers?

MY FRIEND Mrs. Scott dropped in at tea time the other day and insisted on reading aloud a poem she had written. My heart sank. Mrs. Scott is a stunning woman in her early forties—poised, tolerant, with a high heart and a good sense of humor; but there is nothing about her to indicate that she is a well-spring of poesy. However, she is occupying herself in all sorts of ways just now. Her only child was married last year and lives in a distant city. Her husband is absorbed in his business. Mrs. Scott's occupation since her daughter's marriage has been one she lightly describes as "slaying the hours." Dropping into a chair beside my desk she drew a sheet of paper from her handbag, and in a proud voice read the verses quoted here.

The Song of The Shelf Women

We go in strong for contract,
We see a few new plays,
We do some daily shopping
And dress our hair new ways.

We frequent beauty parlors,
And exercise a bit;
We diet for reduction
And keep our bodies fit.

There's nothing to our housework
(Our husbands lunch with friends);
We haven't one darned thing to do
Until the darned day ends!

"I killed an hour doing that," she boasted, as she dropped the manuscript. "Pretty good, isn't it?"

I am fond of Mrs. Scott, but art is art. I hedged. "Are those your first verses?"

"My first, and probably my last," the author briskly assured me. "They say every human being has one poem in him or her. That's mine. Do you think some editor will take it?"

I hesitated. It's a cruel thing to criticize a first brain-child. Mrs. Scott rushed on, obsessed by her creation:

"The word in the last line, and in the last line but one, wasn't 'darned' in my first version," she confessed; "it was stronger. I changed it, because I was afraid the editors mightn't like it too strong."

"They might not."

"That's what I thought. But just try it over the way I wrote it first, and see how much better it is," Mrs. Scott urged.

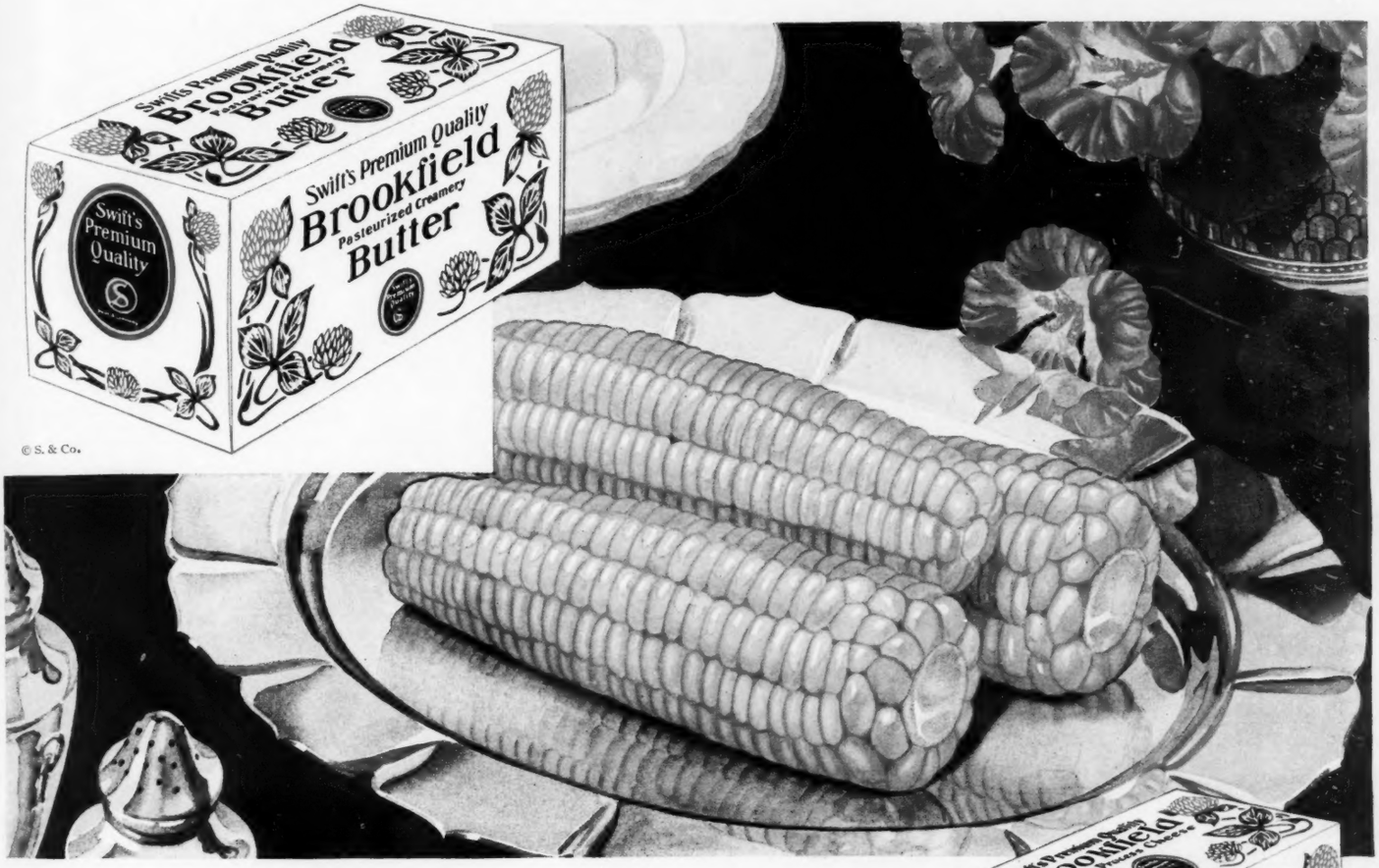
"It's certainly stronger," I agreed.

"I'm going to leave it that way in the song version. You see, I intend to set it to music and teach it to all the women who are sitting on my shelf these days. There are eight of us, so far, and the number is growing every season. You know several of them," Mrs. Scott went on. "Alice Hill, whose husband died last year, is one. She has no children and not a single real interest in life that I can discover. And there's Mary Safford, whose children have married and gone away just as my Nancy has. Cora Small is another. She divorced her husband, you know, for the best of reasons, and she has no children. If you hear a burst of melody some day you'll know we're all practicing *The Song of the Shelf Women.*" [*Turn to page 92*]

By Elizabeth Jordan

Illustrated by WALTER BIGGS

Straight from spotless creameries ...so sweet and Fresh



So carefully guarded for you... this freshness! Wherever you live, you can depend on the sweet, fine flavor of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Made from tested and graded cream... in the best dairy regions... it comes *quickly* and *directly* to your dealer. Spotless refrigerator cars, refrigerated branch houses and all the resources of our organization protect its quality at every moment. Just ask your neighborhood dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter... *Creamery Fresh!*

Swift's Premium Quality seal, your guide to unvarying excellence, identifies a complete line of good foods.

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Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS · BUTTER · EGGS · CHEESE

How Mississippi river boats put new pages in our cook books

The last time I was in St. Louis, gathering together some Crisco recipes, I met an old settler who "remembers way back when" Mark Twain was a river-boat pilot. And he told me how Mississippi river towns came to have and keep their enviable reputation for good cooking.

Most of the river packets that used to swish-swish up and down the Mississippi carried passengers—but no kitchens. So they pulled into shore around mealtime at towns where the best food was served. Rivalry that existed between the towns produced some of our choicest American recipes—young fried chicken, corn fritters, huckleberry muffins—recipes so good that I've brought back several for your Crisco files.

What modern chefs know about flavor

The river packets and river-front eating houses have passed—but in a St. Louis hotel I ate fried chicken that was as good as Mark Twain ever ate in the "old days." Every piece was wrapped in a coat of golden crunchiness, sweet-tasting and crisp, and covered with creamy, rich chicken gravy.

I knew instantly that that chicken had been fried in Crisco. No other fat I've ever used wraps fried food in such a brown appetizing crust. The best chefs everywhere, and fine bakers, too, know what Crisco does for food. That's why so many of them use this sweet, fresh shortening in their cooking and baking. If *you* want to make a vast improvement in your fried chicken, make this simple change—fry it in Crisco. *Anything* that's fried will taste better fried in Crisco.

This St. Louis fried chicken was accompanied by a corn fritter that the chef told me could be pan-fried or deep-fried. But it has to be fried in Crisco or I can't promise that it will have the delicate flavor that a good fritter *should* have.

A recipe from Huck Finn's town

Then there was a huckleberry muffin recipe given to me by a woman in Hannibal, Missouri, which I think you'd like to know about. Perhaps you call them "blueberries." But anyway—in Huckleberry Finn's town, this muffin is a huckleberry muffin. If you like you can use other fruits in this same batter. I wouldn't use any other fat but Crisco in the batter, though. For I've found, after all these years, that I always have better baking results with Crisco. Crisco's quality is so uniform. It's always sweet and pure—just like unsalted butter fresh from the churn.

And it's so easy to work with. You *never* need to cream Crisco separately, then add (oh so slowly) the sugar . . . then eggs . . . You can put Crisco, eggs and sugar into the mixing bowl together and blend them with *one operation*.

I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," I'd like to send you. Just write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XM-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

CORN FRITTERS

1 cup flour	¼ cup milk	1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs	¾ teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons melted Crisco

1½ cups drained, canned corn or fresh corn cut from the cob

Sift dry ingredients together; beat eggs well; add milk and combine with first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Add corn and melted Crisco. Drop by tablespoons into deep, hot Crisco, 360° to 370° F. (or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds) and cook from 4 to 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain on crumpled unglazed paper. If you wish to pan-fry these fritters add ¼ cup additional flour to batter.

HUCKLEBERRY MUFFINS

4 tablespoons Crisco	4 teaspoons baking powder	4 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt	1 egg	¾ to 1 cup milk
2 cups flour	½ cup huckleberries (or other small, firm fruit)	

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg together in one operation. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Mix lightly. Don't try to smooth out the batter. Dredge berries with ½ cup flour and stir in gently. Bake in Criscoed muffin pans in hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. This recipe makes 12 muffins.

Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

MOON OF DELIGHT

Beginning the dramatic romance of The Black Opal, the mysterious veiled beauty of New Orleans

By Margaret Bell Houston

WHEN the two chests had been brought safely up the stair and deposited in his room, Umberto gave Gabreau a four-bit piece. Gabreau snarled, turning his face away. He dared do little more. Umberto was broad and handsome, like a basso in an opera. Gabreau was a dwarf, a scant four feet high, with large hands and feet, and deep-set eyes that were wistful, like a monkey's. But he was not content with a tossed coin for his labors, Umberto keeping the spoils. He took the same risks as Umberto. Tonight, if the customs officers had caught them, he, as well as Umberto, would have paid. More than that, it was slavery. Slavery for one of the blood of Napoleon. Often Gabreau, born by the New Orleans docks, said to himself, "I am the blood of Napoleon."

He had told his mother that morning that he would demand more. "Of course," she had answered. "You are two times as strong."

"Half," he mumbled now. "I want half."

"You got half," Umberto growled. "Half dollar."

He pushed Gabreau out—Gabreau who was stronger than he—shut and locked the door. He listened till he heard the flat tread recede down the balcony, then he closed the inside shutters of the window and lit the lamp.

A SQUARE room with a bare floor, a table, a cot, a chair, an old armoire of carved rosewood, a kerosene stove. Smoke from the stove had streaked the walls and dimmed the rich oil portraits, the long gilt-framed mirror.

Umberto brought the lamp over and set it before the mirror that he might have a stronger light. He drew up the smaller chest. It was nailed and required the hammer, but it came open quickly. Opals—crystallized rainbows—fire-bubbles, sleek and cool. Umberto dug his hand into them. Opals, clear to the bottom.

He turned to the larger chest. Here would be the loot. Here was the load at which Gabreau had grumbled when they had carried it stealthily from the "Dolores" to Umberto's boat. Not often he called on Gabreau to help him carry things. Gabreau carried them easily enough; but he was needed as a look-out. Tonight, however—it was a heavy chest and too beautiful to leave. He had abandoned a dozen smaller chests to take it from the "Dolores."

Umberto paused an instant, examining the chest. Ebony, exquisitely carved in an open-work design, so that one saw through it something that gleamed. The lid fitted tightly, but it was not nailed or locked. As he jerked the handle it opened and Umberto looked on the thing that gleamed.

Silk, yellow, translucent, shot with little black gems. A rope of pearls, and a bracelet set with emeralds—Umberto drew back. Staring, he reached out his hand for the lamp and held it close.

His eyes had not misled him. The bracelet glowed on a wrist, slender, ivory-colored. Under the folds of silk a woman's form lay in the chest. Her dark, unbound hair covered her face, and there was no sign of breath.

The lamp shook so Umberto set it down. He got to his feet, backing away from the chest, bracing himself against the door. In all his adventures as burglar, pickpocket, highwayman, he had never known the abject terror of this moment, the chaotic wonder of what to do next . . . . To what crime had he fallen heir? Gabreau would be witness that— Ah! Gabreau had wanted half. He would close the chest, give it to Gabreau, let him have all.

The blood flowed back into Umberto's heart; but in the act of lowering the lid he halted. The silks were stirring, almost imperceptibly. The slim wrist lifted, a white hand shook back the bracelet, moved to the hair, pushing it abruptly back. She sat up, a pale girl, staring at the lid of the chest erect beside her, then slowly her eyes moved about the room until they rested on Umberto. She sprang from the chest, staring at him from storm-dark eyes.

Umberto's relief was such that he felt faint. He stared back at the girl who, to his slowly recovering senses, had taken on the semblance of an apparition. She was young, perhaps not more than twenty. Her evening dress—a mere jeweled slip with a rose half torn from the shoulder—was stained and crumpled. Her black hair fell about her heavy and uncombed. In their gold slippers her feet were the tiniest that Umberto had ever seen.

Whether because she was dark enough to have been his country-woman, or because in the excitement of the moment he instinctively lapsed into his mother-tongue, Umberto could not know, but he spoke to her in Italian—a voluble flow that began huskily and rose to the heights of repressed wrath.

Her pallor grew deeper and she spread out a hand against the wall behind her, closing her eyes. There was no water at hand, but there was wine—priceless wine that had been mourned by its owners. Umberto opened the old armoire, poured out a glassful. She drank in gulps, steadied herself by the table, resumed her stormy gaze at him.

Apparently she had not understood the Italian. Umberto translated it into the only other tongue he knew.

"How you getta that way?" pointing to the chest. "I bringa you here and thinka you dead. I got 'nough troubles. What for you do thees?"

Her eyes moved to the door behind him.

"No you don' go," stated Umberto. Spanish was probably her language and there were those in New Orleans who would understand her when she related the story of her removal from the "Dolores." He might even be accused of kidnapping as well as theft. "Wait," he ordered; "I come back."

THE room had one window that like its one door opened upon the balcony. Except at the front, there are no windows in the outer walls of the old French Quarter of New Orleans. The Creole built for privacy and Umberto had fallen heir to that privacy. He made certain that the one window was fast—he had nailed it against Gabreau's prying some time before—then he went out, locking the door.

The balcony framed a square, flowered court, centered by a fountain and reached by a slender stair. Not far from the stairfoot was a door behind which the gambling rooms of Jason Divitt housed their activities till three o'clock in the morning. It was now four. Divitt would have counted his earnings and gone to his wife's room, the room directly beneath Umberto's with its great bed and Spanish lace curtains which Molly Divitt had picked up in the shops on Royal Street. Molly had been ailing for a month. Umberto knocked softly, feeling it well not to disturb her.

Juanita heard the struggle, the heavy breathing, low Italian invectives, the twisting, the thumping, then a cry

Illustrated by

PRUETT CARTER

"You'll find it that way, honey. The world's hard—there'll always be somebody that knew you"

Silence, and presently without a sound, the opening of the door. Jason Divitt looked like a little black ant. Umberto would have made three of him, but he ruled Umberto as effectually as Umberto ruled Gabreau. He had come to New Orleans from what was vaguely known as "the West." What lay back of him no one, not even Molly, perhaps, knew. But he had the manners of a dancing master and the diction of a pedagogue, except when he desired, which frequently happened, to lay them both aside. Silently his little, ant-like face inquired what Umberto wanted.

Umberto jerked his head toward the stair. It was an urgent gesture, and Divitt, turning back for his coat—he was in evening clothes—followed him up the stair and into the room.

THE girl stood by the window. In the interval of Umberto's absence she had fastened up her hair and thrust a high black comb into it. She confronted the men with no semblance of fear in her eyes; yet the close observer might have seen the trembling of her clenched hands, the quick rise and fall of her breast. Divitt turned abruptly to Umberto.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Lady," Umberto informed the man. "She in da chest."

"In that chest?"

Umberto pointed. "I tak' eit off da 'Dolores.' Lady inside. I don' know how she getta that way. Stowaway maybe."

Divitt went over to the chest, looking through its contents. Laces, robozos, mantillas, serapes; a black cape which the girl watched anxiously as he pulled it out.

"Thees getta me in trouble," complained Umberto. "I think she dead at first. I ask why she do such thing. She no onderstan' Italian."

"Get Conchita," said Divitt. He threw the things back into the chest while Umberto went down the balcony to the last room on that side, a room whose shuttered windows looked upon the street. Gabreau and Conchita, his mother, sat by a candle. They looked at him darkly.

Umberto, returning Conchita's look, jerked his head toward his room. She rose heavily, a squat, swart, bulging figure; and waddled behind him, Gabreau following. Divitt was closing the chest.

"Talk to this lady in Spanish," he ordered Conchita.

Conchita looked about the room, and discovering the girl in the corner, sat down on the cot. During her three years over Divitt's place she had been called on to face many situations without due preparation, but to perceive what looked like a caged princess in Umberto's room—a princess who ten minutes before could not have been there—or could she?—required something more of *savoir faire* than even she possessed.

"Speak to her," commanded Divitt, sharply. "There's no time to lose."

Conchita mastered herself, leaned forward, hands on her knees. She spoke abundantly, assuring the lady that the weather was fine for winter, that the comb in her hair was all it should be, and that we would all be here next Christmas, please Saint Rita.

The stranger lifted one shoulder in a slight shrug and turned to the window.

"Try her with French," Divitt said to Gabreau.

Gabreau stepped from behind his mother.

"*Parlez-vous—*" he began.

The girl faced them abruptly. Her stormy eyes moved over the group. "I speak English," she said, with the faint trace of an accent, an accent that was no more than a slight lift of the shoulder. She scarcely knew how to characterize Conchita's jargon. "I speak Castilian," she explained.

"So you understood us all along," remarked Divitt, aware that he had said nothing to compromise himself. He touched the chest with his foot. "What were you doing in this?"

"Hiding," she said simply. "Who are you?"

"Chief of the customs office," replied Divitt coolly; at which her cloak of temerity fell. Her eyes moved over the group as if seeking a friend, rested an instant on Gabreau. The smaller of the chests was beside her and she sat down.

"You have nothing to fear," Divitt assured her, "if you will give direct answers to my questions. What is your name and why did you leave the Argentine as a stowaway?"

Her eyes fell. They had read in Gabreau's warning.

"My name is Juanita," she replied. "I had a ticket but it was lost—lost with my purse and all my money."

"You have people in New Orleans?" asked Divitt.

"No. I did not know where the boat was—"

She stopped. Divitt supplied. "You did not know for what port the 'Dolores' was bound?"

"Yes. It was bound for Vera Cruz. I have friends in Vera Cruz."

"But you failed to get off there."

"I had changed my mind. I had made friends with one of the sailors. Benito Garcia was his name. He said if I would come on to New Orleans he would take me to his sister. He brought me food and water on the boat—after I found that I had lost my purse. He went ashore when the 'Dolores' docked." [*Turn to page 36*]

A girl hitches her wagon to a star and rides ROUGH ROADS IN HEAVEN

By Edwin Dial Torgerson

Illustrated by LOREN WILFORD

COAST Guard Picket Boat 6835 towed the disabled forty-eight footer "Trueheart" into port at Smithville. When they had made her fast at the pier, Captain Latimer of the Caswell Station gave her captain-engineer hell, in a manner of speaking. Captain Latimer was not usually cross with people whose lives he saved, but this was not the first yacht the storm had washed in and he was getting sick of it.

"What'd you aim to do," demanded Latimer, roaring above the wind, "settle down with this young fellow and his pretty bungalow on Frying Pan Shoals?"

Captain Witt, the master, mate and pilot of the "Trueheart," was a wiry Newfoundlander. He leaned bleakly against the gale and shouted into the Coast Guardsman's ear: "Owner's orders. Owner said we could make Smithville. I said we couldn't. I was right, but a bloody lot of good that did. We might have made it, if the engine had lasted."

"See any pretty red and white flags before you left Beaufort yesterday?" continued Latimer with hoarse sarcasm. "Ever read weather reports?"

"It looked pretty nasty, sir," admitted Witt. "But we understood the main disturbance was off Florida, and Mr. Paulding thought—"

"No matter what he thought, *you* ought to have better sense."

"Is there a hotel he can stop at, sir?"

"Foot of this pier. We'll tow your boat up an inlet."

"I stay with the ship, sir. Mr. Paulding will go to the hotel."

Mr. Paulding was below rummaging in water-soaked lockers of the "Trueheart" for something dry to wear. Presently he came on deck, followed by a scared negro servant.

The weather-beaten Captain Latimer parried Mr. Paulding's thanks. He did not scold the owner, who looked pretty severely chastened as it was. Twenty-four hours of nervous strain and hunger—it had been impossible to cook with the "Trueheart" bucking like a broncho—had not come under the head of pleasure.

"God, my throat!" exclaimed Paulding, a sturdy figure in sweater and plus fours. "I'm hoarse as a crow. I won't be able to sing for six months."

"Sing?" repeated Captain Latimer, whose eyes were a twinkling blue squint, turquoises set in leather. "You're lucky to keep on breathing, my boy. Next time when the weather man says 'gale,' you believe him."

From the Stevens House, the unassuming hotel of Smithville, the news went speedily abroad that Reed Paulding was a guest—Reed Paulding himself, in person, the baritone composer of that enormously popular ballad, "Trueheart"; that he had already autographed a phonograph record of same for Mr. Dave Stevens, the proprietor; that he absolutely could not sing in public because his contract with the phonograph people prohibited it; that he proposed to remain in Smithville only for duration of the storm; that he was the *best*-looking thing; that he was unmarried.

Further, that he was taking his yacht south to join some friends at Fernandina, after which they were to cruise for the winter. He was off on a six months' vacation. This was more than Captain Latimer could tell his wife and daughter that night at the supper table—he had left the Coast Guard Station in charge of his next in command and had come home to Smithville for a brief respite.

"Paulding?" echoed his daughter Ellen. "And he sings? Not *Reed* Paulding?"

"All I heard was Paulding," said Captain Latimer. "And the name of his boat—'Trueheart'."

"That proves it, that proves it," cried Ellen, her eyes shining. "That's the name of that song he wrote. He named the boat for his song. It's Reed Paulding, Dad!"

"Who's Reed Paulding?" demanded Captain Latimer, finishing his beefsteak.

"Why, Dad! That's as bad as asking who is John McCormack. Aren't you ashamed to be so ignorant!"

"I never heard him on the radio," said the Captain doggedly. "He can't amount to much."

"Why, Dad! I'll play 'Trueheart' for you now."

"You and Mama listen to it," suggested the Captain, getting up abruptly. "I've got to get back to the beach. Next thing you know we'll be towing in Will Rogers and Amelia Earhart. I never saw anything like a nasty blow to bring out yachts—especially bungalows. Ought to be a law against letting them go outside."

"Bungalow" was the slightly derisive salt-water name for roomy yachts with many staterooms, especially those a bit top-heavy. The forty-eight-foot "Trueheart" scarcely deserved the epithet, but it was no deep-sea-going craft, at that.

Ellen Latimer and her mother played "Trueheart" three times on the phonograph that night, while its celebrated baritone composer slept oblivious to the gale that banged and whistled at the windows of the Stevens House.

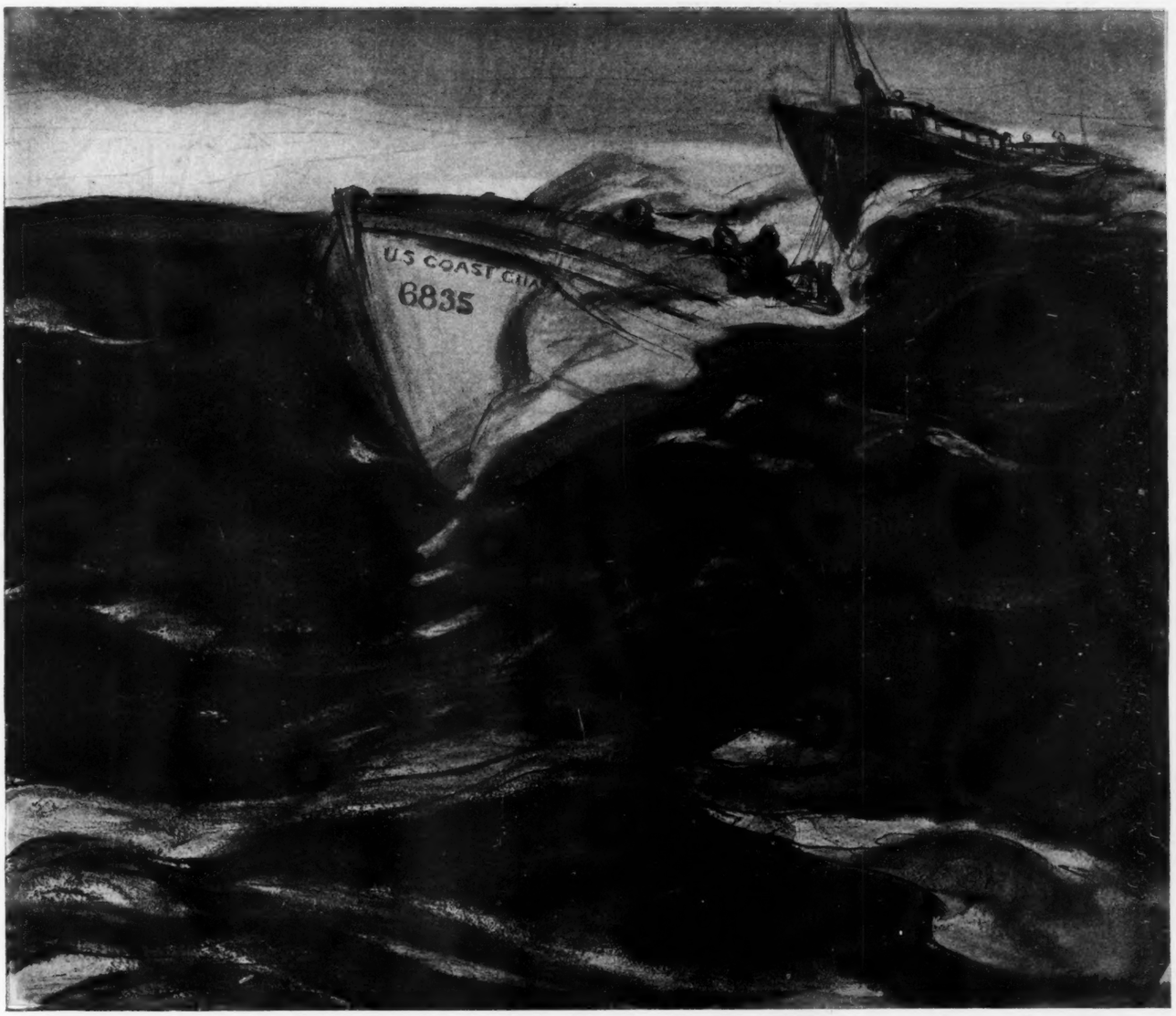
THAT was Tuesday night. On Wednesday the storm was worse. A northeaster, stepchild to the autumn tropical disturbance that was lashing the Florida and Georgia coast, had been the lot of the Carolinas yesterday. But now the wind was southeast, the barometer was sinking again after a brief rally, and the two red flags that spelt hurricane were streaming out stiff and sinister from the top of the weather mast at the Garrison.

Captain Latimer and his men, who idled in fair weather and worked like demons in foul, towed in a water-logged five-master and saved with breeches buoy the crew of a Spanish tramp that was going to pieces on Frying Pan Shoals. Cape Fear had not been wrongly named. The Captain was putting in a day of it; but his women folk were not at home weeping, in the classic manner of sea toilers' relatives. They were planning a *coup de main*.

It was Mrs. Latimer's idea, to be perfectly accurate, and not Ellen's to invite Reed Paulding to dinner. The poor fellow must be awfully lonesome, opined Mrs. Latimer, who was inclined to be sentimental, too, about his lovely voice. But it was Ellen who put the idea into execution.

Ellen telephoned him first. That was safer, because famous baritones couldn't bite you over the phone. It was well she took this manner of approach, too, because Mr. Paulding had been driven to his room by a morning rush of autograph seekers and lion hunters generally. Smithville was not unused to celebrities, for it was a dropping-in point for yachts midway between Norfolk and Charleston—Mr. Vanderbilt every now and then; Mr. Fisher, the Fisher Body Fisher; even Mr. Lindbergh and the Graf Zeppelin had been there fleetingly. But not since the exotic guest who parked two blue chows in the back yard, had Dave Stevens done such land-office business in ice cream cones, or

Her heart was a part of the wild moil of wind and waves



"They're in trouble—their engine's dead. They'll be asking help before long"

served so many people at breakfast. And this was because Reed Paulding was not merely notorious, he was popular. Everybody who owned a phonograph had heard him sing, and everybody who had heard his records wanted to see him. He was just like his pictures, only better looking. He had a lean strong face and rugged hair.

On being advised that there was a call for him in the booth downstairs from Captain Latimer's residence, Mr. Paulding responded immediately. He was afraid something had happened to his boat. He was agreeably surprised to hear, therefore, that the Captain's family merely wished to ask him to dinner.

"Why, delighted is no word for it," responded Paulding. "What time shall you expect me—say, seven o'clock, eight?"

"I'm talking about *dinner*," said Ellen didactically. "You're talking about supper. Dinner is what we have at twelve-thirty, middle of the day."

"Oho! Well, that makes it all the pleasanter. I won't have to wait so long. How shall I find the house, Mrs. Latimer?"

"This is *Miss* Latimer," said Ellen, "and I'm coming for you in my flivver, now. It's got a top on it. You won't get wet."

Ellen's voice was soft as kitten's fur. You wouldn't call it a drawl because a drawl is something you might associate with a nasal twang, and there was none of this in the soothing tones of Ellen. It was just that she wrapped up her words, even the skinny little articles, *a, an* and *the,* in something soft and eiderdowny, and handed them to you like a pat on the cheek with a powder puff.

Reed Paulding considered himself patted on the cheek. A voice meant a lot to him, because he lived by his.

"Now I wonder what *she* will be like," he ruminated as he dressed for dinner, which meant taking off one necktie, putting on another, taking that one off and putting on still another. He chuckled nervously.

Well, if a Coast Guard Captain saved your life, you had to be nice and courteous to his family, didn't you? Assuredly, and you had to be careful about the necktie you wore, too.

Dave Stevens himself came up and knocked on the door to announce the presence downstairs of Miss Ellen Latimer. Dave considered that this would be more impressive than just hollering up the stairs, as he usually did. There was quite an audience waiting downstairs. You'd have thought Reed Paulding was going to get married or something.

He knew her out of the crowd, somehow, by her urbane and confidential smile; for smile was something else that Ellen could do with conspicuous softness. She had lovely teeth and effortless lips that parted into cushiony curves, and—well, you wanted to do something about those lips. They fascinated you when she talked, and you didn't hear her words at once, you heard the sound of her words and then the words. The lips seemed to be saying wordlessly, "Aw, why don't you go on and kiss me, then?"

Reed Paulding thought out all this between the time she said "Mister" and the time she said "Paulding." Then she gave him her hand, which was the first thing about her that wasn't soft. It was firm as a hempen rope, and she had a grip.

She was tan and tawny, with blue eyes that twinkled like her father's, only they had much wider twinkling space. She wore a perfectly yellow raincoat that was almost transparent, and one of her father's rubber hats.

No speckled pup had ever approached her in cuteness; or at least that was the instinctive opinion of the baritone composer of "Trueheart."

He did not feel the sting of the raindrops shot at him by the southeaster, as they climbed into the front seat of Ellen's flivver sedan. Nor did he observe any of the distinguishing landmarks of Smithville as they sped the four short blocks to Ellen's home. He settled back with a comfortable sigh.

"Life saved again," he said fervently. "Yesterday your father saved it. Today, you."

Ellen was smiling. You never could tell what was behind her smile. She might be thinking warm and intimate things about you, or she might be laughing at you, with very friendly tolerance. She kept her eyes ahead.

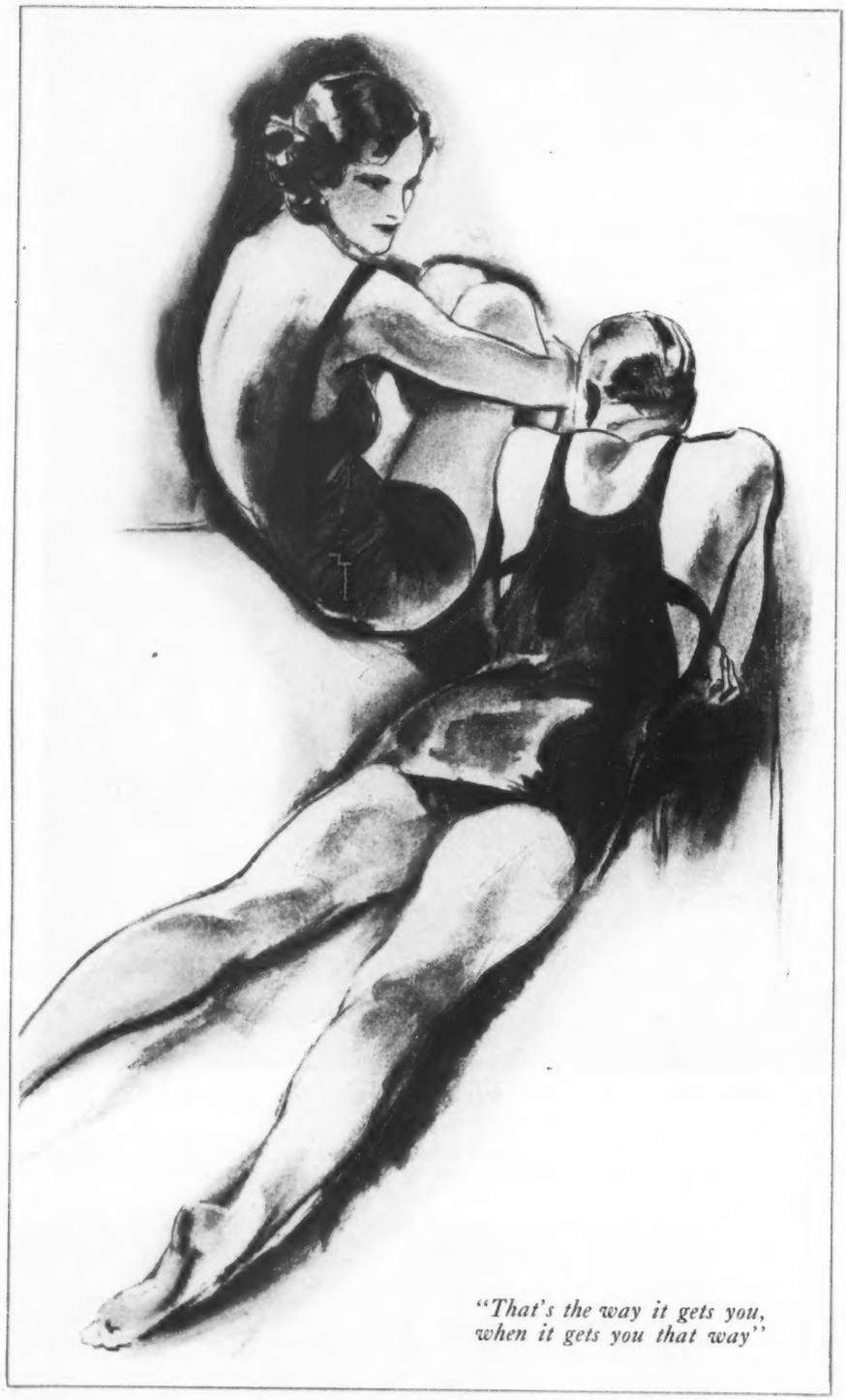
"How do you mean I saved your life?"

"You rescued me, and you are going to feed me. I never can eat when a lot of people are looking at me. This morning at breakfast I was so rattled I found myself reading the grapefruit and sprinkling sugar on the Raleigh 'News and Observer'."

Ellen chuckled. "It must be great to be famous."

"It must be," agreed Paulding, readily, "or people wouldn't be it."

[*Turn to page 74*]



"That's the way it gets you, when it gets you that way"

MEN ARE SO SIMPLE

By Fannie Kilbourne

Illustrated by JOHN LA GATTA

THE half dozen coming down Ninth Lake in an outboard motor boat, recognized Nicky's brief scarlet bathing suit from a distance, speculated idly on the other suit, stretched beside her on the bathing float. John must have got here, they decided; and as they chugged along, they discussed idly the future of John and Nicky. John, somebody volunteered, had graduated all right in June and had a swell job lined up for the fall. The consensus of opinion was that he and Nicky would probably make a go of it. They'd been going together for years.

"I don't think they're so specially keen about each other," one of the young men made a minority objection. "Their people having the only two camps on the Island, they've naturally gone around together summers. That doesn't mean they've got to tie up for life."

"Don't go quaint on us, Rich," somebody begged. "People don't tie up for life any more."

Nobody followed that lead. Matrimonial statistics are always less interesting than the people who may be going to make them. The young people continued idly to discuss John and Nicky.

And John and Nicky, unaware of the distant boat, lying, tummies down, on the warm planks of the bathing raft, really were discussing love.

"Oh, I've gone in off the deep end, all right," the man admitted. "I've always said that people who got this way must have been dim bulbs to start with. I've had to eat my words, all right. They're about all I have eaten for the last six months," he added gloomily. "I never expected to lose my appetite over any girl."

Nicky laughed sympathetically. "That's the way it gets you, when it gets you that way," she observed in a knowing tone.

"Much you know about it!"

"You must be hard hit," the girl observed, "to lose the old disposition! You always used to be so pleasant and peelite."

"I didn't mean to be unpleasant. I just meant that a kid like you doesn't know anything about love."

"I'm not a kid. You just think I am because you've known me all my life. I'm eighteen; and I know a great deal about love."

John shook his head. "Nobody can know anything at all about it till he's had experience."

"Nonsense," said Nicky. "You may as well say that a dentist can't know anything about dentistry till he's had all his own teeth filled. Experience isn't anything at all. It's the thought and study you've put on a subject that counts."

"And what thought and study have you ever put on love?"

Nicky laughed ruefully. "You'd be surprised!" she said.

John was momentarily diverted from his own misery. "I didn't dream that you—I thought you were just interested in swimming and playing tennis and dancing and having a good time."

"Mere sidelines," Nicky dismissed them. "What all women are really interested in is love. That's why we know so much about it."

John glanced at her, then straight ahead again, skeptically out over the sparkling water.

"You think I'm bluffing, don't you?" Nicky challenged. "Well I'll tell you one thing, you needn't have told me you were in love. I knew it before you'd been on the Island five minutes. You can prove it by Mother, if you like. Just ask her if I didn't say while you were still at the dock getting your stuff out of the boat, 'Of all things! I actually believe John's gone and fallen in love!'"

John continued to stare out over the water. But, "What made you think that?" he asked.

Nicky waved a careless gesture. "Mere details, my dear Watson, too subtle for a man to understand, even after he'd had them explained to him."

"Too subtle, your grandmother's kneecap!" John was scornful. "You've got a fifty per cent break on a guess like that. Either a person is in love or he isn't. Make your guess either way and you've got even chances."

"Not with you, Johnny darling. If I'd accused you of being in love last summer, you'd have said, 'Not a chance in the world!' In all the years we've been coming here to the Island, this is the first time that guess would have been right. And then you talk about 'even chances'!"

And, as John continued to look straight ahead, she said, "And I'll bet you a box of cigarettes against a box

of matches that I can tell you something your—what's her name?—Moya did, that you'll admit there's no living way I could have known."

"What?" the man demanded, curiosity triumphing for the moment over Stygian gloom.

"Oh, let's see, there are dozens of things to choose from. Let's see. Well, have you ever had a quarrel?"

"Why, yes, once. A sort of a quarrel, I suppose you'd call it."

Nicky nodded, observed that an occasional quarrel wasn't a bad thing. It seemed to work like advancing the spark.

"When you parted, it was with the feeling that you weren't ever going to see her again?"

"Yes!"

Nicky nodded. "And you wouldn't ever have seen her again," she added, "except for—"

"Except for what?" John asked unwillingly, but unmistakably interested now.

Nicky considered for several moments. "Well, it might be several different things," she said finally. "But it's most likely that after you got away you found you had something of hers that would have to be returned."

John was startled. "As it happened," he said, "I did find that I had her little rhinestone bag in my pocket. It was by the merest accident. She'd kept dropping it all the time early in the evening and had finally slipped it in my pocket for safe-keeping."

"And when you left her, after you'd quarreled, she forgot to ask for it back."

"Naturally. When I left her, we weren't either of us thinking of rhinestone bags."

"You weren't, at any rate," Nicky agreed qualifyingly. "And then," she continued, "you—well, I suppose you considered first returning it by registered mail, coldly, without a word."

"Of course, that did occur to me," John admitted stiffly.

"But, on second thought, you realized that if you did it that way, she might feel that you were afraid to see her. Then you thought you'd merely stop at her house sometime when you happened to be passing and leave it for her. But then, considering—how far would you have had to go out of your way in order to happen to be passing her house? Ten miles? Well, naturally, you felt that with a trip like that, you'd better call up first. So when you came with the bag, she happened to be at home. And, by a lucky chance, she happened to have on the particular dress that you always thought she looked the prettiest in. And she was so sweet and—well, sort of sad in a very dignified way, of course—that the first thing you knew, you'd admitted that you'd been all wrong and the quarrel was made up. And you were crazier about her than ever before."

John sat bolt upright on the gently swaying raft; and from his honest, kindly face, awed amazement had entirely wiped away incredulity.

"How," he demanded simply, "did you know all this? Do you know Moya?"

Nicky shook her head. "Only what you've told me about her, yourself. I don't know Moya but I know technique. And I was pretty sure that Moya's must be good. To have got you, I mean. Just being terribly pretty wouldn't have done it. I've seen too many pretty girls here at the lake try. And you've never fallen for any of them—you've never even stubbed a toe. You've treated them all with the same good-natured indifference that you've always treated me with."

"*I've never treated you with indifference,*" John denied indignantly. "I couldn't be fonder of you if you were my sister. Who taught you the jackknife dive? And haven't I broiled myself to a crisp on the tennis court day after day, giving you balls to build up your backhand? 'Indifference'—there's gratitude for you!"

"Oh, I know, Jack, I am terribly grateful. Why, I've actually got a chance in the club tournament this fall, thanks to you. Of course I'm [*Turn to page 83*]

"I've held off for four days—wouldn't it be all right to write now?"

Jules Cartier broke into the mob, jostling with his elbows, bidding the guests move on

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

By Nell Shipman

SWEETHEART! M'sieu Sweetheart!" Neeka clapped her hands as if to catch the words between her fingers and imprison them like butterflies. And Robert Carlyle, looking down at this lovely creature of the forests, thought wild roses were no more sweetly flushed than the girl's cheeks and her eyes shone, star-like. "I did not think there was this much happiness in the worl'," she whispered. Carlyle took her in his arms again. "Neeka, adorable! Give me something to take with me when I go," he pleaded. "Those violets in your sash . . . put them in this pocket over my heart."

Like the brilliant flash of a cardinal across a summer sky, Carlyle had burst into Neeka's life, had swept her off her feet. In the frozen North that had fostered her she had known men, of course, dark, uncouth men like Jules Cartier, the trapper, whom she hated—and kind Mr. McDonald, the keeper of Neepawa's trading post. But never before had she seen such a man as Carlyle, clean-limbed, superbly blond, breathing of the England he had left only a short time ago. More proudly than ever he wore the red jacket of office—corporal in the mounted police—for his criminal quarry, snared after a long hunt, was safely lodged in the warehouse with Neeka's pets—and within a day or two he would take the man, a desperado, down to Edmonton.

That Carlyle might be philandering never occurred to Neeka, although at first she had thought: "The M'sieu and Daisy will marry. They are so beautiful, so suited to each other." But Carlyle knew Daisy for what she was—Daisy, the dance-hall girl, who had been blown, literally, into Neeka's life on the tail of a raging blizzard. And Daisy, binding him to secrecy about her past, allowed Miscou, Neeka's half-brother, darkly silent half-breed, to make love to her, for Daisy needed Miscou in her plan to capture a treasure of hidden gold.

It was Mrs. McDonald who burst the fragile bubble of Neeka's dream. "A white man cannot marry a half-breed Indian girl!" she said. Neeka's heart froze, she thirsted for vengeance. Straightway she made for the LaRonde cabin where Carlyle was closeted with Daisy. Her fingers neither trembled nor faltered as she reached in the pocket of his discarded coat, touched the violets she had given him, clutched cold steel—handcuff keys!

Fifteen minutes later, the girl found Carlyle, on hands and knees, picking up the crushed petals she had flung to the floor. Stormily they quarreled. Then, her woman's heart softened. She loved him; that was enough and this, she knew, was farewell. Encircled in his arms, her tender eyes swimming, she pleaded: "Tak' me with you instead of that man, m'sieu. I am ready to go wit' you . . . anywhere." There was a brisk knocking at the door behind them.

Part III

JULES CARTIER lunged into the cabin. "M'sieu Corporal," he began, "I come wit' bad news. Your prisoner she is escape! The door of his cage is open and pouf! your bird she is flew!"

Carlyle clapped his hand to his pocket and, at the reassuring touch of metal, recollection of Neeka's strange action flooded his mind. "Neeka!" he gasped. She hung her head, guiltily. "Did you do this?"

"I hav' already tol' you that, m'sieu."

"But why, for God's sake, why?"

"That too I hav' told you. It was because I am mad at you and Daisy. Because I hate you an' where I hate, I strike."

His next words came from between set teeth: "You've struck, all right! Do you know what it means?"

The only stranger passed unnoticed—the blind man, trying to see with sightless, staring eyes

A romance of God's Country

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

Cartier broke in with ill-concealed glee: "She is a bad one, I tell you! A thief, m'sieu! Many time hav' she rob my trap-line. Now she go after bigger game, eh? She rob the law's trap of a murderer." He turned upon Neeka, gloating, "Ah, but you will pay for that, you thief! The king is not poor Jules Cartier. You cannot rob his trap and throw his law to his face!"

CARLYLE pushed the excited man aside and spoke to Neeka. "Do you know what it means?" he repeated. "It means I will have to arrest you for conspiracy."

"I don' care, m'sieu."

"No," he cried, bitterly. "You don't care! You can see me the joke of the service. What do you care if I go back to barracks without my man, that I lost him—the king's prisoner—through a girl? Do you get that last! A girl! Fooled by a girl I was ass enough to trust, to care for!"

"They will not know how I got those key, m'sieu," she said. "They can kill me but I never tell!"

He flung away, impatiently. "What difference how you got them? You took them, didn't you? You freed the prisoner, and all in pique because you thought that Daisy and I—How rotten! I'm done for. Done for the service. I'll be kicked out, a disgrace!" he shouted, brushing past the girl who would have clung to him. "You've had your revenge and to burn! I may have stolen a kiss or two, but by jove I've paid for them!"

"'Pay?' That's it, m'sieu!" she broke in. "That is what I try to tell you, but you won't understand." She barred the door with her body, arms outflung. "M'sieu, you mus' listen to me now. I hav' tol' and tol' you that for what I take from the trap-line I mak' return, always. You say you want me—for to kiss—for to hav' for yourself. I—" she faltered, aware of the burning curiosity of Jules and the eager moisture of his red lips as he savored this juicy morsel of scandal. "Oh, m'sieu, I am ready to mak' trade for that mans I set free from his trap."

Carlyle looked at her, coldly. "So, that's the game, is it?" he said.

"Well, let me tell you, young woman, you have nothing I want. Absolutely nothing!"

Jules laughed: "You see! The law cannot be trade wit'!"

Carlyle wheeled on the trapper, fiercely. "Shut up!" he ordered, "and stay out of this!"

Neeka whispered, in a thin, dry voice: "Nothing, m'sieu?"

"You heard me. You've done a dirty, despicable thing. You've turned loose a murderer who will stop at nothing. He killed his own wife in cold blood, strangled her and murdered her unborn baby—his, though his crazed mind wouldn't believe it; thought it was the other man's. Now that he is free he'll find that man and there will be another killing. And you let him loose! Get out of my way. God knows how far he has gone, but I've got to find him, somehow!"

"M'sieu!" she wailed, but he threw her aside and flung out of the cabin. From the path he called back to Jules, "See that she doesn't get away, Cartier. We'll deal with her, later."

He was gone. Jules, grinning at Neeka, drew a heavy chair before the door and squatted upon it. "You stay where you is, you understand?" he said, leering at Neeka; "you belong to the law now!"

Picking his yellow teeth with the blade of his knife, he tilted back his chair and heaped jibe upon jibe, taking occasion to spit frequently. "He hav' you good, that Mounty! 'I no want nothings you got,' he say. She plain talk! I enjoy telling that story at the post, eh? How those men laugh! Neeka think herself pay for one murderer! One dirty little breed . . . ."

"You say that word, Jules," she broke in, "an' you be a dead mans!"

He spat, contemptuously: "Me, dead? How? You no got that devil-dog wit' you now, *cherie*. You are Jules prisoner, eh?"

She longed for Giekie. If the dog would only slip his collar and come to her! Before her swift run to the warehouse, to set free the prisoner, she had chained Giekie securely, fearful he might betray her.

"Well, Giekie is not here," Jules was saying. "An' I think when you are tak' to jail in Edmonton I will hav' something to say wit' that dog of yours! I think you both pay pretty good for stealing from the trap-line of Jules Cartier!" [*Turn to page 96*]

WHAT'S GOING ON IN

Dorothy Heyward

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH VIOLA PARADISE

In And Out The Hammock

HERE'S lazy August, and the desire for an easy, pleasant book, with just enough storm and stress to make the happy ending worth holding one's breath for. And here's the book—Dorothy Heyward's *Three-A-Day,* to read in the gently swaying hammock. It opens with a vast audience waiting for the famous Ricardo Andrei; but the temperamental violinist has chosen this hour for composition, soaking the while in a hot bath, and leaving his audience and his manager in the lurch—and himself as well. For his concert career is cut short, and he is soon plunged from luxury and fame to penury and anonymous membership in the "Jadric Trio," where he learns about keeping appointments with vaudeville audiences in the "sticks," and has to work on his concerto out of business hours. He learns, too, about love, for the trio's harpist is a beautiful, quick-tempered girl named Jan; and Tad, the trio's flutist, rebellious son of a millionaire, is also in love with her. True love runs rough, indeed, over a roadbed of jealousy, separations, and hard luck; and though you suffer anguish on behalf of Jan, and don't see how the author can pull her through, you feel secretly sure that Mrs. Heyward won't let you down, and that by hook or crook she'll see that everybody lives happily ever after. And she does. *Three-A-Day* is one of those infrequent novels for which thousands have been sighing—a straight, clean story about people you can really like and not cluttered up with long reports of drunken parties and the counterfeit fastness which is so often palmed off on us as typical of "flaming" youth.

Pilgrim's Ford, by Muriel Hine, shares these virtues, and has others of its own. Its setting, the English countryside, with lovely gardens and spinneys and aristocrats and faithful, dignified servants, is more familiar to us than the vaudeville circuit. You will like Joy, the courageous, enterprising, half-Spanish little girl with a sense of humor, who comes an orphan to her English grandfather, and wins her way to his heart against his will and against his preconceived notion of what a daughter of a Spanish dancer would be. Joy grows up, and her own heart is won and lost and won again; and despite many bitter trials, her courage and spirit carry her through to happiness and fulfillment. [*Turn to page 102*]

Another "Journey's End"

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

FIVE different companies have played *Journey's End* throughout the United States and Canada. Other companies, almost beyond count, have presented it in cities, towns and villages in Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Austria, Australia, Finland, Japan, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, the West Indies, Africa and, by the time this is printed, probably all other sections of the globe.

This modest, plotless, womanless little play, which first saw the light in London in the winter of 1929, has become Great Britain's leading export, and far more of a bond in common than the covenant of the League of Nations.

Now, as though the play itself hadn't had sufficient circulation, a film version of *Journey's End* has come forth to multiply by hundreds the audiences who may be privileged to hear this temperate but mighty argument against war. Fortunately, the picture has been made with unprecedented fidelity and with admirable skill. It was directed by James Whale, who first staged the play; and at the head of its excellent cast is Colin Clive, creator of the rôle of Captain Stanhope in London. R. C. Sherriff's delicate dialogue remains on the screen almost word for word as it was on the stage. Thus, this new *Journey's End* gains distinction as one of the finest and most honorable of talking pictures, a credit to all who were engaged in its preparation and to the mechanical medium which made it possible.

It is not, however, of particular credit to the cinema, any more than a plaster cast of the Winged Victory is a credit to the art of sculpture. Perhaps this is a niggling criticism, but it is offered by one who believes fervently in the independent individuality of the moving picture, and who deplores its present tendency to sacrifice that individuality by depending on the stage for its material, its talent, its very form. A moving picture has the right to be something more than a clever counterfeit of a play or a musical show. However, if there must be imitation, then one should be grateful when it is as faithful to its model as is *Journey's End.*

The gods of war receive more blasts in *All Quiet On The Western Front* which, like *Journey's End,* was a passionate diatribe from an unknown soldier, and one which swept across the face of the earth. But *All Quiet,* being a novel of impressionistic pattern, presented to its adapters much greater opportunity for the movement and pictorial sweep that are peculiarly appropriate to the screen. This opportunity has been capitalized skillfully by Lewis Milestone, the director. He has filled the picture with magnificent [*Turn to page 91*]

Mr. Shaw's Hard Cider

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

NO MAN can go to the theater much without finding that the American sense of humor, of which we are all so proud, can become at times a very poignant nuisance. We laugh too much. It would not be a bad thing if a good many playgoers were to reverse a familiar phrase and declare, "After all, there's so much joy and happiness in the world that one doesn't want to go to the theater to find the same thing." But granted the pleasant effect of a deep-seated community chuckle sweeping through a crowded auditorium, there still remains its most unpleasant cousin—the laugh which comes in the wrong place. Some of the finest and most sensitive of modern comedies have been marred by the disposition of audiences to follow the wrong cues in the matter of laughter. Heartbreaking things and opinions stated in all earnestness have been accepted again and again as mere clowning on the part of some funny fellow.

Bernard Shaw has suffered peculiarly in this respect. He was, at one time, a man of devout and passionate sincerity. It was his intention to remake the world according to the principles of Fabian Socialism. Poverty seemed to him the one cardinal sin. Conventional morality and current economics felt the sting of his lash. He said that the people in the world around him were

From the talkie, "Journey's End," a temperate but mighty argument against war

THE WORLD THIS MONTH

Violet Kemble-Cooper and Tom Powers in Shaw's "The Apple Cart"

Bori, Telva and Rothier charmingly revive "Louise"

largely hypocrites and cowards. To which they responded with loud guffaws and exclaimed, "The chap is certainly comic."

Naturally I would hardly maintain that Mr. Shaw did not make many direct bids to amuse the listener. Wit danced upon the surface of his dialogue, but it was no more than a tassel upon a sharp and cutting sword. First and foremost he was a critic of his day and age. Until recently there was no foundation for the oft-repeated assertion that the man was a mountebank. Still less was it fair to say that he merely attempted to tear down and never to build up. [*Turn to page 91*]

WORDS AND MUSIC

By DEEMS TAYLOR

Voice Of A City

WHEN Gustave Carpentier's *Louise* was first performed at the Opera Comique in Paris, in 1900, it made operatic history in more ways than one. For one thing, the early performances of the title rôle were given by a young soprano of Scotch extraction, whose native tongue was English, and whose French was far from flawless. She was, notwithstanding, an overwhelming success, and her conception of the rôle has always remained a classic. Her name was—still is, as a matter of fact—Mary Garden.

But *Louise* was unique in its subject matter as well as in its presentation. It was, and has remained, the only successful opera whose characters are working people. Louise is a seamstress, her father is a day laborer, and the remainder of the cast are for the most part rag-pickers, policemen, old-clothes men, street arabs, chair-menders, and similar itinerant and impecunious entrepreneurs. Julien, Louise's lover, and his cronies, who are Bohemian philosophers, painters, and musicians, are the sole representatives of what might be considered the upper crust; and they, however sophisticated, are penniless.

Louise appeared first in New York during those riotous years between 1905 and 1908, when Oscar Hammerstein and the Metropolitan Opera Company were fighting their operatic duel to the death, hurling new singers and new operas at each other's heads with a reckless disregard for expense that made the lot of the operagoer a happy one. *Louise*, with Mary Garden in the title rôle, was one of Hammerstein's missiles, and a most effective one. With Hammerstein's passing, *Louise* vanished from New York until the Chicago Opera Company brought it back for a series of post-war visits. Later the Metropolitan produced it for Geraldine Farrar. Last spring it reappeared in New York with still another heroine, Lucrezia Bori.

The great appeal of *Louise* lies in its simplicity and humanity. After the pomposities and inflated heroics of so many operas, it is a relief to listen to a score that is based upon nothing more pretentious than street cries, to follow a story that concerns everyday people.

Of plot there is almost none. Louise is in love with Julien, and wants to marry him. Her parents refuse to let her, and she runs away with her lover and lives with him on Montmartre. (It might be explained, by the way, that in France no woman can marry, whatever her age, without her parents' consent.)

Into her gay existence among the Bohemians comes her mother, bearing the news that Louise's father, whom she adores, is desperately ill, and wants to see his daughter. Louise goes back, with her mother's promise that she may return to Julien whenever she wishes. That promise is broken. Her parents keep her virtually a prisoner. Louise, famishing for freedom and life, defies her father, runs away again, and is seen no more.

The real hero is the city of Paris itself. Julien is an accident in the girl's life, almost a pretext. It is the city that calls her most irresistibly—the city, with its cafés and boulevards and crowded, clamorous streets, and their promise of excitement, and irresponsibility, and romance. The score is voluble with its street cries, and its very voice becomes articulate at the last, whispers and beckons—"*O jolie, O jolie!*" [*Turn to page 34*]

Can Religion Be Destroyed?

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

DR. RICHARD ROBERTS

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. ROBERTS is minister of the Sherbourne Church, Toronto, in the United Church of Canada.

After two notable pastorates in London, he came first to the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, and later went to the American Church in Montreal. In his recent Merrick Lectures, entitled *The Christian God*, he deals with religion in the light of behaviorism, insisting that the strange behavior of man on his knees at an altar must somehow be explained. The sermon here reviewed is timely in view of the efforts of the leaders of Soviet Russia to destroy religion.

Dr. Richard Roberts

"Can religion be destroyed?" asks Dr. Roberts. "Jesus seemed to think so when He said, 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on earth?' Such words bespeak something more than a passing mood of depression, born of weariness of mind and body. They show a quick and piercing insight into the awful possibilities of disintegration. Jesus did not believe in the false idea of the inevitability of the progress of man onward and upward forever. He knew that humanity may any day offer a swift and terrible slip backward, and lose its vision of the best."

As Dr. Roberts knows, our fathers held that religion, founded as it is on deep human wants, cannot perish. But to us it is conceivable that religion may vanish, or sink so low as not to deserve the name. We have discovered the ease with which man forgets his wants, or mistakes one want for another. There is in human nature a deep need for beauty; but under misery and gross living that need seems to disappear. There is need for honor, but in times of panic and break-up this need is forgotten. The wants of man are kept alive partly by being satisfied, and when they are neglected they may die.

"Jesus had no illusions about human nature," says Dr. Roberts. "He told men that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, but He did not mean that it will come automatically, by evolution or otherwise. This is a religion in which we cannot count on evolution or progress, for man is the arbiter of his own fate. Whether the final change in mankind will be for the best, no one can tell. It can be and may be, depending on whether mankind will admit the Kingdom of God into their hearts. Here there is neither certainty nor inevitability; and Jesus did not deceive Himself. He said that there is doubt; but He also believed that there is hope."

Yes, religion can be destroyed in the individual and in society, as Dr. Roberts admits. Often we read in the Bible of periods when there was no vision, and the earth seemed swept clean of every trace of [*Turn to page 50*]

"Gran'dad said when I seen my way to doin' his will I could come back"

LEAVIN'S

A stranger in a strange land finds the freedom of the hills, where lawlessness is the law and love comes in unasked

By Evelyn Murray Campbell

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

IT WAS growing dark with the quickness of dark in a hill country, and there was still no sign of the three dead cottonwoods. They stood at the fork of the road and a little way past them, quarter of a mile maybe, the real estate man said—on the north fork was the place. The first farm. His farm.

Steve Holley had been watching for those cottonwoods so intensely that now and then he was overtaken by a sick doubt of his own eyesight. Did he know a cottonwood when he saw one? These three trees were dead, but so were plenty more. Just dead, standing here and there among the boulders on the sloping hillside with their whitened arms stretched up to the sky as if they had perished begging for something—water, maybe, or just some sort of food they wanted.

He tried to shake off these thoughts when they came. It was foolishness to think of trees having feelings, but he couldn't help it. He had picked up the notion in France when he was just a kid and it had stuck to him ever since. More than once the sneaking conviction had come that those three dead trees, standing together like lonely men, had helped to make him buy the place. The conveyance had read: "From a point beginning at three cottonwood trees . . . "

The road was no more than two narrow ruts dotted with stones and wandering roots, and the little second hand car kept rocking and plunging like a tug on rough water. The steam was pouring out of the radiator and Steve watched it anxiously. He had to get water soon and there was no sign of trough or pump. No houses, no fences, just that wandering road that never got anywhere, but did grow steeper and rougher with every rod.

At a particularly bad jounce there was a faint protesting squawk from the rear of the little car and the driver glanced over his shoulder reassuringly and muttered, "Never you mind, old ladies, you'll be getting home presently," and blushed, for now he was talking to a crateful of hens, sleepy, ruffled things who had lost what little brains they owned in the beginning of this extraordinary journey.

But to Steve they represented a cargo of immense importance. His first live stock! Knowing that he should not, he had bought them in Pilot Hill soon after he bought the car. They were in the

crate standing before a store, melancholy heads stuck through the slats, watching what would surely be their last day. But Steve's pitying glance had changed that. He reprieved them. He bought a bulging sack of chopped feed and a bale of hay to make nests, though of course there would be plenty of straw and feed lying around the farm. But these hens were going to lay eggs for his breakfasts all winter long and sentimentally he wanted to provide nests for them, too. Steve was giving himself the great treat of his life and everything had to be right about it.

He had been so happy in Pilot Hill buying his first supplies that everybody laughed in sympathy. The storekeeper who sold him the hens and all his provisions, and the garage man when he bought the car—all had laughed in a queer sort of way. But the real estate man had not laughed at all. He had been very busy, just taking time to say, "Well, young feller, you got my letter okay? You know what it said. There's no claim about a growin' crop. You bought as it stands."

Steve knew that. He didn't want a growing crop. He wanted to put in one of his own; for what other reason had he been studying night after night while he saved up the money?

"An' say!" the real estate man bawled after him, "those folks left the furniture, but like as not they took their beddin'. You better carry along some."

"Sure," Steve thanked him gratefully; "some blankets'll be enough for me. I've been a rookie, you know. I learned how to sleep anyhow when I was over in France."

At that the real estate man became busy again, muttering that he didn't want to be bothered about a deal once it was made.

Now that the trip was nearly over Steve was still happy, though a little strained from looking for the dead cottonwoods. He had made the move a year or two earlier than he planned. It had come to the point where he had to get out of the smoke and gas of the city, and the crowds. He just had to get out, that was all.

HE HAD been a fine strong kid when he got that touch of gas and had been able to stand it off for a long while; but now he was older and with indoor work it had got him. The docs said it would be all right, though —rest and good food and a little work out-of-doors would see him to ninety. The farm was the answer to that prayer. He came across the advertisement one day when the longing for sun and air was too great, and now he owned it. Like magic. The people named Stricland had taken twenty-six hundred dollars for house and furniture and machinery just as it stood. All he had to do was to move in, study his land, put in his crops and go right on being happy.

Steve had been born in a tenement, gone to a ward school and earned his living poring over books in a cubbyhole office of a warehouse. Except in that brief encounter with brilliant death overseas, which had left him a little queer in one lung, he had known no fields; but from what little he knew, he had built to this. Rocky hillsides turning brown and gold in the first frost did not seem unfriendly to him. He had learned about growing things from books; but he did not know that the dust that settled on his chickens and his car was dead-white dust that the rains would turn into glue. He saw the tall pines lifting majestic shoulders over the low growths of scrub oak, and the hills it seemed to him had breasts as soft as purple down. He felt timid creatures hiding in the hazel brush and wished that he might let them know that they never need to hide from him, because the sight of guns sickened him and made him old.

When he had almost ceased to hope for them, he came to the three dead trees. They were so real, so true to their description, that all his convictions, dulled a little by the long ride, came back to life. He looked up at the ghostly heights, pale against the bluing sky, and turned into the north fork which was no road at all, but merely a cleared way where stumps of felled trees must be dodged; and the little steering wheel spun and twisted in his hands until there was no time to look about.

So Steve's farm came to Steve and he found himself sitting in its dooryard—blank, incredulous, but knowing with that sudden sweep of bitter intelligence which comes cruelly to the blind and trusting, that he had been duped. He had fallen for one of the oldest swindles in the world. He was an easy mark. He was done.

The farm was a half-hearted clearing on the steep slope of a hill. There was a patch where corn or potatoes might be grown, but from its barren soil rose a dead forest of stumps that looked like fingers pointing in scorn and derision. A cabin of split logs sat in the middle of this semi-bare ground, but the clay chinks were falling from between the logs and the door hung open on one rusty hinge. Beyond the cabin was another shelter, if a brush roof could be called that, for the tottering structure was no more than four poles planted insecurely and covered with more poles that held the refuse. Under this dubious protection the rusty blade of an ancient hand-plough reared its head and that was all.

Inside the cabin desolation was even more complete, for this was the sordid ignominy of human poverty and sloth untempered by the sky and trees. The puncheon floor was bare except for the dark stains of grease and tobacco that made a sort of aura around the red-rusted, tumble-down cookstove, spilling ashes through all its broken doors, bolstered by flat flints where legs were missing. There was a frying pan caked with grime and grease, a board table in the middle of the room, a stool or two, and in a corner an incongruous object, an old walnut bedstead high at the head and foot, ornately carved with bunches of grapes and pine cones, all black with smoke and grease like everything else. Steve, in his bewilderment, had a strange feeling when he looked at the bed, that between it and himself was a curious kinship, for both had known better times and both had come to ignominy and failure.

He sat on one of the stools and held his head; and the gaping red stove grinned at his misery. Framed. He was a city guy who didn't know his way around, a fool ex-service man mooning over what everyone had forgotten and nursing a hole in his lung; and he had been framed by a farmer and a small-town hick. No wonder the garage man and the storekeeper laughed

"You bring no fire under these trees!" she cried. "I'll do that"

out loud when he told them about his farm with the mountain view. He had bit like a hungry fish and somebody had his twenty-six hundred dollars and he had this! He had bit because he was so starved for trees and growing things, and air.

There was a faint, patient sound somewhere . . . The door was wide open and he could see something moving in the clearing, timidly, haltingly, as if advance was heavy with pain and doubt. As it came nearer he saw that it was a dun-colored cow, lame in one leg and so thin that she tottered like the sapling shelter.

He had the bale of hay open somehow, and he carried an armful to the sheltered side of the house. He spoke to the cow, "Here, bossy; here, bossy," and she hobbled after him with a piteous eagerness.

Time had passed. He saw that it would be foolish to start back so late. It wouldn't kill him to spend one night in the sickening hut. So he gathered sticks for the grinning stove and fished a lantern and a can of beans from the car and when the fire was lighted and the beans opened, he sat down to eat and discovered Stricland's message.

Pinned to the table with a large black thorn, the piece of dirty paper was scrawled with blunt writing:

Mak yorsef welcum to yore home stranger. This is all yores. We tuk whut we wanted and you kin have the leavins.

He got a picture of the man while he read this—the snickering joke of it. "Leavin's." Well, he deserved that! In the bitterness that came back upon him he reminded himself that he was leavings, too.

He was standing in the door when a girl in a blue dress, riding a bony mule, came into the clearing. A long, liver-colored hound loped from the brush and flung itself sprawling in the dust before the door, going to instant sleep, indifferent of Steve's presence.

SHE looked about fourteen or at the most twenty. She was so scrawny and little in the blue slip-dress and with bare, red legs that she might have been a child, but the big black eyes, the sharp, knowing little face did not belong to a child.

"You the feller from up North, I reckon?"

Steve, amused, said that he was. He supposed that she belonged to some hidden homestead of the neighborhood. But her next words stunned him.

"Then I reckon Pappy's put out for Californy with his woman an' lef' me behind.

"I b'en down the river to see my gran'dad," she explained. "I thought mabbe he'd take me in on account of Pappy's last woman not likin' me, but he wouldn't. He lent me the mule, though, an' says when I see my way to doin' his will I could come back an' stay at his place long as I liked. But I ain't seen it yet. Someway I can't. No, I'll make out somehow without doin' his way."

Steve invited Stricland's daughter into the cabin with some timidity, but she followed as if she expected nothing else. The stove was glowing and the lantern softened the squalor into shadows. There was a bundle of new red and brown blankets on the bed.

"You-all goin' to have it fine here," she said wistfully. "You got such a plenty. All that grub and ownin' the farm jus' for yourself. Yes, suh, you sho' are lucky."

He saw the girl's eyes wander to the open can of beans and bethought hospitality. He was hungry, too, and they went to the car that gave up treasure in her eyes. Ham, bacon, cans and cans. Coffee, flour, meal. Everything.

"We better carry it all in," she advised with a great load in her slim arms. "Ef we don't the varmints might come down in the night an' git it."

She was as strong as he was and her breath lasted longer. When they were through he caught his breath and she looked at him in surprise. He was annoyed because they had taken all the trouble when he was going back tomorrow, but her energy shamed him to silence.

He was troubled about his visitor, but of course she had friends. There would be a family who would take her in for shelter, but when he questioned her she shook her wild black head.

THERE ain't nobody," she said with eager eyes fixed on the canned salmon. "Nobody around here likes us Striclands," she explained with complete indifference. "They'd allow my gran'dad should take me in, not them. Gran'dad's a rich man. He's got a fine river farm, an' a big double house. He could, easy as not, but he won't."

"Why won't he?" Steve did not want to be troubled with this girl in addition to his own troubles. "You're only a child, your grandfather could be forced to take you in."

"Nobody kin be made to take me in," she whispered. He saw that she was terrified. "There ain't no way to make folks take a witcher in their house.

"Pappy 'lowed I kilt my mother when she bo'n me, an' then he 'lowed I kilt his other two wives when they come. An' then he brought another woman, but he didn't stand up to the preacher with her, thinkin' it broke the spell maybe. They wanted to go to Californy 'cause they said there wasn't no witchin' there—sun shines all day long. He druv' me to go to Gran'dad's down the river an' soon as I got there Gran'dad he started in wantin' me to do witchin', too—" Her voice broke in a dry crackle. "Only he wanted me to work on Pappy—to witch the Everlastin' Burnin' on Pappy because my maw died bringin' me. Gran'dad says it wasn't my fault at all. He says Pappy got to burn for it himself . . . But I couldn't do that to Pappy. I rode the mule home."

Steve felt a cold hand on his back. He was amazed at this ignorance and cruelty; and he was angry at himself because he wanted to look over his shoulder to be sure there was nothing there but the wall. He tried to laugh it off with a grown-up air.

"Now, Em'ly, there's no such thing as witches—"

She shook her black mop. "Mebbe not. I never tried," her voice sunk to somberness; "but they all think I kin. Nobody wants me to live aroun' 'em. They say I got to leave."

She rejected his offer of the cabin for the night. She lived in another back in the woods and she had some quilts that had belonged to her mother. The walnut bed had belonged, too.

Steve resolved that next day she should have it. Tomorrow she should have everything. He would pull out and leave her the provisions—enough to get along on until her grandfather saw sense and sympathy.

But he did not go the next day. The sun was shining and the clear air went to the bottom of his lungs and swept them clean. When he looked out-of-doors the cow was waiting with her eager, humid eyes; he had to do something for her leg. And the hound came and laid a long liver muzzle on his leg, accepting him as master.

Em'ly appeared and admired everything all over again. She helped with the breakfast and took her place naturally across the table while she made plans for his future.

She was scornful about the chickens and indignant, she declaring he had been cheated.

"They put off some no'count old hens on you," she scolded. "Look at their gills—dead as grass. They laid all the aigs they'll ever lay."

Steve was not sure about that. He recalled with excitement some of the information he had gathered about hens. Before he knew it he was boasting; "Betcha we've got aigs before Christmas!"

HE WAS worried about Em'ly, though she herself was as little worried as the brown birds that filled the air like flying leaves. Every morning she appeared with a certain brisk excitement that magically vanished his doubt and depression . . . and then it was almost instantly night and she had disappeared to that habitation of hers which he had never seen, but knew vaguely was in the brush somewhere.

Em'ly knew a thousand things he had never dreamed of. She knew how to live bountifully on black peas, bacon, and meal and molasses. She knew where everything grew and how to get it. She was busy from morning until night, storing up things against the winter.

Steve had to show his knowledge, too. He made a trip to a railroad camp down south and brought back some sticks of dynamite that sent stumps raining through the air and knocked the rest of the chinking from the cabin walls. Em'ly fled when the bombardment began, but afterward exclaimed with wonder and delight at the cleared field. [*Turn to page 89*]

EVE

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Decoration by A. H. MacDonald

Not till that sword in a fiery arc
Wheeling to shape a golden doom,
As hawk or eagle might thrust a plume,
Blinding, definitive and stark,
Across the pavilions of the lark—
Not till that Shadow filled the room,
Not till that Edict poured sharp gloom
Over the Paradisal Park—
Not until then did Lady Eve,
Fallen from her angelic state,
Know what it means to touch—and leave,
Know human hunger, human hate,
The knife of knowledge that can cleave,
The love that can emancipate.

In giving birth, in giving breath,
In sweat and blood and labor, she
Discovered her identity:
The Mother of all life and death,
Who had a dark gift to bequeath
To every mother, which should be
Her gift to give perpetually,
Leaving the angels far beneath—
The gift of dreams that make us kings;
The gift of tears that make us human;
The gift of hope that fastens wings
Upon his shoulders to renew man;
The Heaven that is in common things
And God Himself in every woman.

Songs of the Unsung, we call this series of poetic intimacies; each one dedicated to a woman whose pedestal in the history books has been covered with the fine dust of obscurity, misunderstanding or neglect.

Each poem will be addressed to a woman whose name has survived not for valiant deeds but for patient devotion, not for spectacular enterprises but for beautiful service, not for martial victories but for sure-footed small struggles. These women, like the millions who today move gracefully on the routine levels of the world, at last will achieve the headlines of appreciation they so richly deserve in Joseph Auslander's odes to the obscure. THE EDITOR

"To have and to hold... to love and to cherish." These words join the daughters of today and yesterday

"Yolanda, I wouldn't take at my lover's hands what you are taking from Stuart!"

WILD WIND

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by C. D. MITCHELL

IT SEEMED to Jacqueline that, when Yolanda ceased speaking, the room still echoed with the clang of her words. And there was another echo of long ago, *"London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down . . ."*

Then through the clang and clamor, she heard a knock on the sitting room door. She went at once to answer it, and admitted a waiter, who brought in their table, bright with silver and snowy with damask, with toast hot under covers and orange juice cool on crushed ice. He placed the table in front of the window that overlooked the Park. He was a red-cheeked Frenchman, expert, expressive. He spoke of the weather. "A beautiful morning, Madame."

She stood by the window. "I like to watch the little ducks."

He flashed a glance at her. Not many of the women who breakfasted in their rooms spoke of the ducks. Nor were many of them as crisp and composed at this hour of the morning. He liked the little Madame's chiffon negligee of faint blue, with the knot of violets at her breast.

A lady, undoubtedly, but he thought she looked sad; too sad for such a shining morning.

After he went away, Jacqueline still stood by the window, gazing down at the ducks, and wondering what she should say to Yolanda. There didn't seem to be anything to say. Yolanda had always had her way, and she would have it now.

She spoke presently through the open door, "Do you want to eat in here with me, Yolanda, or shall I bring your breakfast to you?"

"I'll come." And Yolanda appeared presently, wrapped in her amber robe, with her toes stuck into gold slippers with a fluff of feathers.

They sat down and Jacqueline poured the coffee. Then she looked at the headlines of the morning paper. It was Yolanda who finally broke the silence, "Listen, Aunt Jack . . . ."

"Yes?"

"It's like this," she was flushed, eager. "Stuart isn't Kit's kind. I've told you that. You can see for yourself. When I'm with him, I can wind him around my little finger, but when I'm away he does things, like making that engagement for luncheon today. He wasn't going to break it even when he knew I was free until I got him in the right mood. And it was with another girl."

"Another girl!"

"Yes. Oh, that's Stuart's philosophy—to take second-best rather than not have anything. He really doesn't

Her heart suddenly caught in a tight little pain for Mary

care a snap of his finger about anyone but me, but he isn't going to be left high and dry without somebody to amuse him. And that's why I'm going to marry him."

Jacqueline stopped her, "Oh, let's not talk about it." She rose and stood by the window.

Yolanda's eyes followed her. "You're making me feel like a worm of the dust, Aunt Jack. If you'd only be—*sensible*. Mother's and Dad's happiness isn't any more important than ours, and there's no reason in the world why you should go on making a doormat of yourself."

"Why say it all over again, Yolanda?"

"But Aunt Jack, *listen . . . !*"

Jacqueline turned suddenly and faced her niece. "No, I won't listen, and I'll tell you this, Yolanda. I may have been a doormat and a lot of other things that people have called me. But I wouldn't take at my lover's hands what you are taking from Stuart!"

Yolanda stared, and as she stared she saw a thing which astounded her. She saw a firmness in this tiny, flaming creature which more than matched her own. "It is that which has held her to it all these years," Yolanda told herself, with sudden illumination. "She is a strong little thing. Stronger than I am. Stronger than I shall ever be."

"I know," she said, and was suddenly swept by a storm of tears. "I know; but I can't give him up, Aunt Jack. I can't. You don't understand how I feel about it. I care—such—an awful lot . . ."

NEITHER Jacqueline nor Yolanda finished her breakfast. Yolanda, having cracked the outer shell of youthful self-assurance, showed herself soft within like any girl in love.

She argued and wept, and wept and argued again; but she came around always to a desperate summing-up: "I've got to marry him now or lose him."

Jacqueline was conscious of rather hating it all. Love as she knew it, was something very different from this thing of which Yolanda was talking. Love in her life and Kit's had been a matter of high idealism, a belief, each in the dignity and integrity of the other. She tried to tell Yolanda something of the kind. "You may be making Stuart less than he is."

"He used to be different, Aunt Jack. He has changed."

"Then hold him to his best. Demand things of him."

"I'm afraid . . . ." Her eyes did not meet her aunt's.

The waiter came and took away the table. Yolanda went back to her room and looked in her mirror. She was, she declared a sight and a fright. She declared, also, that shopping was out of the question. She called up the hotel beauty shop, and went away presently to have the ravages of her emotional disturbances effaced by expert treatment.

Jacqueline put on her hat and coat and went for a walk in the Park. There she watched the little ducks at close range. She watched, too, the people walking with their little dogs. The dogs were on leash and it all seemed very futile.

Jacqueline reflected that freedom was something that belonged to a dog. It belonged, indeed, to every living thing. None of them should be caged or tied. But then, civilization was just that—caging and tying. She stopped at the parrot house and murmured things to the brilliant birds as she had so often murmured to Simon, and they seemed to understand and to ask something of her.

"They want to fly in the forests," she told herself, and stood for a long time looking at them, "and they will never fly. They are caged—forever . . ."

After that she could scarcely bear to look at them—these birds which were caged forever!

AN HOUR later, she told Kit: "I can't marry you." She sat opposite him at a table in the dining room of India House. He had shown her all the sights of the fine old place—the great stairway guarded over by a figurehead from a Yankee clipper, which seemed to strain and lift in this still air as it had once strained and lifted to the rhythm of wind and waves; the ship's lanterns whose lights now shone on models of vessels and the many trophies of that trade which began in America with Cathay; the old prints and paintings which gave the life of those days when steam and oil and electricity were unknown as motive powers, and when men steered their courses by the stars, and were carried across the waste of waters by bulging sails.

And Jacqueline, heavy-hearted, had followed Kit up and down, until aware at last of her white face and lagging footsteps, he had said, "Tired?"

"A little."

"Hungry?"

"Not very."

"Late breakfast?"

"I didn't eat any."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because . . ."

"Which isn't any answer; and you are going to eat right now."

So they had ascended to the dining room, and Kit had ordered something with curry and something deviled, because that was the sort of thing the chef did very well, and "it will be a foretaste of India."

And it was then Jacqueline had said, "I can't marry you."

The waiter had gone, and they were alone in the big room, and Kit's hand had caught hers in a hard clasp. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, Yolanda's going to marry Stuart, right away, and go with him to Wales. She told me this morning."

The blood flew up in Kit's face. His grip on Jacqueline's hand hurt her. "The little slacker! Does she think she can get away with it?"

"She doesn't know she's a slacker. She wants her happiness, and I don't blame her." Jacqueline spoke with sudden passion. "I don't blame her, Kit. She's young, as I was young . . . ! I don't believe I could do it over again. I don't believe I could do it?"

"Yet you are going on with it?"

"Yes. I've got to. There isn't any way out."

Dead silence between them. The waiter came back and set forth the delicious food. "I don't want anything," Jacqueline said, desperately, as the man departed. "Kit, I'm going home now." She rose, and he rose with her.

Then suddenly she came to herself. "Oh, I'm afraid I'm making a scene." She sat down again. "You eat, Kit, I can't."

She made a pretense of it, however, and drank a cup of coffee at Kit's stern insistence. "I can't have you making yourself ill, Jack."

They had little besides that to say to each other. She attempted a wavering apology, "I'm sorry, Kit."

He did not look at her. "Nothing you can say will make it right with me. Perhaps the less said the better. I've fought for you all these years, but I've come to the end. I'm a man, Jacqueline, and I want you. I can't be content any longer with a shadow."

"I know. I'm not asking you to wait."

"And you can send me away like this?"

"I'm sorry."

Another long silence, and then he said, "I can't think that you really mean it. One of our ships is sailing in three days. I am needed in India. There is unrest among the workmen and I have had several cable messages urging me to come. But I would not, because of our wedding. But now there is nothing to keep me. I'll give you the three days, Jack. If in that time you change your mind, I'll stay. Otherwise, I'll sail—and I shall never come back to you."

He looked up then and saw the despair in her face. "My darling . . . !"

"Oh, Kit . . . don't . . ."

JACQUELINE never quite knew how she got back to the hotel, or what she said to Yolanda.

Yolanda had come in, radiant: "Stuart and I had a gorgeous time. Such eats! Brook trout and new melons and . . ."

She had stopped suddenly, "What in the world are you doing, Aunt Jack?"

"Packing my trunk."

"Packing?"

[*Turn to page 102*]

A delightful variety in soups . . .

Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Campbell's CONDENSED TOMATO SOUP
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Campbell's CONDENSED VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP
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Asparagus
Delicious puree of young asparagus shoots. Richer still served as Cream of Asparagus.

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The old home favorite made even more tempting by Campbell's.

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Solid pieces of tender meat blended with vegetables in a hearty soup.

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Clarified beef broth, flavored with vegetables; valuable for invalids also.

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All the tonic goodness of snow-white celery; also makes wonderful Cream of Celery; see the label.

Chicken
A rich chicken broth with rice, celery and diced chicken.

Chicken-Gumbo
Louisiana Creole dish. Tempting chicken soup with okra.

Clam Chowder
All the zest and tang of the sea; a real treat for your appetite.

Consommé
The formal soup. Amber-clear beef broth, with delicate vegetable flavoring. A triumph in blending.

Julienne
Shredded vegetables and whole peas in a clear beef broth—famous as a Banquet Soup.

Mock Turtle
Difficult to make at home, yet a favorite wherever known. Its substantial wholesome vegetable puree is deliciously flavored with sherry.

Mulligatawny
Chicken soup, Oriental style, with curry and East India chutney.

Mutton
For children and invalids; broth of mutton with vegetables.

Ox Tail
Thick, rich broth of selected ox tails and beef blended with vegetables and garnished with ox tail joints; hearty.

Pea
Rich in wholesome vegetable nutriment. Sweet nutritious peas, fresh creamery butter, dainty seasoning. Easily prepared as Cream of Pea!

Pepper Pot
What a Soup for hungry men! Real Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Tempting macaroni dumplings, potatoes, high seasonings and meat, according to an old Colonial recipe.

Printanier
Clear chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice—a rare delicacy.

Tomato
The most popular soup in the world. Pure, tonic juices of sun-sweetened tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, fresh herbs and skillful seasoning. Extra delicious prepared as a Cream of Tomato.

Vegetable
The favorite hearty soup. "A meal in itself." Its fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs make it a luncheon or supper.

Vegetable-Beef
Also extremely popular; another thick, hearty vegetable soup, with tempting pieces of meat.

Vermicelli-Tomato
A sparkling tomato puree deliciously flavored with cheese and bacon. Vermicelli garnish completes the distinctive touch of Italian cookery.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Your dining table can do damage your *dressing* table can't repair!

"THOSE tired-looking little lines about my eyes—surely a touch of 'Eye Shadow' will hide them!

"That rather 'washed-out' look that has worried me of late—a whisper of rouge on the cheeks will make it right!

"And no doubt a 'facial' will work wonders with contours that seem to have lost, a little, the clear-cut modeling of youth!"

Few women deceive themselves with such musings *nowadays!* They know that lasting beauty is more than skin-deep—*they pay as much attention to their dining tables as they do to their dressing tables!*

Nature is generous but jealous. She gives you the rose-petal loveliness of youth to keep just so long as you obey her—and no longer!

Break Nature's law and how soon the penalty is apparent in your face! How quickly your complexion confesses your neglect! How frankly your skin, your facial contours, your eyes, betray your default!

No wonder modern women take care to protect themselves against that great beauty destroyer — *constipation.*

Now you'll like Bran

The Pleasant Daily Help toward Natural Beauty

Make bran-bulk a part of your daily diet, to help Nature to eliminate from the system poisonous waste-matter that destroys beauty. Normal, regular bran-elimination — that is the *first* step toward *lasting* good looks.

And what more delicious way to take the needed daily portion of bran than in Post's Bran Flakes—which has made millions *like* bran.

With milk or cream, sometimes with fruits or berries, in full-flavored, fluffy muffins—delicious! And, what is more important, *effective.*

No wonder that more women eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world.

Tomorrow is an excellent time to begin.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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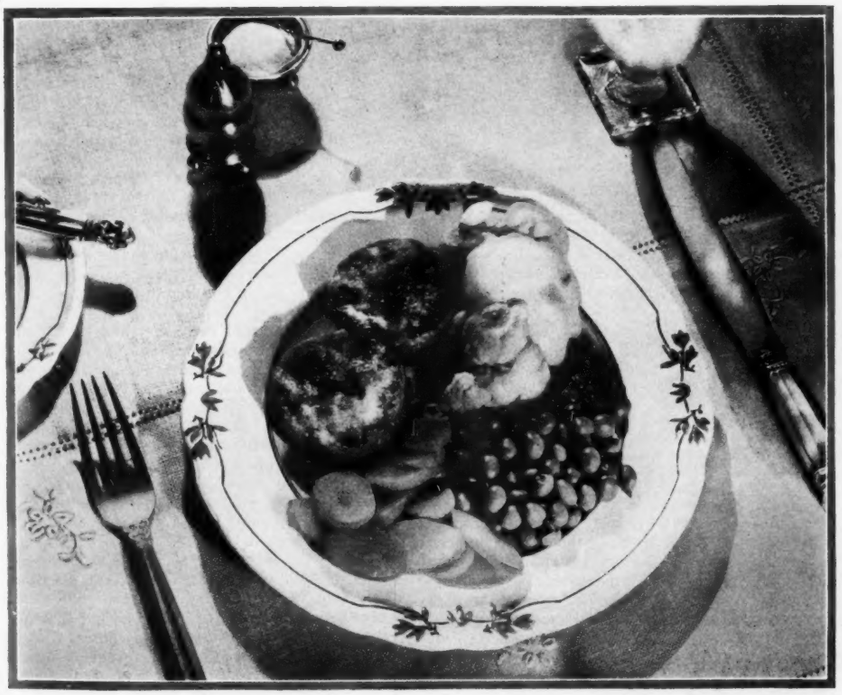
WE'LL HAVE VEGETABLES FOR THE MAIN COURSE

By Sarah Field Splint
Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management



Top—For variety, we'll broil some (the mushrooms), bake some (the tomatoes) and boil the baby limas and asparagus

Bottom—Imagine the colors of them!—summer green peas, cauliflower with Hollandaise, broiled tomatoes and buttery carrots

OUR purpose in cooking vegetables should be to develop a fine flavor and at the same time to keep as much of their good-looks and nutritive value as possible. All of these objects can be easily attained if we trust to science—and our imagination.

Our imagination suggests to us that there are several different styles of cooking most vegetables. For instance, we can stew, bake, broil, fry, or scallop tomatoes; we can boil, fry, steam, bake, or French-fry onions; we can do several interesting things with squash, corn, sweet potatoes, and carrots. Because vegetables *are* so wholesome, we ought to make them just as varied and attractive as we can, so that our families will enjoy eating them—instead of regarding them as one more "good deed" in a weary day.

Now what has science to tell us? A great many important discoveries in vegetable cookery have been made in recent years by food experts. Summed up, they are:

Colored vegetables of *delicate* flavor should be cooked in enough water to cover them. Be sure that the water is *boiling* when the vegetables are put in. Bring the water *back* to boiling point, cover and cook, keeping the water boiling steadily, but *not too rapidly*. Cook until the vegetables are tender, but firm in texture. Do not overcook them as overcooking spoils both appearance and flavor. Remove from fire at once and serve as soon as possible. If there is any liquid left in the pan, save it for soups and sauces; never throw it away.

Strongly flavored vegetables—cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, onions, turnips—should be cooked, uncovered, in *plenty of boiling water*.

Vegetables may be cut in pieces before cooking (strips, as carrots; shreds, as cabbage) and though this means a slight loss in nutritive value, it shortens cooking time and preserves the flavor. Cut vegetables lengthwise rather than crosswise as they cook more quickly.

Add salt to vegetables during the boiling process—1 to 1¼ teaspoons to 1 quart of water. In the case of peas, add salt just before they have finished cooking, as they are apt to shrivel and harden if cooked in salted water.

Other Methods

Vegetables may also be baked, covered, with a little water. It takes a longer time, but the results are good and almost no watching is needed. Baking in the skin without water (as potatoes or squash) keeps *all* the food value and is the best method to use, when possible.

Other methods are cooking in a steamer, or in a waterless cooker. Each of these preserves the nutritive value, but does not always give the fresh, bright color which we like.

Whatever method is used, remember that vegetables must be *cooked until tender only*, and served as promptly as possible. Long cooking, or standing after cooking, is disastrous to flavor and appearance.

Vegetable Plates

Now to return to the imaginative side of vegetable cookery. "Vegetable dinners" and "vegetable plates" are rapidly becoming one of our national dishes, and this is due, I think, to the large variety of vegetables, both fresh and canned, which we can buy all through the year. But, even so, ingenuity is needed to make a collection of vegetables really interesting. When I plan them as the main course I keep three things in mind. First, I always plan a contrast in *color*.

There are many colors to choose from—the red of tomato, the delicate green of peas, the deeper green of the leafy vegetables, the yellow of carrots, the white of cauliflower, the golden brown of [*Turn to page 32*]

COME OVER TO OUR HOUSE

By HELEN MEADER

JOHNNY stood on the sidewalk in front of the schoolhouse, calling lustily, "C'mon fellers! C'mon over to our house! We're gonna play."

Knowing Johnny, and what he had to offer at his house, I was not surprised at the rapidity with which the "gang" answered his call—nor at the envious expressions of the boys who were not invited. Youngsters go where they can have the most fun, and fun at Johnny's house was a foregone conclusion. He was the son of two wise parents who realized that boys need—in addition to nourishing food, plenty of sleep, and intelligent supervision—a place to play and a place where their friends will always be welcome.

Their home had been selected partly for its southern exposure, its lovely garden, and its comfortable living room with a huge fireplace in one end; but its chief attraction was the garage, with chauffeur quarters which would make an admirable play spot for the boys and their friends.

This upper part of the garage was the exclusive property of the neighborhood children. It was a clubroom, workshop, gymnasium—anything that the boys cared to make of it. Here they gathered and played. Muss and noise were of little consequence, for no grown-ups were around to say, "Pick up this railroad train and track; someone might come in." Or, "You mustn't make so much noise; it disturbs the baby." Miniature tracks wound in and out of the room, unmolested unless the boys cared to move them. Shavings from a workbench could pile up on the floor until such time as the boys were ready to clean them up. Cans of paint and varnish, and countless tools (unlovely sights to a careful housekeeper, and cherished beyond words by the average boy) could stand in full view, and no one cared. This space belonged to them; and no more popular spot could be found in the neighborhood.

By five o'clock on a rainy afternoon, Johnny's mother was not walking the floor, nursing an aching head and watching the clock anxiously for the hour when she could order her thoroughly masculine sons to bed, and be relieved of their chatter and confusion. She had all the quiet she wanted while the boys were out in the garage having a glorious time—just the kind of time that keeps them happy and out of mischief.

NOT every family can afford to turn so much space over to children, but every family can make *some* provision for them. Perhaps there is a dry, light, unused corner of the cellar, or one room that they can call their own and where constant tidiness is not necessary. If this isn't possible, homes can at least be made attractive for the young people. And that doesn't mean calling in an interior decorator, or freshening up with new chintz covers and curtains; it simply means allowing children to be comfortable and at home in their own surroundings.

A friend of mine is the mother of four husky, healthy children, ranging from six to eighteen years of age. Her house would give an interior decorator some unhappy moments; but to the youngsters, it is little short of heaven. The large, comfortable furniture is worn and perhaps a little shabby. The floors may glow from wax and polishing for a few hours; but as soon as school is out, the living room will be full of restless feet—her children's and their friends'. A card table, set up in one corner, attracts the aspiring bridge players; the piano is likely to be hidden (and finger marked) by a crowd, playing and singing. Usually a couple or two roll up the rugs for dancing. It is a lively household and a hospitable one. The furniture has been worn by happy, wholesome children, finding pleasure at home instead of on the streets or in some less desirable place.

I know another couple who planned for a large kitchen in the home they were building. It seemed to me that many unnecessary steps were going to be taken, but I changed my mind when I saw the completed house. The kitchen sink, stove, refrigerator, cabinets, and cupboards were all conveniently grouped close to the dining room door; and the remainder of the space was given over to some comfortable wicker chairs, and an alcove that held a long, sturdy table and an equally long window seat (which was, in reality, a closet for toys). The walls were enameled gray, with blue trim; and the furniture and linoleum were in these same colors.

THIS was where the boys of that family played from the time they were babies in rompers on through their Boy Scout days. The table has stood up patiently under hours of picture-cutting and painting. It has been smeared with paste and glue from one end to another, while airplane models were whittled out and glued together. The window seat first held teddy bears and baby toys; later, they had to be removed to make room for baseballs and bats; and now, a choice selection of rifles, traps, knives, string, footballs, and chicken wire are crowding each other for space.

I have found that boys, like girls, enjoy fussing around a kitchen if they have half a chance. These two boys made the best candy and popcorn balls I've ever eaten. There have been as many as ten children in that kitchen at one time—enjoying themselves with no fear of doing any damage, for everything out there would respond to quick wiping or a daub of paint.

Modern reformers tell us that movies, jazz, and automobiles are evil influences dragging our children from their homes. To me, that's a lot of twaddle. There is nothing baneful in many of our moving pictures; a little jazz is stimulating; and certainly automobiles are harmless, if they're properly handled. Going further back than the question of what young people *do* when they go out, let us consider *why* so many of them go out.

Too many homes are run for grown-ups—tidy, sedate, quiet people who are utterly different from children bubbling over with energy and youthful spirits. It amazes me that some children I know *ever* stay at home. A living room so spotless and picked-up that to muss it seems almost sacrilege, is not inviting to young people. And, if somewhere in the house there are elders forever stepping in to straighten a chair and plump up the pillows and to issue warnings to "take care," it's a hopeless situation. The children will go where people are less particular and more hospitable—where they can be themselves. This doesn't mean they have to be destructive; but we can't expect [*Turn to page 72*]

The Troublesome Child

YOU have a troublesome child? He asks questions that have no answers? That is because he still has faith in your wisdom. Go softly. If you cannot answer him, tell him you do not know. It may be that God will whisper the answer to him.

He is very restless? Like a prying sprite he flits from one thing to another, leaving disorder behind him? Be patient with him. He came into the world charged with the command to search life for the substance of his being. All experience should be his. Deal gently with him, for he is as a stranger in a strange land.

He does not obey at the word of command but goes his willful way, hurting himself again and again? Still be patient with him. He is intelligent. His mind is creative. It must gather the grist for its own mill and grind it to its own purpose. Of necessity it is difficult for a child to accept the imposition of another's will. Guide him with a light, firm touch, and give him as much freedom of choice as you would take in his place.

He is unreasonable? He wants things desperately and rages when he cannot have them? Remember. Reason comes late. It was but yesterday that *you* wept because the organ man carried the monkey away with him. Child growth is uneven. Maturity mingles with infancy; ideals are mixed with phantasy; wishes color resolution. Let your seasoned spirit support your child's wavering mind. Fill his hands with useful work. Work and reason grow together.

You have a troublesome child? Rejoice. Growth is never smooth, never silent, never final. Those are the qualities of death. Thank God for your troublesome child, and go on.

Angelo Patri

New Fashions for your Skin

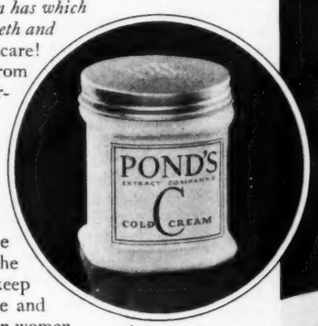
by MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

A personage of captivating charm and distinction, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York. Here she is dressed for the summer races, in black and white chiffon, a Paquin model, with Reboux hat of satin-trimmed black Milan, both by Hattie Carnegie.

"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

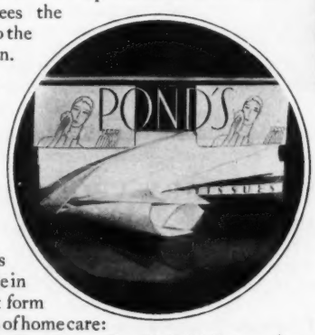
"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bathing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, *Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands.* So—let us take care!



Skin fine as Silk

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains that the Famous Forty who set the fashions are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the tennis courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at Bailey's Beach; at the Beach Casino at Southampton; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

"I myself always use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care:



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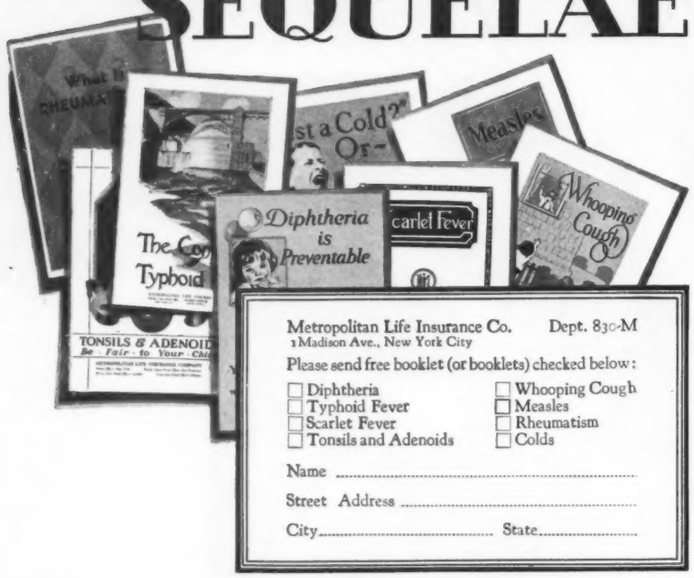
Perils of SEQUELAE



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"SEQUELAE" (seh-kwee'-lee) is the doctor's word for the whole range of consequences and serious complications following certain illnesses. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may be the Sequelae of many diseases.

There is a homely old expression, "not out of the woods yet", which fairly describes the condition of a patient who has successfully passed the crisis of a serious illness.

Your doctor will tell you that sometimes the Sequelae, or after-effects, are more to be dreaded than the disease from which you are apparently recovering. Don't think him an alarmist if his orders are strict about not getting up from bed too soon, or if he makes a thorough physical examination after you think you are entirely well.

The Metropolitan health booklets tell in plain language how some of the Sequelae of diseases may be avoided. If anyone in your family is suffering or recovering from one of the diseases which may leave serious after-effects, send for the Metropolitan's booklet concerning it and learn just what you should know about the possible Sequelae. Address Booklet Dept. 830-M and name the booklet you want. It will be mailed free.

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SCARLET FEVER may affect the heart, kidneys or ears.

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MEASLES may be followed by pneumonia, kidney trouble, loss of sight or hearing.

WHOOPING COUGH may be followed by pneumonia or tuberculosis.

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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WE'LL HAVE VEGETABLES FOR THE MAIN COURSE

[*Continued from page 29*]

French fried potatoes, and so on. Be sure, too, to select vegetables of contrasting *flavor*—such as peas (a bland vegetable), cauliflower (strongly flavored), and tomato (acid). The third and last suggestion is to use different methods of cooking—a plate consisting of boiled vegetables is painfully uninteresting; bake one vegetable, boil another, fry or scallop a third.

Vegetable plates are just as good, and far easier to prepare, if they consist of three or possibly four vegetables. To make a vegetable plate more substantial, add potatoes—hashed, au gratin, or French fried; or rice, spaghetti, macaroni, or noodles; or serve a creamed vegetable in patty shells.

Garnish with parsley or watercress; chopped eggs; grated cheese; croutons; or toast points.

Try These Combinations

Cauliflower with mock Hollandaise sauce, broiled tomatoes, buttered peas.

Chopped and buttered spinach, carrot balls, baked onion stuffed with buttered and seasoned crumbs.

Green corn, glazed sweet potato, buttered string beans.

Baked stuffed peppers (with rice), grilled eggplant, buttered beets, coleslaw with Russian dressing.

Baked tomato with grated cheese, asparagus, mushrooms, lima beans.

Baked carrots stuffed with onions, broccoli, baked potato on half shell.

Mashed summer squash, chopped and seasoned beet tops, golden bantam corn, sweet potato croquettes.

Fried macedoine of tomatoes, onions, cucumbers and green peppers; wax beans, asparagus with browned butter.

Green peas steamed with mushrooms, corn on cob, buttered greens with chopped egg.

Asparagus, whole brown potatoes, Swiss chard and scallions, carrots.

Fried Macedoine

4 tomatoes
2 cucumbers
2 green peppers
1 large onion, sliced
3 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Few grains pepper

Wash, peel, and slice tomatoes and cucumbers. Remove seeds from green peppers and cut in small pieces. Fry onion in shortening until slightly browned. Add tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers, salt, pepper, and Worcestershire. Stir together lightly and fry slowly until cooked.

Green Peas and Mushrooms

½ lb. mushrooms
2 lbs. peas
4 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup water
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper

Wash and cut mushrooms in pieces. Shell peas. Melt shortening, add mushrooms and sauté for a few minutes. Add peas, salt, pepper, and water. Cover tightly and cook slowly until tender—about 25 minutes.

Steamed Carrots and Celery

3 tablespoons shortening
4 carrots
1 cup celery, cut in pieces
1 small onion, sliced
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon sugar

Melt shortening, add onion and brown slightly. Wash, scrape, and slice carrots. Add carrots, celery, salt, pepper, water, and sugar to the onions and butter. Cover tightly and steam until tender. When done all the water should be evaporated.

Italian Eggplant

1 small onion, sliced
2 tablespoons salad oil
4 tomatoes
3 cups eggplant, cut in pieces
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper

Fry onion in salad oil until a delicate brown. Peel tomatoes and slice. Add eggplant, tomatoes, salt, and pepper to the onion and salad oil. Cover and cook until eggplant is tender—about 20 minutes. If the mixture cooks dry, add a small amount of water. At serving time sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

Baked Stuffed Carrots

6 carrots
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 egg
1 tablespoon shortening
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Few grains pepper
Bread crumbs

Select carrots which are short and thick. Wash and scrape them and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Remove from water, drain, and let cool. Melt shortening, add onion, parsley, salt paprika, and pepper and cook slowly for 5 minutes. Scoop out centers of carrots and fill with onion mixture, packing down well. Dip in fine crumbs, then in egg beaten and mixed with a very little water and again in crumbs. Put carrots in baking dish with a piece of butter on each one. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) until brown—about 30 minutes.

Creamed Radishes

3 cups radishes, sliced
3 tablespoons shortening
2½ tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1½ cups milk

Cook radishes in boiling salted water until tender. Melt shortening, add flour, salt, and pepper and mix well. Add milk slowly and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly to keep mixture smooth. Add radishes and heat thoroughly before serving.

EASY WAYS TO VARY VEGETABLES

Creamed vegetables: Allow 2 cups cut cooked vegetables to 1 cup white sauce. Almost all vegetables may be creamed.

Au gratin vegetables: Put creamed vegetables in a baking dish, cover with grated cheese and bread crumbs. Bake until cheese is melted and crumbs are brown.

Scalloped vegetables: Put creamed vegetables in a baking dish with alternate layers of buttered bread crumbs. Sprinkle top with bread crumbs and bake until brown.

Croquettes: Have creamed vegetable mixture very thick. Shape, dip in crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat.

Grains of Wheat and Rice Shot from HUGE GUNS!

How exploding 125 million food cells makes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice twice as delicious . . . and gives them the nourishment you usually expect only from hot cereals.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON

SCENE—the laboratory of Columbia University. A scientist holds in his hand a slender glass test tube. In it are 4 grains of wheat—4 of rice. He seals the tube. Revolves it slowly over an intense flame. Then breaks the seal and eagerly examines the contents.

The grains are puffed to 8 times their normal size! They are crisp . . . crunchy . . . fragile . . . uniquely delicious. Most miraculous of all, the microscope shows that every one of the thousands of tiny food cells in each grain is broken open. Thoroughly exploded—hence completely digestible!

A new era in cereals

Professor Anderson's two years of patient search have been rewarded. He has found the secret of making solid grains light, crisp, utterly nutritious. He has discovered Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Today, that single test tube has become 75 bronze cannons. Each day, at the Quaker Oats mills, these guns are loaded with plump, choice grains of wheat and rice. They are revolved in fiery ovens at a terrific heat. Then the guns are fired. This causes 125 million explosions in each tiny kernel.

Just as in the test tube, the grains are made crisp, light, meltingly good to eat. Most important of all, every food cell is broken open, so that Puffed Grains become *as completely digestible as hot cooked cereals. Hence virtually as nourishing.*

Quaker Puffed Wheat offers whole wheat minerals and protein, plus 25% bran. Quaker Puffed Rice provides the important food values of selected rice. Crisp, cool, enticing, Puffed Grains provide ease of digestion that makes them ideal foods for hot weather.

Why use less tempting . . . less digestible cereals? Your grocer has Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. The Quaker Oats Company.

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Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

Bringing the Baby Safely Through the Summer Months

THE baby's digestion is easily upset, especially during the hot summer. Consequently, its food must not only be pure, nutritious and digestible, but must not irritate the stomach and bowels.

Pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, suitably modified, is a safe food. Use the method of modification found successful in leading hospitals and in the practice of physicians throughout the country.

This safe, simple and economical method consists of the addition of Karo Syrup to milk. Karo, as every mother knows, is a pure, energy-producing carbohydrate food derived from corn. It is completely digestible, even by the frailest infant. Karo is the safe hot weather addition to milk formulas—excellent for growing children, too.

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IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 4*]

the lives of prominent people. At all of these, Sue Pollard has been more than a perfunctory hostess.

Hospitality, to the South, is not an empty word. It means a genuine friendliness, a warm feeling of responsibility for the comfort of the guest, a desire to make him see that in one home, at least, he is welcome.

In the Pollard home, even though it happens at the moment to be the State Mansion, there is that hospitality. If Sue Pollard is bored or wearied by her callers, the chances are that she is the only one who knows it.

LAST January, at the formal inauguration of Governor Pollard, thousands of men and women passed through the doors of the Executive Mansion. In the receiving line were the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, a few of the official aides, and, of course, Miss Sue. No one suspected that the slim fingers in the green gloves were almost numb from too much handshaking; that the lovely head was tired with too much bowing and smiling; that the whole white-clad body was about to droop from exhaustion. Sue Pollard sipped the little glass of ammonia and water which a solicitous negro servant brought her and remained beside her father greeting the citizens of Virginia.

That the atmosphere at the Mansion is informal rather than official is due, I think, to Miss Sue. The sedate reception rooms are dramatically livened by the presence of an astoundingly pretty girl in a cherry-colored dress.

The old slave house is being renovated and its kitchen, a little room with an ancient fireplace, has been equipped with rose chintz curtains, a ping-pong table and comfortable chairs for casual bridge games. It will be a room for Miss Pollard herself, not the daughter of the Governor.

Seen with his daughter, Governor Pollard seems less the executive than he does the father. In his home, he is not Dr. Pollard, the educator, nor Governor Pollard, the executive. He is like every father in every house in America. And Sue is like every daughter who reminds her father that the ash of his cigar is about to spill on his waistcoat.

"It's a shame," people tell her, "that a girl as young as you must associate so much with older persons." But Miss Pollard seeks the companionship of maturity. Her closest friend is twelve years older than she.

She comes, not as a curious child seeking wisdom from her elders, but as an equal with an older woman's understanding. She enjoys conversation more than outdoor sports; she reads and listens and absorbs. It is characteristic of her that her own conversation is never pretentious. Recently when the Hoovers and the Pollards shared the reviewing stand at a Virginia celebration, Miss Sue entertained the President of the United States for more than two hours, and he seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. What made the President smile was her account of how she had fought for the honor of carrying the flag in a parade for Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Coolidge several years ago, when she was a school girl, only to find that the flag was a great weight for even a glorified little girl to carry for two hours.

She is unawed by celebrities. "The greater they are," she says, "the simpler they are and the kinder."

Yet Sue Pollard is not a prig. She enjoys parties with boys and girls her own age. She adores being well dressed and I know that it gives her a thrill to be the First Lady of Virginia. She is in great demand at parties, not only because of her position, but because of her light, bubbling personality.

Personally Sue Pollard has no political ambitions. She has a sincere and deep interest in the theater; not the theater of Broadway, but the "Little Theater" where children may see such plays as *Little Women*, and *The Little Minister*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. As "Shirley Horton" she played several of the leading rôles last year with the Wardman Park Players of Washington. Her interest in the theater is more than a desire to play leads; she has studied the various phases of play making. In the National Cathedral School of Washington where she studied for six years, in Boston University, in the Emerson College of Oratory, Sue Pollard specialized in dramatics, for that was the chief interest of her life. Yet she willingly gave up her activities in the Washington repertory theater because her father needed her.

THE Southern girl, Sue Pollard explains, has a point of view about such things. Life in the South is a much firmer social organization than it is anywhere else in the country. Family life is more compact. To be charming and gracious to her friends, thoughtful and devoted to her family, considerate of her servants, and still retain her own individuality is all that the Southern girl demands. And Sue Pollard *is* a Southern girl.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 21*]

The Metropolitan revival included an entire new scenic investiture by Joseph Urban and a cast that was almost as new as the scenery. Madame Bori sang the rôle more beautifully than it has ever before been sung in New York; her interpretation of the rôle, while it erred somewhat on the side of helplessness (Mary Garden's Louise knew what she wanted and went after it), was youthful and touching. A new French tenor, Antonin Trantoul, was an effective Julien to watch, but he had forgotten to bring much of his voice with him from Paris. Marion Telva, as the Mother, and Leon Rothier, as the Father, were wholly admirable.

Of the remainder of the cast (there are nearly forty characters in this opera) there is room here to mention only a few. Memorable, for example, was the excellent singing of Aida Doninelli as Irma, and of Louis D'Angelo as the rag-picker. Ellen Dalossy was amazingly good as the *couturière's* apprentice. Her portrait of the little street arab, however, was less successful, conceived as it was in that touching universal feminine belief that the way to give a perfect illusion of a small boy is to stick both hands in the trousers' pockets and stand with the feet wide apart and the stomach protruding as far as possible.

Max Bloch gave an impersonation of an old-clothes man that brought down the house; but as his make-up, irresistible as it was, completely wrecked the mood of the close of the first scene in Act II, I positively refuse to mention him.

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"The Real Truth about Feminine Charm"

"MISS DIX, what IS the secret of charm? Girls no prettier than I am are happily married with dear little homes of their own. Won't the right man ever fall in love with me—" EVELYN S—

HERE is the real truth, Evelyn. It is *femininity* in a girl that arouses a man's desire to take care of her, marry her. And this adorable quality of true womanly charm can be yours—as it can be every girl's!

But first of all, you must *feel* your own dainty, captivating femininity before you can impress others.

Confidence of Charm

Clothes can help to give a girl this happy confidence of charm. Especially all the dainty, most *feminine* part of a girl's wardrobe, her lingerie, negligées, hosiery.

Lovely, soft, colorful underthings, lacy and shimmering—they make you feel so utterly feminine. Irresistible! And because you have confidence in yourself, you impress others—*for confidence is contagious.*

Girls sometimes say, "It is so difficult to keep lovely underthings looking wonderful—frequent washings take away color and charm."

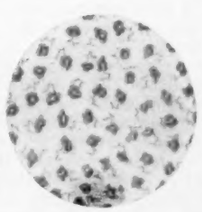
It is true that just ordinary "good" soaps do take out some of the color along with the dirt. But this will never be the case if you wash them always in Lux. *Lux is made especially to keep colors vibrantly alive,* to preserve the soft, dainty texture of sheer fabrics.

Your Surroundings, too

Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie bring you confidence of feminine charm, but your *surroundings* can help you! Pretty curtains, slip covers, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell, when they are kept ever lovely with Lux. DOROTHY DIX

MEN *adore the girl who is truly feminine . . . clothes can help you to have this charm!*

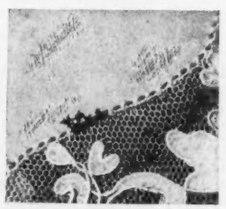
(Right) Sample of printed silk washed 12 times in Lux—color fresh, unfaded, live! All the glamour of color surrounds you when a dress is kept lovely with Lux.



(Right) Same silk washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap — undeniably faded. Not actually ruined, but its original lovely appeal has been lost.

"COLORFUL, *lacy underthings—they make you feel so utterly feminine!*"

Lace-trimmed lingerie after 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all the charm of new!



Similar lingerie after 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap—silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged, lustre impaired—color off.

If it's safe in water . . .
it's just as safe in **LUX!**

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 13*]

Gabreau spoke. "Benito Garcia was drunk in Tony's place this evening."

Umberto nodded.

"That was why he did not return!" the girl exclaimed. "And I had paid him with my emerald ring. Ah, well!" Her dark glance returned to Divitt. "I was waiting for him when this man"—indicating Umberto—"entered where the chests were stored. I saw him as he came down the stair. I thought he was a thief, perhaps a murderer. He did not walk like an honest man. I was afraid and hid in the chest. I think I fainted there. It was very horrible, especially riding from the boat."

"I don' know you in da chest," explained Umberto aggrievedly. "You got no beesiness there, anyhow."

Divitt's glance commanded Umberto to silence.

"You will need money in New Orleans," he said to the girl. "Shall I telegraph your friends in the Argentine and Vera Cruz?"

"I have no people, Señor. That is—"

"That is you do not wish your whereabouts known. I think we understand each other, Señorita — what is the name?"

"Basara." A sound like the falling of a leaf. "Juanita Basara."

"Basara will do," Divitt answered. "You have run away from home, Señorita Basara. You were a stowaway on the 'Dolores.' You left without money or passage or trunk—from a dance. If I communicate with those you left, and I can do it, it's all up with you."

DIVITT was putting out feelers. That the girl should be released into New Orleans was unthinkable. The papers would chronicle the loss of the two chests in the same issue with her story. Yet her reasons for leaving home might have been innocent enough. Parental pressure to make her marry some unappealing *Don*. A desire to go into the movies. She had seized her first chance at escape. They were strict with girls in the Argentine.

"All I have to do," he added watching her, "is to broadcast a description of you and the time of your arrival—"

With a sharp cry the girl sprang from the chest, flew to the door. Umberto was before it, facing her.

"It's no use, Señorita," Divitt remarked. "If you should get down into the court you would find the gates locked. Besides it is not safe for girls to run the streets of the *Vieux Carré* at this hour. Sit down and let me tell you something. Umberto, give the lady the chair. There now," as she sank shaking into the seat, "food and sleep are what you need, and you will take them better if you know the facts.

"You are not in the hands of the law, Señorita. Quite the contrary. I am not a customs officer; and this lady," indicating Conchita, "is not my chief interpreter, as you may have supposed. You are the only individual since I have had this place, who has entered it without a pass and the proper introduction. Therefore, I have been within my rights in questioning you.

"We are all outside the law here, along with yourself. Therefore we are your friends. We will not ask further about you, and you will ask nothing about us. You will see for yourself. You will protect us, and we will protect you. Do you understand?"

The girl's eyes moved among them, cautious yet less startled. Resting again on Gabreau, they lingered, closed. She dropped her face in her hands.

"Conchita," said Divitt, "take Señorita Basara to the room above the fountain. Give her some food."

There was a jangling sound as Conchita maneuvered with the great iron keys hanging from her waist.

"Just a moment, Señorita." Divitt's voice again. "May I see the bracelet you have on?"

With an almost listless movement she held out her arm. He waited for her to remove the bracelet. She understood, slipped it over her hand.

The smooth inside surface was engraved, as he had known it would be. One word, "Juanita," beautifully chiseled. In that, at least, she had not deceived him.

"Here, Señorita," said Divitt. She had turned away, following Conchita. "I have never seen finer emeralds. But I can admire them on your wrist. We do not rob each other here." And as she took the bracelet, "There are bolts on your door, however," he added, "if you care to use them. Big Spanish bolts."

Gabreau could not sleep. In the short, low bed which he had never outgrown, he muttered and tumbled till Conchita went over to him. One end of their great front room had been curtained off for Gabreau.

"She is a queen," he whispered. "I think she is a queen who have run away from revolution."

"They do not have queen in Argentine," said Conchita who was by no means certain.

"*Madre de Dios*, her eyes!" groaned Gabreau. "Umberto—I will keel Umberto. He is good now, but when Divitt turn hees back . . . . "

"Divitt do not turn hees back." Conchita patted his shoulder soothingly. "Go to slip, my bebby."

BEATRICE BURTON MORGAN

author of *The Little Yellow House*, whose novels are read in ten million homes,

has written the romance of an everyday girl

MARY FAITH

especially for this magazine

The first of seven installments of this appealing picture of modern marriage appears in the

SEPTEMBER McCALL'S

"Did you see Umberto look at her, *maman?* De way he look at de gombo. He like to eat her. At first he is too skeered. Then in lit' while he see how beautiful she is. He think she is hees. An' I help bring her. I help, and she is heavy. An' he look at her like—"

"I see Umberto look," conceded Conchita. "I see her look too—at my Gabreau."

"Oh, *maman,* I hope she cannot run away."

"She stay," soothingly. "I hear Divitt tell Umberto he have work for her."

"Work?"

"Molly is sick. I think she gon' have bebby. She work in Molly's place. He say it one piece of luck—big luck. He will not let her go if he need her."

For the third time that morning Molly Divitt knocked on the door of the room above the fountain. Molly, in green smoking pajamas, had a hard prettiness softened by a ready smile and hair as blonde and ringleted as a baby's. "A little seraph that's been through hell," was one man's phrase in describing her.

Molly knocked softly, then more loudly. It was after twelve o'clock. There was a stirring inside, and then a voice. "Who is there?"

"Mrs. Divitt. Don't you want some breakfast?" There was no reply, and Molly added, "You can have it in bed if you wish."

"Thank you." The voice was close to the door now.

Molly made a tour of the balcony and reaching Conchita's room, bade her go down to the kitchen and prepare a tray. Then she went back to the room above the fountain. The barred door opened at her knock, and the girl, wrapped in her cloak, went back to the bed and sat upon it.

"Gosh," thought Molly; "she's beautiful."

That pale face with its lovely oval, the tumbled blue-black hair, the dark eyes with their darker lashes; the body so delicately rounded in its sheer garment as the cloak slipped down, the small bare feet in the gold slippers. And how she looked at you beneath the straight line of black brows.

Divitt had not prepared Molly for this. "Go up and talk to her," he had ordered. "She's been in some deviltry. Don't ask questions, but get her confidence. She may do for what we want."

"Do?" thought Molly. "She'll more'n do."

She called to Conchita going down the stair, "Bring my peacock kimono." Then she came in, smiling her ready smile.

"I've sent Gabreau out for some things you'll need," Molly said casually. "Hair brush and comb and things. He'll be here in a minute. The bathroom is the third door down the balcony. By the time you're ready Conchita'll have your tray."

A half hour later she sat in the chair by the bed while the girl, her hair brushed and knotted, the peacock kimono with its vivid blues and greens, drawn about her, the pillows piled back of her, drank the fragrant coffee and toyed with the food Conchita had brought. At every step beyond the closed door she started, yet listened at the same time to Molly, seeming to study her, to strive past that hard, bright surface to whatever lay beneath.

"It was awful," Molly was saying, aware that the way to win confidence is to make them. "I mean when I got in trouble out West. I did time out there. No, you wouldn't think it," as the girl's eyes rested on hers; but Juanita Basara was not arrested by the statement, except to wonder rather dimly what it meant.

"I FORGED a feller's name," Molly went on. "I don't mind your knowin' it. We don't have secrets from one another here. The worst of it was he owed me the money and wouldn't pay it. I forged his name for enough to pay what he owed me—and up I went. Oh, well, he'll get his.

"I was a stenographer at the time, but after I got out I was rusty on my shorthand and my fingers were stiff. I took a flyer in Hollywood. I did atmosphere. Gee, I like it! I learned a lot out there, costuming, and how to arrange the sets. It's helped me in fixing up Divitt's place here.

"Yeh, I loved it. But along come a feller from back home with 'Here, I know that girl,' and it was all up. You'll find it that way, honey. The world's hard. There'll always be somebody that knew you."

Juanita Basara's hand moved to her eyes, covered them. Conchita in her flat sandals was padding about the room. She took the tray, went out. Molly drew one of the pillows from behind the girl's head. "Lie flat now and rest," she said. "I've talked to you enough for one day."

"No, no; finish." Juanita's eyes met hers. "Have you never got away from—the thing?"

"Only here. This is the only place. Any feller that comes in here and says, 'That girl did so-and-so and I can prove it'—what difference does it make? I'm not settin' up to be anything here. All they can do is tell Divitt, and will Divitt fire me? I guess not."

"He knows?"

"Sure he knows. It's always best to make a clean breast of things. When I left Hollywood—Gee, I liked that place!—I struck out. I brushed up on my typing and shorthand, too. Bein' a stenographer is a handy thing. A stenog can get a job anywhere anybody'd want to go—wherever there's men, that is. And so I landed here and got a job at the Hotel Tijon, public stenographer. Divitt used to come in there and talk to me—not much, just enough to show he was friendly. He was from up in Montana, he said, and I told him that was my State.

[*Turn to page 39*]

Savory Premium flavor... perfect with omelets

THE omelet's a lady of fashion, airy, light, and charming . . . but at her best only when in good company. Good company for an omelet may include tender little buttered peas, or chopped, aromatic parsley. But it must include one special kind of bacon—Swift's Premium. Premium's aristocratic distinction of flavor, its subtle, barely perceptible salty tang are just what my lady Omelet needs.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Bacon

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BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

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"Mother, listen! It talks out loud!"

No wonder Kellogg's Rice Krispies captivate children. The minute you tilt the cream pitcher, these nourishing rice bubbles begin to crackle and pop. And how good they taste!

Serve this delightful cereal for breakfast tomorrow. All the family will welcome its crunchy crispness, its flavor of toasted rice. Extra good with fresh or canned fruits or sweetened with honey.

Rice Krispies are fine for lunch or dinner. Ideal for the kiddies' supper. Easy to digest. Wholesome. You'll like to munch them right out of the package.

And try the recipes on the carton. Macaroons, candies. Buttered Rice Krispies! Sprinkle on ice cream. Put them in soups. Order from your grocer. Always in the red-and-green package. Served by hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, on dining-cars. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 36*]

"Well, of course, it happened there, too. In come a man one day wanted me to take a letter. 'Hello!' he said. 'I know you.' I pretended not to remember him, and I guess it was a mistake. He told the manager about me, and the manager let me out. I thought, 'Gee, where'll I run now?' I couldn't do nothin' but stand there and cry. The girl at the cigar counter said, 'Why don't you see Mr. Divitt? He owns this place.'

"I come straight here and told him all about it. I said, 'It's true, but I wouldn't forge a check again if my life depended on it. I'm no good at it anyhow. But I am a good stenographer —though I'm not from Montana.'

I'M not either', Divitt said. 'And maybe I've done things just as unconventional'—I'll never forget that word—'just as unconventional as forging the name of a man who owed me money.' He said he guessed I didn't want to go back to the Tijon anyhow, and he didn't need a stenographer over here, but he did need a cashier if I'd work in the evenings. Can you beat it? And pretty soon we were married."

"You love him?" Juanita asked.

"How can you help loving a man who makes you a cashier after you've forged a check?"

Juanita closed her eyes. "That is not love."

"Well, I'm kinder mixed up on love. I'd do anything for him, anything he told me to do—anything I just thought maybe he wanted done. It's just like I wasn't married to him, when it comes to that—I mean doing what he wants.

"Soon's I got this place fixed I gave up the cashier's job and invented the rôle of cigarette girl. I like that. But I've got to give it up. I've been sick lately, and can't put any pep into it. The parlors don't look the same when there's no girl goin' about jollyin' the people.

"I used to dress like little Buttercup and I'd sing her song, only instead of saying, 'Here's ribbons and laces,' I'd say, 'Here's such-and-such a cigarette.' And sometimes I'd be Ophelia and say, 'Here's rue for you,' only not rue—the names of the cigarettes again. The folks used to laugh like everything, and they'd sure buy the cigarettes. I hope I get better. It may be just the climate. They say it gets next to you sometimes.

"Now, honey," laying her hand on the girl's. "You know all about me. I want you to know you can say to me anything you want to, just like I've said to you."

Juanita looked at her. "Help me to get away," she said.

"I couldn't do that. I take my orders from Divitt same as everybody here. And what did I tell you about gettin' away, about what the world is? You couldn't find a better place to hide in. And nobody'll hurt you here—I mean nobody in the house. They wouldn't dare. You'll like my husband when you know him. Come down and see the roulette parlors. It'll get your mind off yourself."

Presently in the peacock kimono and slippers Juanita followed Molly down the stair, her eyes taking in every corner of the barred court. There was no escape by way of the great iron gates at the front. They were locked and had an inner door of wood, open now. In the inner door was what looked like a little window or slide.

Molly entered a room that led off the court, switched on the lights. The partitions of three rooms had been removed. There were prism-hung chandeliers, Chinese rugs, marble-topped tables, huge brass cuspidors. In a corner beneath a velvet cloth was the outline of a roulette wheel, and at the opposite end of the room, a great gilt cage, fitted with a cashier's desk and window.

"You see," said Molly, "this is a high-class gambling house. Swells. Ladies in lovely clothes. Divitt says you can pass the cigarettes in my place. You'd like to earn your keep, I know. And, like I say, it's a nice job."

The girl's eyes moving from one sealed window to the next, came back to her.

"I do not call that hiding," she said after a pause.

"Wait." Molly smiled, dropping her eyelids for a flash, like one who veils a secret for a little while. "Leave it to me," she added, switching off the lights.

Juanita followed her back across the court. Yonder! Yonder was a little gate. a little wooden gate set in the rear wall. Through its cracks one could see green things growing—flashes of a garden that must be beneath the walls of her own room, though she had no window to look down upon it. A little gate with a simple catch . . .

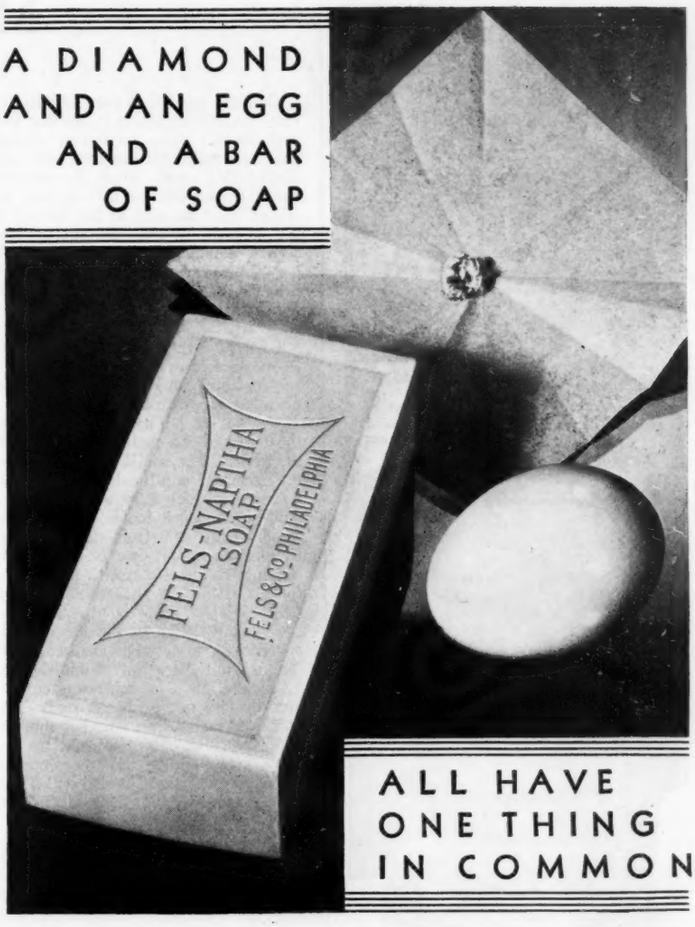
They were up the stair, at her door again.

"Lie down now," Molly was saying. "Your first name's Juanita, ain't it? I'll call you that. And you call me 'Molly.' It means a lot to me to have you here—a woman of my own kind. Divitt wants you for me, I think, as much as anything else. Lie down now and rest some more so you'll be fresh for tonight.

"I got in mind what you're going to dress like, but I got to ask Divitt where such a person comes from. There's a woman round the corner makes costumes for Mardi Gras and I'm going to hand the work over to her. I could make it, but sewing makes me fidgety lately. Here, give me that pink dress you had on. I'll need it to measure by. I'm going over to Canal Street while I'm out and get you some other clothes too—mufti, as the boys used to call it. And let me get the number out of those little gold slippers."

WHEN Molly had gone Juanita stood thinking of the little gate. From her window she looked down into the court. It was never empty. Conchita shelling shrimps outside the kitchen door; Divitt entering or leaving by the big iron gates; Gabreau carrying water from the fountain. But tonight when Mrs. Divitt had brought the mufti and all was dark, surely her chance would come, surely there would come a moment when she could reckon with the little gate. The world? Had it any worse place? Besides, the world would be dark. She could find the docks again. She had her bracelet. It would take her somewhere.

[*Continued on page 40*]

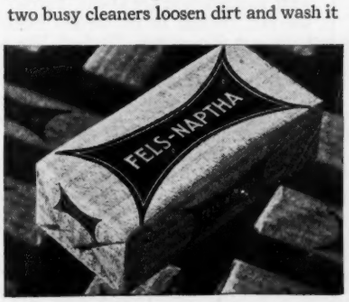


IF you were buying diamonds, you'd want the finest stones, not the greatest number of stones, that your money would buy. You'd look for a bargain in *value*.

When you buy eggs, you want the freshest, not the "most for your money." For freshness means *value*, and that's what you're after.

In buying soap, you again have your choice between a bargain in price and a bargain in value—between ordinary soaps and Fels-Naptha. The first may save you a penny or so at the store—the second will save you a great deal of work in your washing. And after all, isn't that the most important thing in a soap—the work it will do—the help it can give you?

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help. It brings two active cleaners to the washing job—good golden soap and naptha, instead of just soap. And there's *plenty* of naptha in each golden bar—you can smell it. Working hand-in-hand, these two busy cleaners loosen dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. Your wash comes off the line clean through and through, with the fresh, sweet odor of home-washed clothes.



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WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help, no matter how you use it. It's one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it washes best in hot water—all soaps do. But it also washes beautifully in lukewarm, or even cool water—whether you soak your clothes or boil them; whether you use washing machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha works so swiftly that you don't have your hands in water long, which helps keep them nice.

Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning tasks as well as for the family wash. Get a few bars (or the handy 10-bar carton) from your grocer today—and learn about this bargain in value!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

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MUSTARD
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There's a gay and jaunty something about the flavor of this mustard that lifts it clear out of the class of ordinary mustards! A special method of "creaming" gives it delightful zest . . . a certain vivacious tang that you will love!

No matter how you use French's Prepared Mustard, you'll like it better. When you make your next meat loaf, mix in a spoonful of French's . . . see how it improves the flavor. And always serve French's with cold cuts!

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PREPARED
MUSTARD
it's "creamed"

FREE: *Mail coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 75 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

Name.....

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 39*]

Gabreau came that evening with the box. Juanita, receiving it, let her eyes rest on the grotesque figure. Strange that he repelled her less than any denizen of this house. From the moment she had seen him he had seemed her friend. That warning he had flashed to her the night before! And now his eyes seemed worshipful, as if begging to do her some service. He carried himself proudly for a dwarf. He seemed not to know that he was squat and sallow, with a pathetic monkey face.

Giving her the box, he seemed about to speak. A door opened further down the balcony and Umberto emerged. Gabreau drew back.

Juanita, closing her door, listened to the tread of the two men going down the stair. Then she lit her lamp, tore the strings from the box. There was no dress inside; only a lot of black stuff—pajamas, it looked like. Juanita snatched the stuff from the box, flung it upon the floor. She began to sob, striving to quiet herself, pacing the room. "Pedro!" she sobbed. "Ay, Pedro!"

Someone laughed outside in the court. The iron gates creaked open, creaked shut. There was stillness. Juanita looked out. The court was empty; but she had not even the pink dress now. No matter. She wore her slip, she had her cloak. She snatched up the cloak, wrapped it about her, opened her door softly and stepped out. There was no light except in the parlors. They were making ready for tonight.

LIGHTLY she slipped down the stair, flew to the little gate. There was apparently another catch on the other side. The crack was wide. Juanita, putting her hand through the crack, found a chain snapped and fastened.

At a sound behind her she turned. Umberto stood lighting the lamp beside the fountain. Had he seen her? . . . She waited till he had crossed the court, gone into the kitchen. Then she skimmed the stair again, slipped into her room. Again that caged pacing of her floor. She knew what she would do! *Buen Dios*, she knew! . . .

Conchita came with her supper—fricassee of turtle, orange and fig salad, tiny hot biscuit, a sherbet with a cherry on top.

"You mus' eat! You will die dead!" grunted Conchita, picking up the black garments from the floor and laying them in even lines across the bed . . . Was she the dwarf's mother, wondered the girl?

"Gabreau," she began cautiously—"the one they call Gabreau—"

Conchita smiled her Jack-o'-lantern smile. "You like him?"

So he was her son. "He has been very kind," Juanita answered, "bringing me things—the comb and brush, the things on the bed."

"He ron errand for de house. He is what you call page for Divitt. You will see him tonight in de *parlor*. Molly have mek him a suit. He look like a gret *actor* . . . You like my Gabreau, yes? He is not tall like Umberto, but he is strong. He brek lock one time wid his hands. You will see my Gabreau look fine tonight."

The girl spoke casually. "I want to see him. I have something for him."

Conchita nodded. "*Si*, Señorita. I will tell him."

"But I must see him alone."

Juanita felt the danger in her words, but Conchita nodded confidently. "To be course, Señorita. Umberto will tek it away—what you have for my Gabreau—if he see. Umberto is bad—*mal, malo, malvado.*"

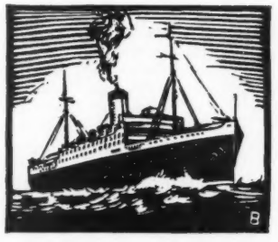
Conchita's flame subsided. Molly's light step was coming along the balcony. She opened the door and came in, a width of spangled black over her arm.

"Did you guess what it was?" she asked brightly, glancing at the things on the bed. "Divitt says you're a Turkish lady, one of those that still wear veils. Just your eyes showing—you needn't be afraid. And I found these little slippers. Madame Arraline had them under some boxes and I just rooted round. Did you ever feel anything so soft? And they're such a pretty red with these gold threads. She ordered them for somebody for Mardi Gras, and they were too small. I hadn't time to get the other things—the mufti. I'll get them tomorrow.

"Conchita, go down to my room and get the bangles and the strings of pearls lying on my bed. I forgot them . . . . See, Juanita, how thin this stuff is. I think your white flesh showing through will look mysterious and Oriental. This spangled veil is heavier. And you mustn't speak, or they'll know you're not from Stamboul. Oh, yes, and I'm going to put flowers on your tray along with the cigarettes, nosegays and buttonholes for you to give away.

"All right, Conchita. Put the trinkets on the bureau and come here." Juanita stood still while they dressed her, braiding pearls in her long hair, pinning the spangled veil in place, decking her with amulets and bangles . . . She was to see Gabreau alone. Gabreau's hands were strong; they had broken a lock.

Veiled and tinkling, with bare arms, her white knees showing through the thin black crêpe, her tread soft in the velvet and gold slippers, Juanita went with Molly and stood outside the door of the parlors receiving her tray. Cape Jessamines and little knots of varicolored roses had been interspersed among the cigarettes. A broad red ribbon passed over one shoulder, under one arm, holding the tray in place. The parlor door opened.



Juanita passed among the tables, bearing her tray. The people themselves spoke, pleasantly, banteringly. They spoke to her as they took their cigarettes, laying their coins on the tray. Yonder stood Divitt in full dress, beside the roulette wheel, watching her. Where was Gabreau?

CIGARETTES, Fatima! And lift up your veil." A man's voice from one of the tables. "I've just made a bet as to what your lips are like."

She held out the tray, received the coin, moved on quickly. Molly in the cashier's cage, plucked at her sleeve.

"When they say things like that," she whispered, "you must smile and give them a flower, since you can't talk."

Where was Gabreau? . . . Ah, yonder! Coming toward her. Why had she not remembered Conchita's saying that Gabreau would be in fancy dress? He was coming toward her, a squat goblin all in red, the toes of his long shoes curling back.

It was a dream. *Buen Dios*, it was a dream! All this horror was a dream....

No, she must keep her wits. Gabreau was speaking to her, fitting some more cigarettes into her tray, speaking, seeming to be talking about the cigarettes.

"I will come to yo' room after ever'body is 'sleep. Put out yo' light. It is de only time, de only place."

IT WAS over at last and she was in her room. Someone—Molly, no doubt—had laid a silk nightgown on her pillow, and turned down the covers of the great canopied bed. Little bedroom slippers were on the floor, and the peacock kimono lay across a chair. Juanita blew out the light, afraid to take off the black costume and put on shoes and stockings lest Gabreau arrive and have to wait outside her door. When Gabreau came she must admit him instantly.

From her window she saw the patio lamp still burning, a blue lamp that seemed to accentuate the darkness. The house was still. It had been still for a long time. Soon it would be dawn. Had Gabreau forgotten . . .

Juanita's heart stopped. Soft steps were coming along the balcony. They stopped at her door, and after a moment there was a knock. Instantly she opened the door. Instantly when the visitor had entered, she closed it.

"You must help me!" she began.

And then she heard the key turn in the lock, heard Umberto's soft laughter, felt his hands. She sprang from him with a scream, found him between her and the door, fled in the dark to the recess behind the bed, felt him close to her, smelt the strong, mingled odor of gin and garlic. "You little fool," he said.

She could not scream with his hand on her mouth, with his arm gripping her body like a vise. But she had screamed once in the stillness. And now the knob of the door turned. Turned twice and did not yield. Then the window crashed in.

Umberto released her, made for the door; but a squat, heavy body intervened. In the dark Juanita heard the encounter, the struggle; heard the heavy breathing, the low Italian invectives, the twisting, the thumping, then a cry. Something fell in the dark.

There were steps along the balcony, and a light pouring through the broken window. Conchita's voice. Divitt's voice. Divitt beating on the door, commanding. Conchita whining at the window with her lamp.

The key turned in the lock, the door opened. Umberto lay on the floor, his knife beside him. There was a gash on Gabreau's cheek. The blood flowed down on his red goblin suit. Conchita put down her lamp, ran to him moaning, stanching the wound with her skirts. Divitt turned Umberto over.

"Come here," he said to Gabreau.

Together they lifted Umberto, carried him down the balcony to his room, Conchita whimpering as she waddled behind with her lamp.

Juanita slipped to the bed and sat there. The dawn was filling the courtyard when Divitt came back along the balcony, entered her still open door. He handed her her bracelet which she had not even missed.

"Umberto found this on the stair," he said. "He stopped at your door to return it. He says you asked him in."

[*Continued on page 45*]

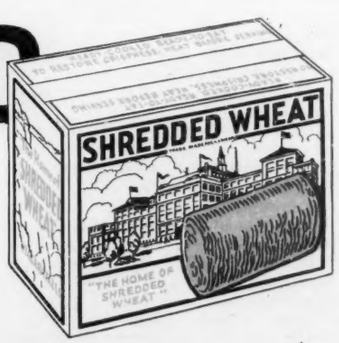
UP OR DOWN IN SUMMER?

ARE you up or down in summer? Do the sultry days bring life or lethargy? It is largely a question of food selection.

For those who eat heavy, indigestible foods the summer days are "pepless" days—days of low vitality, when the mind refuses to work and the body is easily exhausted. To those who eat light, nourishing, easily-digested foods the summer brings mental alertness, bounding energy and enthusiasm for work or play. Shredded Wheat is the ideal summer food. It is so rich in energy-elements and is so easily digested. It is the whole wheat in an easily digestible form.

A breakfast or lunch of Shredded Wheat and milk is cooling and refreshing. Being ready-cooked, ready-to-eat, it is so easy to prepare. Serve it with milk or cream. Delicious with berries or other fresh fruits.

SHREDDED WHEAT



SUNLIGHT *and* SHADOW

By Hildegarde Fillmore

SUNLIGHT for vividness—shadow for protection! Just enough sunshine to make complexions warm and mellow, with plenty of cool shade to offset overexposure, dried-out skins and squint lines around the eyes. This is the ideal outdoor combination for preserving midsummer good-looks. If you are wise, you'll keep to this balance yourself. We hear much of spectator modes; by the same token, summer would not deal so harshly with us if we'd adopt more of the spectator attitude toward life in hot weather.

We can still enjoy summer playtime without committing summer follies. We need not have a weakness for crowds on hot days. If you *must* shop then, go early in the morning. There are women who are forced to be in crowded stores at the heat of the day, but not nearly so many as usually congregate there. Modern American cities, bulwarked in concrete as they are, hold heat like ovens. If business girls don't want their spirits to droop as the thermometer rises, they must make a point of finding cool streets and parks at noon. You who can stay completely away from hot cities in summer are lucky, particularly if there are shade trees in your garden plot. If civic pride has not made your community tree-conscious, then your own comfort and good-looks should prompt you. We'd have fewer sun-squint wrinkles, if we had more tree-shaded streets and highways.

EVERY year health officers all over the country issue warnings about sunburn. And every year men and women fail to take proper precautions, and suffer the consequences. In the case of serious burns, the immediate physical effects may be biliousness and some disorganization of bodily functions. Deeply burned skins suffer long after exposure and remain blotched.

It is unsafe and impractical to get a lovely golden tan in a hurry. If you want your skin to be tanned, expose it gradually—a few moments at a time. Even careful exposure to bright sunshine may irritate a delicate skin, particularly the complexions of blondes and red-haired girls. In every case where you deliberately set out to acquire a tan it is wise to protect the skin first. Powder alone provides a slight protection; powder fluffed on over a foundation cream or over a good liquid powder is better; but the best protection of all is an application of cream or lotion containing chemical ingredients that screen out the dangerous rays. Certain preparations of this type protect, but do not prevent tanning.

Since there is always a chance that the sun may catch us unaware, healing ointment is necessary to summer preparedness. After you have been in the sun, even though you do not feel the burning, at least apply cold cream generously. The water in the cream evaporates and cools the skin by the simple process of refrigeration. Such sports as swimming, tennis, and boating can hardly be indulged in without some chance of burning. You'll find that a single tube of healing ointment is not sufficient—the wise girl provides herself with an extra supply for emergencies.

The tan pigmentation in the skin is nature's protection to the deeper tissues. Sometimes this protection appears in the form of freckles. When your whole appearance gives the impression of fresh daintiness and exquisite grooming, a light sprinkling of freckles can hardly be called a defect. If you have a tendency to freckle, don't get morbid about it. Protect your skin as effectively as you can and choose just the right make-up—a powder that is not too light, rouge in a wild rose pink, and a lipstick that is delicate rather than sensational.

The craze during past seasons for artificial sunburn has left one good thing in its train. It has left a whole palette of powders toned from ochre to the deep bronze of a champion swimmer's shoulders. Somewhere in this scale of powders is one that will exactly suit your skin when it is most deeply tanned. Choose this shade and mix with it the powder you normally use. In some smart stores they will mix the powder for you. Though it may not seem quite so thrilling, I am sure that you can do it as well yourself. Don't get the mixture too yellow. A peach-toned powder mixes best with a sun-tan shade for medium blondes and brunettes. Ochre and sun-tan shades blend nicely for the olive-tinted brunette, while deep ochre and flesh are usually dark enough in combination for the delicate range of red-haired types.

Many of us find that we have more natural color in the summer time and therefore need a more delicate cheek rouge. On the other hand, some of us have skins that demand heightened color, both on cheeks and lips. Your summer dressing-table mirror, to serve you best, should be so placed that you put on rouge and powder in bright sunlight. To make sure of a natural make-up, you may choose a new type of hand mirror made of optical glass which tells the truth about your skin. If you put on powder and rouge with the aid of such a mirror, you can be sure that your make-up is not nature-faking, but naturally becoming.

SUNLIGHT and shadow do not particularly affect our hair, though too much bright sunshine may fade and streak it. Water sports, however, play havoc with the texture of even the loveliest hair. So a swimming cap that really keeps water out is a good investment. If your hair gets wet while swimming, particularly in salt water, rinse it thoroughly and shampoo it as soon as you can.

Women with painfully straight hair should remember that the much discussed comfort-giving qualities of a permanent wave are often offset by the fact that even a soft wave requires care. You need such a slight wave to frame your face that it is dreadful to risk getting a tightly-curled one. Many conscientious permanent wave operators say that some women still demand tight waves under the delusion that they are getting more for their money. As a matter of fact, a tight wave destroys the charm of even the loveliest coiffure. It is true that the wave may last longer, but that only means that the kinky, disfiguring effect lasts longer, too. Women must demand a loose wave; and hairdressers who give tight, closely ridged waves should be boycotted.

In addition to fragrant baths, you will find deodorants in various forms essential to daintiness. The liquid ones leave the skin cool and dry. The deodorant powders and creams neutralize odors. Skin freshening lotions, that have become so popular in the past few years, are wonderful things on hot days. Some women cool their lotions on ice. A cool lotion, or even cold water, is less of a shock to the skin than ice rubbed directly on the face.

If you are an addict to open sport cars, you'll end up the summer with a wind-burned complexion and many fine lines around the eyes, if you're not careful. After a day's drive, spread a soothing cream around the eyes, leaving it on all night. And be sure to use an eye wash. You can't travel on the highways without getting imperceptible bits of dust in your eyes.

If you have been too enthusiastic about sunlight, you'll need a harmless bleach to clear your skin. Although there are few short cuts to a perfect skin and lustrous hair in summer, at least you may rest assured that nearly every summertime beauty question is answered by some cosmetic aid. It is their mission to keep you feeling comfortable, as well as looking your most exquisite self.

GOOD things come in small packages — especially powder and rouge compacts. The season's array shows a compact with interchangeable day and evening lipstick —another compact in two striking colors, green for dry skins, red for normal or oily complexions — still another holds fluffy powder naturally compressed—and a new "sky-scraper" compact is amazingly small and practical. These and others are described for you in a Cosmetic Style Letter—it's free for the asking. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address The Beauty Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York City.

Let JELL-O chase the menu blues away!

Over a hundred wonderful recipes in the new JELL-O booklet—it's FREE!

PEACH BAVARIAN

1 package Lemon or Orange Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup peach juice
½ cup cream, whipped
1 cup crushed peaches, sweetened and drained
2 or 3 drops bitter almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add peach juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, peaches, and flavoring. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 6.

VARY THIS Bavarian by using desired flavor of Jell-O and substituting for peaches and peach juice: 1 cup berries, crushed and drained (strawberries, blackberries or raspberries may be used); 1 cup berry juice and 4 tablespoons sugar.

OR ⅓ cup orange marmalade; ¾ cup water and ¼ teaspoon salt.

CARROT AND CABBAGE SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup raw carrots, grated or finely chopped
1 cup raw cabbage, finely shredded

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in carrots and cabbage. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

VARY THIS salad by substituting for the carrots and cabbage: ½ cup cabbage, finely shredded; 1 cup celery, finely chopped; ½ cup cucumber pickles, finely chopped; 2 or 3 pimientoes.

OR ¾ cup carrots; 1 cup cabbage, finely shredded; 4 tablespoons green peppers, finely chopped; dash of Cayenne.

JELL-O
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A Product of General Foods Corporation
FIVE PURE FRUIT FLAVORS

MARSHMALLOW WHIP

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water or fruit juice
6 marshmallows, finely cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Add marshmallows. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses or pour into mold. Chill until firm. Serves 6. Use this simple recipe, with variations, *often!*

VARY THIS whip by substituting for marshmallows: 1 cup strawberries, crushed and drained; ⅓ cup sugar.
OR 1 cup pear pulp.
OR 1 cup fig jam.

JELLIED TUNA WITH MAYONNAISE

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup tuna fish, flaked
1 cup peas, fresh-cooked or canned
2 tablespoons pimiento, finely chopped
½ cup Hellmann's Mayonnaise

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water, vinegar, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Blend. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

VARY THIS entrée by substituting for tuna fish and peas: 1 cup salmon, flaked; 1 cup celery, diced.

OR 1½ cups shrimp, halved; ¼ cup green peppers, chopped.

(All measurements on this page are level.)

These are just a taste of the good things that the new booklet tells about! Get it!

80 "prize" desserts, 45 wonderful salads, all sorts of tempting entrées, appetizers, relishes—oh, there is no end to the delicious dishes that you can prepare with Jell-O and this new Jell-O booklet to aid you. Send today!

For them all, use genuine Jell-O—none other. Jell-O comes in five pure-fruit flavors, each package sealed to keep the fruity aroma intact. Why not buy Jell-O in assorted flavors, six packages at a time? Jell-O dishes are so economical, so easy to make, so sure to turn out right. And best of all, so easily digested, they never give you the "wish I hadn't" feeling, afterwards. Send for booklet today.

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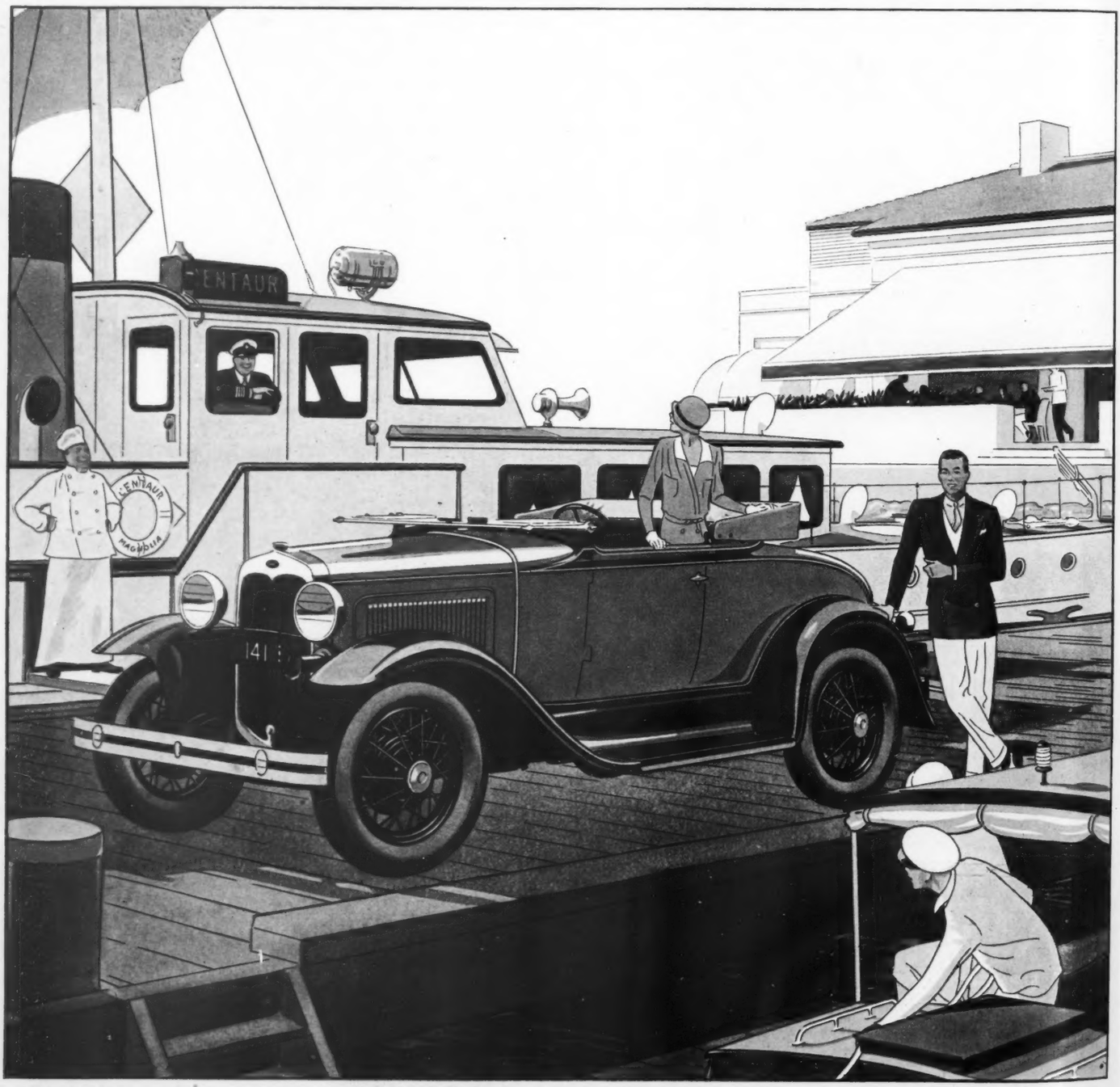
BARGAIN! *Enclose 25c if you'd like to receive 6 individual Jell-O molds*

A joyous car for golden summer days

MANY are the delights of the Ford Roadster these golden summer days. Short the miles and pleasant because of its alert and sprightly performance, its safety and its easy-riding comfort. « « « « « «

And what a joy it is to travel along the way with the top down, the blue sky overhead and the fresh, cool air brushing a rosy glow upon your cheeks! Rare indeed the woman who has not hoped that some day such a car might be her very own. That dream, long cherished, may now come true. For the Ford Roadster, with all its beauty of line and mechanical excellence, is most conveniently priced. Many months of glorious motoring await your beckoning. « «



THE NEW FORD ROADSTER

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 40*]

Juanita did not answer, and he laid the bracelet in her hand. Then he went out, closing the door.

Juanita lay down across the bed and slept till sundown of the next day.

RUBIES or diamonds or the famous Belaise sapphires, or what Kirk liked best, the single strand of pearls!

Mrs. Belaise contemplated herself in the mirror of her dressing table while faithful black Lorena fastened the rubies about her neck. She was seventy-four, was Mrs. Belaise. Face and throat were withered flowers; but with the fine blue eyes, the delicate, aquiline profile, the small arched foot, she was still the spirited ghost of beautiful Nelly Sartoris, belle of New Orleans when the 'seventies were young.

Lorena had waved her mistress' thin white hair, had drawn the mascara pencil lightly along where the fine black eyelashes used to be, had rouged ever so delicately the sunken cheek.

"No lipstick, Lorena." Mrs. Belaise had remarked from the very beginning of lipstick. "Even if I were fifty years younger I should be too clever for that. Hard, that is what it makes us look; and all beautifying is merely a softening process."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed Lorena, who really understood. Her mistress had not changed for Lorena in these thirty years of service. Perhaps it was Lorena's belief in her surviving beauty that had kept Mrs. Belaise believing in it, too. Lorena stood back now, contemplating the rubies on her lady's breast. They looked very rich with the white hair, the ivory satin gown.

Mrs. Belaise shook her head, fumbled nervously with her gold vinaigrette. She was always nervous on the evenings she played roulette. But it was a delightful nervousness, her heart seeming to beat in her very finger tips. It was the nearest thing she had felt to youth in forty years.

"Rubies look common," she said, "since they have learned to reconstruct them. Genuine pigeon-blood these are, and your master thought when he bought them—Take them off. They're all right with the red and gold dress, but—try the diamonds. I never know what a new dress will like best."

Lorena lifted the links of platinum-cupped light, held them tentatively about her mistress' neck.

"You looks like a white angel, Mis' B'laise!"

They were beautiful, their fluid glitter. Nelly Belaise thought of the first time she had worn them, of the sensation they had caused. Thirty-one years ago— Nordica was singing at the old French Opera House. Delphine, her beloved daughter, was a bride. She had grieved bitterly over Delphine's leaving her; and Arthur Belaise had sought to comfort her with these. He had known how she reveled in jewels, had been always buying them for her, loving to deck and display her, and she loving to be displayed. He had spent his inheritance on gems for her, and sometimes she had kept her head enough to scold him. "But these are investments, Nelly," he would say: "you can realize on them if you ever need to."

The sapphires and the diamonds had indeed been investments, but Nelly Belaise had not needed to realize on them. Kirk, Delphine's son, kept her provided with all she could desire. Delphine had died when Kirk was born, and Kirk's father had married again. He had gone back North and married again when Kirk was a year old. Kirk had belonged to her— Nelly Belaise— ever since. He was her son, rather than her grandson. Indeed, he called her 'Mother' when he didn't call her 'Nelly.' If it had not been for Kirk the world would have stopped for Nelly Belaise when Delphine died. Now Kirk's father was also dead and Kirk had come into the greater part of the Stanard fortune, a solid New England fortune made in shoes. "We'll keep the factories," Kirk had said. "Nelly kicks out thirty pairs of slippers a year."

"Kirk, *dear!*"

"Such a little foot," said Kirk, "to be so violent."

Tonight Nelly Belaise took the diamonds from her neck, laid them aside. "They never bring me luck, Lorena; nor the pearls either. The sapphires. I'll wear the sapphires again."

Delphine had helped her father choose the sapphires—that summer in Paris. Delphine had said Mother should wear no other gems with her blue eyes. Delphine's eyes had been dark like her father's. Somehow Nelly Belaise could not remember Delphine as she looked after her marriage. Somehow she saw her only as she was that summer in Paris, and the year of her début, or coming down the curved stair yonder, all in white, as a bride. It was because she was getting old, she guessed.

No! She was not getting old. She was going to play roulette.

Kirk Stanard met his grandmother in the hall. He was not unlike her. Brown hair, graying at thirty, the same fine, blue eyes and slightly aquiline profile, something of her smile. They went into the drawing-room, his arm about her. Two men rose. One was a portly person with a frown carved between prominent black brows, a man of perhaps fifty. Kirk Stanard presented him.

"Señor Basara, Mother. You remember meeting Señor Basara in Mexico City. We went to a ball at his home—the marble house by the lagoon."

Señor Basara was kissing the ringed and fragrant hand. Nelly Belaise remembered. She remembered when Kirk spoke of Señor Basara's house. Kirk was always bringing home people she was expected to remember.

THE Señor has just returned from a trip around the world," Kirk explained. "He has only this evening in New Orleans, but he is sharing it with us and with his consul."

Señor Basara smiled, showing his fine yellow teeth. His frown did not disappear even when he smiled.

Ah, and there was Adrian! Adrian Fouché who had introduced her to roulette and made life a different thing. Adrian with his youth, his black soft eyes and pretty, languid grace, bent his dark head over the hand of Nelly Belaise. Even to her he must make his murmurs significant, as if they were touched with love.

Pompey, the old colored butler, drew back the portières. Mrs. Belaise put her hand through Señor Basara's arm and led the way to the dining room.

[*Continued on page 46*]

Medical authorities agree: "Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

"Modern Dirt": Actual photograph of oil extracted from small pile of dirt in filter of the New York Public Library.

What is this "modern" dirt?

skin specialist warns against it

Ordinary Cleansing: Note embedded dirt, coarsening skin . . . enlarging pores.

Pore-Deep Cleansing: No dirt left to make large pores. Skin gets fine again.

HOW TO USE AMBROSIA

Normal skin: Use absorbent cotton thoroughly wet with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck. Repeat until fresh cotton does not show any soil.

Dry: Cleanse as for normal skin. At night add a softening cream.

Oily: Apply Ambrosia with gauze. Finish by wiping the face with cloth wrung out of cool water.

"Madam, your face shows the effect of what we term modern dirt.

"Modern dirt is a grimy, greasy deposit very different from the light dusty dirt of earlier days. Motor exhausts, soft coal soot, oil from machines, have made it so.

"Modern dirt finds its way into the pores of the skin. Is kept there by its oily content, impervious to ordinary cleansing.

Why it spoils skin

"Thus it causes a coarsened, roughened condition. Impairs circulation and contributes to dull uneven color. In many instances it brings large pores.

"No . . . your case is not unique. You are only one of hundreds who come to me with this problem. Women must suffer from machine age dirt if proper cleansing methods are not used.

"However, the corrective treatment is a simple one: Your skin needs thorough pore-deep cleansing.

"Modern dirt must be removed with a liquid solvent which goes to the very base of the pores, then dissolves out this deposit of grime and grease which ordinary cleansing is unable to reach."

How a liquid solvent helps

Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, ends the modern dirt problem. It penetrates instantly, dissolves pore-deep dirt, rouses circulation. At once you feel the sensation of renewed life in the skin.

The fine texture and natural coloring of your skin are restored with the regular use of Ambrosia. Write today for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 8-M, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Dept. 8-M, 69 York Street, Toronto, Can.

4 oz. $1.00 ▾ 8 oz. $1.75 ▾ 16 oz. $3.00

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

Health! Glory on the cheek.. Sparkle in the eye...

How a saline helps as much or more than the finest creams

FAITHFUL as they may be to their creams and cosmetics, many women still meet their mirrors with displeasure. Blemishes mar their beauty. Charm is overcast.

Yet it's folly to frown on beauty jars and boxes when they bring no loveliness that lasts. For the fault most likely lies in the failure to keep internally clean. Without internal cleanliness no complexion can approach perfection. And the way to it is safe and simple—the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

Yet not as a competitor does this famous laxative enter the lists of beauty aids—but as a potent champion of their effectiveness.

Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons that bring blemishes to the cheek. It banishes the shadow of acidosis. It brings, instead, a skin of flawless fineness and the sparkle of brilliant health.

Seeking loveliness by the saline method is not new. For generations, physicians both here and abroad have urged this natural means to beauty and well-being. The famous saline spas—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—regularly draw the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to "take the cure".

Under the saline method, constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication disappear. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, by purifying the bloodstream, do generous good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better it makes you feel, and how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ and $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

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71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 45*]

"Tell me about this roulette," Basara begged; "have you just discovered it?"

"A month ago," Mrs. Belaise answered from her throne-like chair.

"Do you not play?" Basara asked of Kirk.

Kirk shook his head. "I am a cotton man, Señor. Gambling is no recreation. I get my fun watching Mother. She's happier in Divitt's than she used to be at the races."

"And roulette lasts all year," said Nelly. "Señor Basara, won't you join us tonight?"

Basara smiled. "But there is my boat, and my call on my consul—and if, as you say, Little Buttercup is gone—"

Adrian lifted a slender hand. "You should see Little Buttercup's successor. Such eyes! Such a body! I can't imagine where Divitt finds them!" Kirk said.

Adrian shrugged, "I'll give you one guess. But me, she does not notice. I say to her, 'Señorita, I have a wager what your lips are like.' You see she wears a veil."

"A veil?" Basara was all interest. "Where is this place?"

"The old Croisille house," Nelly informed him.

"Ah, yes! That beautiful home. How your *Vieux Carré* has suffered! . . . And this lovely decoy is covered with a veil."

"Not covered," Adrian assured him. "Only the lips, the nose. Tantalizing. I ask her to lift the veil. She does not even glance at me, but hurries by."

"Perhaps she didn't understand," said Nelly. "Perhaps she does not speak English."

"That is it. And at night she seemed afraid; but the next night she is different. She carries her cigarettes and flowers like someone in a dream.

"I approach Divitt about her. I know he could manage the matter if he would. But unfortunately I spoke to him once about Buttercup, and she is his wife." Adrian sighed. He was very frank in such matters. "He has not liked me since. Little Buttercup is not gone, by the way. She sits now in the gold cage-thing taking in the cash. I ask her about the veiled one and she says the lady escaped from a harem in Constantinople, and I must speak to her in Turkish."

"And, of course, you cannot," commiserated Basara.

Again the graceful lift of Adrian's hand. "But wait! I have a friend—Dave Ledbetter—who spent five years in Turkey. He has promised to be there tonight. He will speak to her in her own tongue. He knows a little trick for lifting veils. He promises to show me the lady's face."

Basara smiled, glancing at his watch. "I may miss my boat," he answered, "but I shall join you."

JUANITA was dressing in her room above the fountain. Gabreau came and knocked softly on her door. It was the signal for her to descend to the parlors.

"It is nine 'clock. Lots of people is come already. Adrian Fouché and the old lady what git excited and her son." His eyes narrowed. "Shell I keel Adrian Fouché?"

"No, Gabreau. The men don't worry me."

"Eef dey do—" Gabreau's eyes said the rest. "Umberto git up tonight," he remarked, and added casually, "Umberto will not worry you, no."

It was true. Umberto would not worry her, for Umberto feared Divitt as well as Gabreau. Even Gabreau need not fear Umberto's stab in the back, because of Umberto's fear of Divitt. Umberto would never have come into her room, had she not opened her door to him. Molly had called on her next evening, bringing the mufti.

IT'S no use, honey," Molly had told her while she lay recovering from the hardest fourteen hours' sleep she had ever known. "You thought Umberto was Gabreau and so you let him in. 'Course Umberto didn't know you thought that. Does it surprise you I know it? Why, Umberto saw you when you tried the gate. Then that night in the parlors you kept lookin' and lookin' for somebody, and when you saw Gabreau you went to him like a shot. And he put the cigarettes on your tray, and what he was sayin' to you wasn't about the cigarettes.

"Gabreau would set fire to the French Quarter if you told him to. But have you stopped to figure what would happen to him if he did—or if he let you loose to get us all in trouble? You're doin' nothin' wrong here, and no harm's goin' to come to you from anybody here or outside. You've got your reasons for wantin' to hide, and you're hidden, safe and sound, long as you play square."

Yes, she was hidden—safe and sound, as Molly had said. Now that she had stopped shaking at her bars, she relaxed in the security they gave. Kind keepers, and a pleasant prison.

All day in her room; and then at night, moving, veiled, among the players. At first it had seemed incredible that this spangled scarf falling beneath her eyes could be a disguise. Surely anyone who had ever known her would know her again, meeting her eyes. Yet the faces were unfamiliar. Night after night the same strange faces, mingled with others, stranger still—for the crowd frequenting Divitt's Parlors grew. And now—Juanita smiled a little pinning the spangled veil—now they seldom spoke to her at all, believing she was Turkish. Molly had told only one person that the mysterious lady, making her veiled way among them, had escaped from a harem in Stamboul, yet how it got about! The canard was shutting her in as securely as though with bolts and walls.

Music was coming from the Tijon dining room as Juanita crossed the patio. She took the tray and began her red-slippered pacing among the tables, her step noiseless except for the jingling anklet.

Someone was beckoning from the roulette table. Adrian Fouché. With him was the old lady who came so often, and behind the old lady's chair, as always, the tall man with the kind eyes—the man whose glance Juanita remembered had steadied her nerves that first night. Others sat in the high chairs around the roulette wheel, but they seemed more a part of the crowd than the two who came with Adrian.

Juanita now observed a third member of their party, a big man with drooping, ironic mouth and lazy eyes. He and Adrian were watching her as she went toward their table.

Juanita held out the tray of flowers and cigarettes. The man smiled at her.

[*Continued on page 48*]

How to be CAPTIVATING

BEBE DANIELS, one of the most fascinating of motion picture stars, says there's one essential charm . . .

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm — *a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.*

HOW ALLURING in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is *essential!*

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"THAT is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

"Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . . exquisite June Clyde . . . Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap.

Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

So enthusiastic are they that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom which is one of the most beautiful seen in Hollywood.

"Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin, have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"

Bebe Daniels

9 out of 10 lovely stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with its many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too —in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it.

JUNE CLYDE *is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. She says, "It's wonderful for the skin!"*

BETTY COMPSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It keeps my skin superbly smooth."*

ANNA Q. NILSSON, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin like velvet."*

SALLY BLANE, *Radio Pictures' star, says: "It's certainly a wonderful soap."*

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—and now the European Capitals . . . . 10¢

Unchanging Beauty for your Fingertips

GLAZO POLISHES, *which never vary their tones, are the smartest colors you can wear*

1

The delicate sheath of Glazo that gives your fingertips loveliness by day . . .

2

. . . retains the same charming tone by evening light. Glazo's smart colors . . .

3

. . . never vary with a change of light. The beauty it brings is constant, and lasts for a week or more.

IN a less active generation, lovely nails and fingertips signified a woman with very little to do.

Today, thank goodness, women are busy—at sports and at work. Hands are exposed to this and that. Time is precious. And Glazo, with its unique virtue of looking as well in evening as in day, helps the busy woman to guard her beauty and her time.

Only with Glazo will your fingertips be constantly smart

Beauty at the fingertips was never before so easy to have or so certain in its effect. Glazo liquid nail polish, in a few moments' time, brings to your nails a lovely delicate sheen that lasts a week or more. It never peels or cracks, and it never verges on artificiality.

Glazo's modish colors are the smartest you can wear. And Glazo has the added advantage of never changing color, regardless of varying lighting conditions. Other polishes, pleasing by daylight, take on a different and disappointing cast by candlelight or electricity. Glazo alone, because scientifically made so, remains unaffected.

So no matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. For with Glazo, you are sure that your nails will always be lovely, will always be admired.

Smart women everywhere have acclaimed Glazo's Lipstick Reds—three new perfumed nail polishes that harmonize, respectively, with light, medium and dark lipsticks.

Flame, Geranium and Crimson are their names. With a "light" lipstick use Glazo Flame. With a "medium," use Geranium. And with a "dark" lipstick, use Crimson.

These Lipstick Reds, as well as the standard Glazo shades, may be found at all toilet-goods counters.

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GLAZO *Coupon*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GF80
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands." (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 46*]

"Akshanamlar hayer, Hanum," he remarked softly.

"Wait till the señor comes," asserted Adrian, a touch of anger in his voice.

"Can't I even tell the lady 'good evening?'" inquired the other, and smiling again at Juanita, *"Hanum effend,"* he said, *"Arkadasim sizi Cok beyenigor, zanedersem bende sizi seve bilirdim."* He turned to Adrian who had listened with apparent anxiety. "I merely informed the lady," he explained, "that my friend likes her very much but I think I could like her myself."

JUANITA smiled, extending the cigarette tray. Divitt had taken Gabreau's place behind the roulette wheel. He seemed intent on his office of croupier yet Juanita knew that he missed nothing.

"The señor has come," Adrian remarked, and Juanita glanced toward the door. A dark, portly man was entering, a man with a frown carved between thick black brows.

Juanita, staring, leaned for an instant against the table. Then as he came toward them, turned as if to leave. The man, beside Adrian, caught her hand, speaking softly in the strange tongue. He turned to the newcomer, still holding Juanita's hand.

"I was just saying, señor," he observed, "that she is beautiful as a houri and fragrant as the jasmine flower, and in spite of loyalty to the noblest shiek in New Orleans, I could love her to distraction and destruction. This is the prologue to the raising of the curtain on what I surmise is the most glorious spectacle this side the Bosporus."

Señor Basara smiled, showing his fine yellow teeth, his glance leaving Juanita an instant and traveling about the room. Juanita lowered her face, closing her eyes. Ledbetter began again his fluid jargon. Adrian who had been silent since the señor's arrival, spoke now in a fiery aside.

"I didn't bring you here to hold her hand and make love. I brought you to make a date for me. You said you could pull off her veil in a way that looked accidental. Now do it."

Illness shot through Juanita. Ledbetter had released her hand and she drew from him, her suddenly lifted eyes encountering Kirk Stanard's. Stanard had been dividing his interest between their by-play and Mrs. Belaise's game. He was looking at Juanita now, smiling friendlily. The exchange of glances lasted only an instant, yet a swift courage had entered Juanita when she looked again at Ledbetter. She knew now that she could not fall before those friendly, smiling eyes. She could get away; but there was Divitt . . .

Quickly her hand moved over her tray. She selected a rose and bending over Ledbetter thrust it through his buttonhole, then lightly, swiftly, left a kiss upon his astonished cheek—a kiss through the mesh and spangles of her veil, yet never-the-less, a kiss.

She was gone. Molly was smiling at her where she stood in front of the cashier's cage.

"Honey, that was great! Dave Ledbetter's got a million, and this is his first look-in. I thought for a minute you were going to frost him . . . What's the matter?"

"I'm ill. I can't stay."

"Go to your room. I'll send Conchita to you."

Someone was calling for cigarettes. Molly took a handful of packages as Juanita slipped out a side door into the court. Juanita stood a dazed instant leaning against the cool stucco of the house, then a burst of music from the Tijon startled her into consciousness, and she stumbled up the dark stair and into her room, locking the door, taking off her veil so that she could breathe. For a deadly instant her heart had stopped. Now it was beating in great beats that seemed to push against each other. Conchita came to the door and she bade her go away.

Up and down, twisting her hands. How safe she had felt, not an hour ago—when here to this very city, this very house—! And she had thought him at the other end of the world! Apparently he was a friend of Adrian Fouché and of the man who had spoken to her in the strange tongue—Turkish, of course. A trap, that—and whose? Who had suspected and brought him here? No matter. He had come.

AGAIN that sudden stopping of the heart. Someone was knocking at her door. She stood rigid in the dark, making no sound. Then a voice, "It is Gabreau; I have somet'ing for you."

Juanita opened the door and Gabreau handed her a note.

"It is from de man what you kiss," he said. And as Juanita did not take it, "You not want it? Then what for you kiss him?"

Gabreau's voice compelled an explanation. "To get away."

"You not kiss him because you love him?"

"Buen Dios, no!"

"Read what he say. If he is not apologize I will keel him anyhow."

Juanita closed the door, lit the candle in the recess behind the bed. It was as she had supposed. The note was written in indecipherable characters. She went back to Gabreau.

"He has apologized," she said. Realizing nothing would be bettered by Gabreau's killing anybody.

"It is because Divitt make him do it. Divitt say somebody make you onderstand dat he gon' pool off yo' veil, so you go 'way. Divitt say it hurt Turk ladies modesties when somebody pool off dey veils, De big man say he beg of you pardons. He will never do dat if you will come back. So he tek out his pen and write. Adrian Fouché say so too; but dey laugh and I not know what he write."

Odd that Gabreau had not suspected he would write in Turkish.

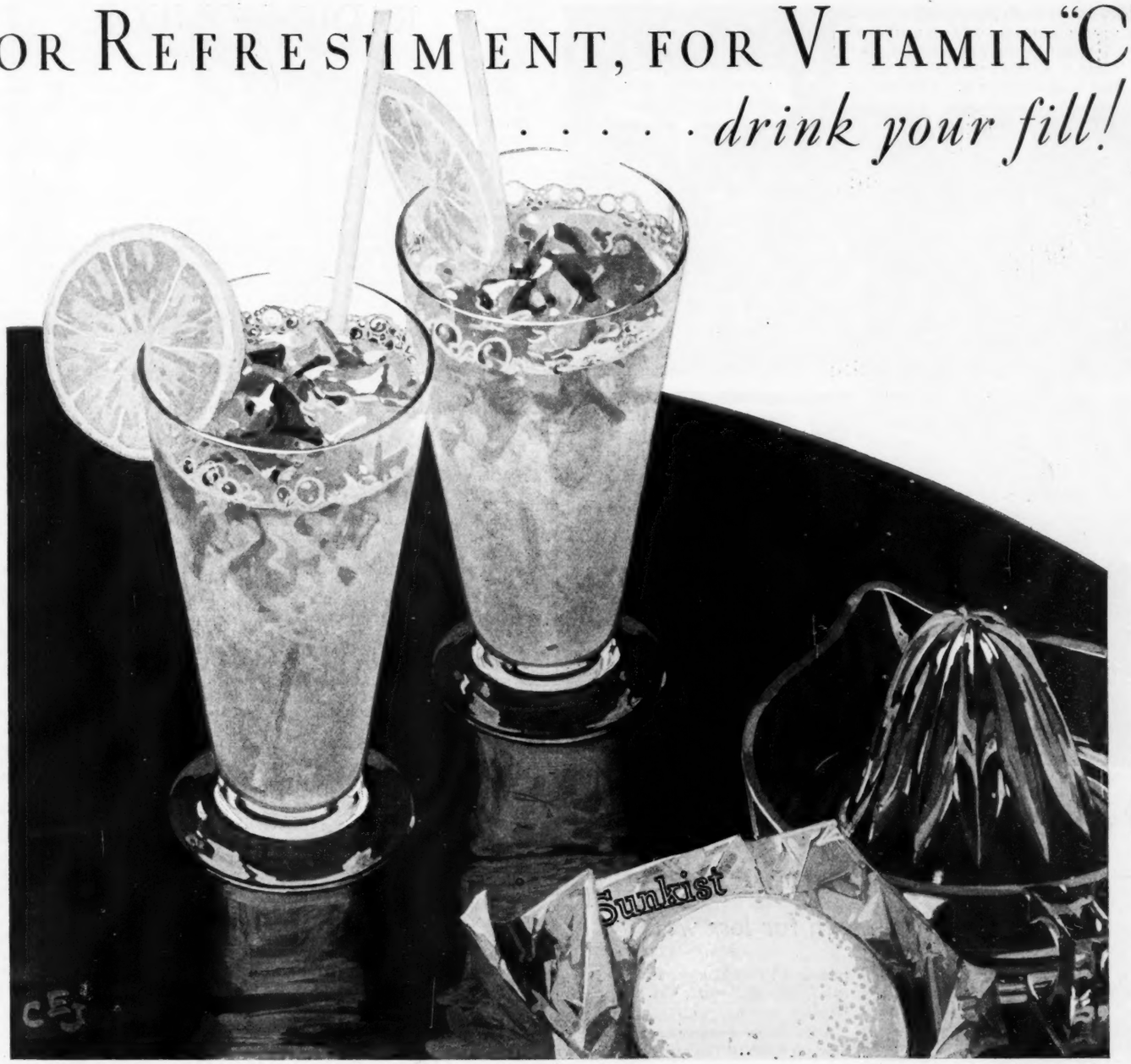
"Is he there yet?"

"For why should he go? He think you come back and kiss him some mo'. De udder man have gone. De man what dey call 'señor'. He have gone to ketch his boat."

Juanita breathed again. When Gabreau said huskily, "You will not do it? You will not kiss no man?" She answered quickly, "No, Gabreau!" scarcely knowing what she said . . . So it was accident that he had come here, one of those twists of the shuttle that seemed to give significance to the whole design. And he had not even suspected, since he had gone away . . .

[*Continued in* SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]

FOR REFRESHMENT, FOR VITAMIN "C" . . . . . *drink your fill!*



WARM summer days surely put a keen edge on thirsts and dull appetites. *Unless you know what's safest and best* it's a problem to keep physically fit, whether you're young or old.

Nothing looks more sparkling and refreshing *or could taste better and give greater thirst-quenching satisfaction* than California Sunkist Lemonade. It is invigorating, delicious—and safe! Just add water to the fresh Lemon Juice, sweeten with sugar and, add the ice! *Stir rapidly for that extra-cold touch!* And, a sprig of fresh mint, if handy.

Latest findings of science should guide you directly to *fresh* Sunkist Lemonade! Drink as liberally as you wish. Lemon Juice is not only a long recognized tonic and digestant but science tells you that *Sunkist Lemons, like Sunkist Oranges, are a rich source of vitamin "C"* which cannot be stored in the body longer than 24 hours. It is essential that it be replenished daily.

A valuable health hint is to add the fresh juice of half a Sunkist Lemon—or more—to a glass of Sunkist Orange Juice. Two eight-ounce glasses of these blended juices give you an adequate supply of vitamin "C" every day. Many prefer this flavor, too.

As a flavor-variation for social entertainment or home serving make the blended Sunkist Lemon-Orange Juice as usual, then add any fresh fruits in season—peaches, berries, bananas, pineapple. Thin slices of Lemon and Orange with each serving add an appetizing and decorative touch.

Send for the free *new* "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" containing many original suggestions not only for fresh fruit beverages, but novel ways to serve California Sunkist Lemons and Oranges.

California Sunkist Lemons, like Sunkist Oranges, while acid in taste, are *alkaline in reaction* in the body and are potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis, the prevalent malady due to our over-indulgence in good but acid-forming foods.

California Sunkist Lemons are uniform in quality and dependable. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper.

Sunkist *California* Lemons

Buy them by the dozen for their many uses

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Guaranteed, neat, strong; only two instantly removable parts to clean under faucet. At your dealer's. Or, for further information, send coupon for new *free* catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 608, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.
Send me FREE, the new booklet, *Sunkist Recipes for Every Day.* You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1930 C.F.G.E.

WHAT! SCRUBBING AND BOILING IN A STEAMING KITCHEN ON SO HOT A DAY? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU HOW TO SAVE ALL THAT WORK
I'LL TRY YOUR WAY NEXT WEEK, MURIEL

NEXT WASHDAY
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, MURIEL. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR EVEN BOIL... AND THE CLOTHES LOOK WHITER THAN EVER
YES, DEAR—AND IT'S JUST AS WONDERFUL FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING

No more hot, steamy kitchens on washday

yet a whiter wash with far less work

NO NEED now for sweltering washdays! For, no matter how hot the weather, you can keep your kitchen nice and cool every washday. Just let Rinso *soak* your clothes snowy, *without scrubbing or boiling*. Saves clothes—saves *you*.

"Rinso is the best soap ever for our hard water. The wash is white as white can be—yet all I do is soak and rinse," writes Mrs. N. Belles of Syracuse, N. Y.

We have received *thousands* of letters from happy Rinso users. "Makes rich, lasting suds in a jiffy," says Mrs. M. West of Washington, D. C. *Twice as much suds*, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps!

The only soap you need

Rinso is all you need, even in hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Just Rinso—for thick, creamy suds and the *whitest* wash you ever saw!

"No matter how soiled the things may be, all they need is a little hand rubbing after soaking them in those rich Rinso suds," writes Mrs. C. Porter of Cincinnati.

And millions of women can tell you how *safe* Rinso is! You can trust your finest cottons and linens to its gentle care.

***In washers, too*—it's great!**

The makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes.

And Rinso is marvelous, too, for washing dishes, for cleaning sinks, walls, floors, windows, bathtubs.

If you haven't tried Rinso, a full-sized package will be sent you free. Just send your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. W-98 Cambridge, Mass.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX

Millions use Rinso

in tub, washer and dishpan

RADIO ROMEOS

[*Continued from page 7*]

Another high-powered radio lover is Vincent Lopez, air pioneer, whose "Hello, Everybody, Lopez speaking," was one of the first radio signatures. Lopez also gets love letters from women he has never seen.

Leo Reisman is hailed as a reincarnation of Svengali by two women correspondents with well-known names, who declare that after listening to him and his orchestra they feel a new urge within themselves for creative work.

Milton Cross, announcer and singer, who has a "he-man" voice, interests women of the cultured, older type. Some of his air correspondents compose poetry in his honor.

Men are more effective than women as radio lovers. Women can easily build dream lovers around voices, but men are less likely to love sight unseen.

Some women broadcasters do get many fan letters, however. One of these is Vaughn De Leath, who has crooned over the radio since its earliest days. Miss De Leath treasures letters which thank her for reconciling an estranged father and daughter, for keeping a husband and wife from divorce, for helping a girl to a successful career.

Jessica Dragonette has a fresh young voice which brings out the paternal and maternal instinct in older listeners. Women write her as if she were a favorite daughter, also make candy and embroider handkerchiefs for her. Men send gifts, too, and beg her to wear her rubbers on rainy days and not to stay up too late at night!

PROVING that all the world loves a lover, hundreds of wedding presents from radio friends were received by May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose when they married after a long courtship, the intimate details of which were followed by the audience of the air. The couple met through Mr. De Rose's fan letter to Miss Breen after her first broadcast. The immediate result of the meeting was a radio team, the next a romance.

Graham McNamee, veteran announcer of the National Broadcasting Company, often receives proposals of marriage when he sings, but being happily married, he does not take such propositions very seriously. The letters into which Mr. McNamee dives most eagerly, are those that comment on his announcing of sporting events and they come chiefly from men who like prize fights and baseball.

All the religious air stars get a big fan mail. Tom Noonan, who broadcasts every week from the heart of New York's Chinatown, seems to have a voice that goes straight to the pocketbook. If he utters a plea for assistance in carrying on his work, within five minutes he is in a position to announce over the air that the appeal has been answered by his radio audience.

FRANKLY, I am puzzled to know how to list the voice appeal of Amos 'n' Andy, the blackface comedy pair, whose colloquialisms, "Check and Double Check," "Sho Sho" and "I'se regusted," have crept into the daily speech from coast to coast. Perhaps it is that their voices sound the friendly, human note.

True some radio owners hastily shut off the machine when Amos 'n' Andy come on, but many more rush home in order not to miss them. Mail addressed only with their favorite catch phrases reaches them. Other envelopes inscribed with cartoons of the pair as the artists imagine they look, also are delivered by Uncle Sam's faithful messengers, wherever Amos 'n' Andy happen to be.

They have themselves almost forgotten that Amos' real name is Freeman F. Gosden, born in Virginia, once in the Navy, later traveling salesman for a tobacco company; and that Andy is Charles J. Correll, formerly of Peoria, Illinois, once a bricklayer.

Each, having a leaning toward the theater, finally got into a Chicago company which put on amateur theatricals. There they met, formed a song and dance team, and in 1925, began their radio careers at a salary of exactly nothing.

And now, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, though they told me that they work fifteen hours a day for it, their salary is $100,000 a year, not to speak of all the things from twins in Oklahoma to tadpoles in Maine that are named for them!

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 21*]

faith and faithfulness. Always the highest values of life are the first to disappear when decay sets in. When religion sinks into superstition, when it becomes a stony dogmatism or a sterile ritualism, it dies of dry rot. In Russia they destroy churches by atrocity; in America we do it by attrition—by sheer indifference and neglect.

"In the end," Dr. Roberts tells us plainly, "each of us must answer the question for himself, not for mankind. It is true that the circle of our responsibility is wider than we suppose; our solidarity with our fellow men is deeper than we are aware. But our central responsibility lies in what we do with ourselves, whether we keep religious faith alive in our own lives. Our faith must maintain itself against confusion, sorrow, distraction, and distress, and to do so it must be continually reaffirmed—we dare not let it go unwatched and untended.

"To that end we must provide, in the plan of our lives, for the reënforcement and nurture of our faith; it must not be left to odd moments and at loose ends. In the sort of life we moderns live, religion will surely be crowded out and killed if we do not make for it a place and keep it inviolate. Careless neglect, now so common among us, may be fatal to the finest tradition of our race. The situation is appalling when only one child in four receives any religious instruction, and more than half our people have no connection with any church or synagogue."

Will religion be destroyed in America? Dr. Roberts does not think so. There will be an awakening, but not until we have learned bitter lessons. There will be a renewal of a creative faith fashioning the times to be, though no one can predict what form it will take. If religion is crucified, it will be resurrected, as it has been many times before. Our hope is that when the younger generation, now so glibly skeptical and gayly indifferent, grow older and have to take upon their hands and hearts the responsibility for society, they will seek the sources of inward sustaining, as men have done in every age.

With practice even the littlest child can learn to help himself

ETIQUETTE FOR LITTLE FOLK

By Emily Post

HOW often we hear a mother say, "She is too little; when she is older I will teach her!"

Whereupon baby is left to the mercy of bad habits much as uncultivated seedlings are left to the destructive strength of weeds. It is tiresome to repeat, "Don't do this," "Never do that," minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day. Yet once a bad habit makes headway it will take a hundred times as many "don'ts" and "nevers" to correct it.

We all know that force of habit is almost unbreakable. Moreover, many habits or trends of impulses are said to be fixed at seven. The little girl who has all her life heard good speech may know nothing whatever about the rules of grammar, yet she speaks perfect English—or French or German or Italian—because her ear has been unconsciously trained. Nine times out of ten, character is the result of early example.

Trying to horn in on Mother's social hour

Let us begin, therefore, with the "higher education" of a baby. The outstanding attribute of the thoroughbred man or woman might best be described as a realization of obligation, or an appreciation of values. In other words, the child should learn to discriminate between its own things and those to which it has no right because they belong to others. A child soon learns to recognize the law of cause and effect, learns to admire or to despise admirable or despicable traits in grown people no less than in playmates. And it is this admiration for the fine qualities of parents or guardians that is the highest incentive possible in the development of a child.

Every normal boy will try to do what he sees Daddy do. Walk like him, talk like him, have manners like his and, if possible, pattern his play upon his father's work no less than his recreation. Wonderful is the birthright of the boy to whom his father may ever remain the not-to-be-excelled example! The little girl in the same way will copy the mother she adores. And by the standards of their parents, children come to know wrong from right, beauty from ugliness, the genuine manners of a gentleman or a lady from those which are false or affected. Moreover, a child becomes gradually conscious of human obligations and absorbs these standards of character as unconsciously as it absorbs nourishment for the body.

Next in importance to these first fine standards is the instinctive use of good language. Pronunciation ingrained by early habit is one of the hardest things to change, and bad grammar that has thoroughly taken root is practically ineradicable. Don't allow distorted English to be overlooked as cute, and don't be deaf to a nasal twang. Most children relax into occasional twangy tones. Twangy or whiney notes are easy to produce, and if they don't "twang," they scream. It is easiest to break these habits while they are being formed.

Training a child in etiquette is not so simple as it sounds. On the one side, too much training produces a little automaton, bobbing the head or dipping a curtsy, answering politely what it has been repeatedly told to say, until what the child really would like to say or do is lost under learned-by-rote gestures and phrases. On the other hand, the unrepressed impulses of little hoodlums are always the annoyance of any neighborhood. Midway between is perfection, and perfection is always difficult.

[*Continued on page 52*]

SHE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT *YOUR* HUSBAND!

SHE'S in a position to know things, this girl! (Or *any* girl, for that matter, in any restaurant or lunch room in the land.)

For — consider this. She's right there where men choose, every day, out of a whole list of good things, what they like best to eat!

And here's what she'll tell you. Season in, season out, men cast their vote . . . an astonishing, an overwhelming vote . . . for coconut!

Coconut pie! Coconut cake! Anything, so it's coconut! Men want coconut often! Ask any girl in any restaurant. Ask the waiter . . . the chef . . . the manager. You'll find out something that you may never have fully realized. *Men have a regular craving for coconut!* Not just once in a while, but *often*. Far more often than they get it in the average home.

But there! Now that you know—why not? Today, give that husband of yours a coconut treat! Try one of the good things told of here. And make it just as the recipe says,

GLORIFIED CREAM CAKE
(Illustrated)

3 tablespoons red jelly
½ cup cream, whipped
½ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style
4 squares cake or 4 cup cakes

Add 2 tablespoons jelly to whipped cream and beat well. Fold in ¼ cup coconut. Pile whipped cream mixture on top of cake and sprinkle with remaining coconut. Garnish with a bit of jelly. Serves 4.

COCONUT KISSES

2 cups sugar
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

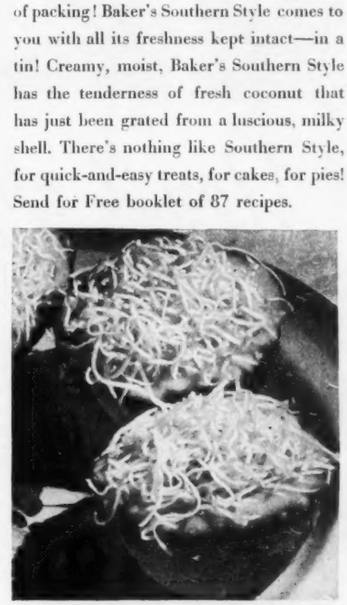
Fold sugar gradually into egg whites. Add vanilla. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Sprinkle with coconut. Bake in slow oven (250° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Coconut kisses should be a delicate brown and rather crisp and dry. Makes 30 kisses.

(All measurements are level.)

with Baker's marvelously improved coconut. He'll take his hat off to you! For . . .

If he loves coconut, wait till he tastes BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE!

What an advance over former methods of packing! Baker's Southern Style comes to you with all its freshness kept intact—in a tin! Creamy, moist, Baker's Southern Style has the tenderness of fresh coconut that has just been grated from a luscious, milky shell. There's nothing like Southern Style, for quick-and-easy treats, for cakes, for pies! Send for Free booklet of 87 recipes.



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BAKER'S COCONUT

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FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, (Inc.), Hoboken, N. J. B-McC.-8-30

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☐ Please send me recipe book (free).
☐ I enclose 10c for a half-size can of Southern Style.

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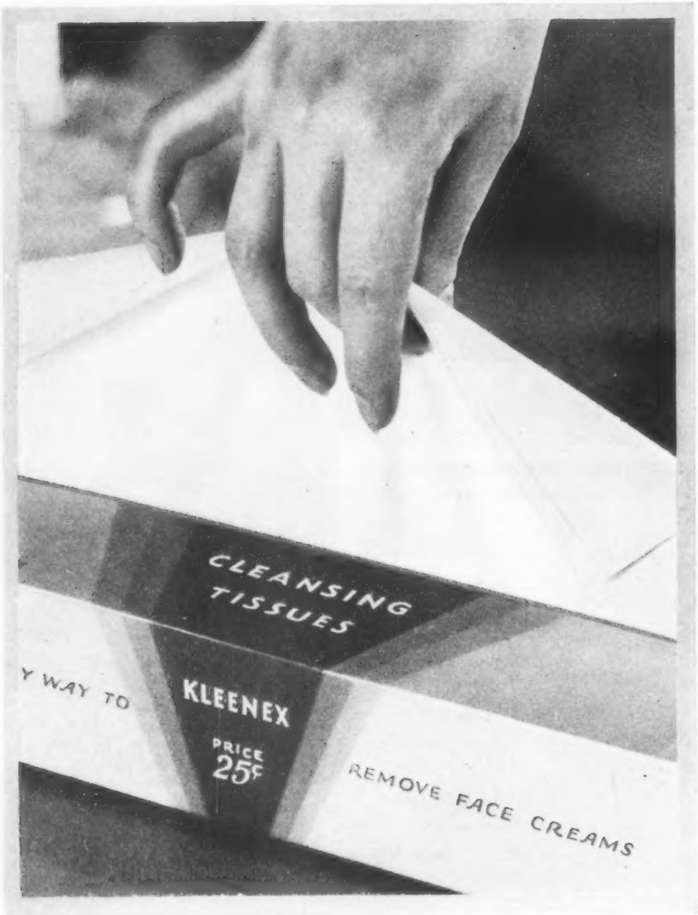
In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.



You'll enjoy

the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With these exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads!

Even hard rubbing can't remove all impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *blots* up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Eleanor Boardman

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TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, McC-8
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Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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Address .....
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ETIQUETTE FOR LITTLE FOLK

[*Continued from page 51*]

Children act mechanically when over-trained in the social graces

Every mother should remember that the mind of a child, like a continuously running moving picture camera, records everything that comes within its observation. Therefore, she must exert before a child her very best manners, her most perfect self-control, her unlimited patience. In other words, she is a model every moment she is observed. And a flaw in the model can *never* be repaired. Father, nurse, aunt, grandmother—all are the same. But Mother must have supreme sympathy and an almost idealized perfection. Daddy may have higher knowledge and skill, but he can be less perfect in charm of manner and evenness of temper.

TO TEACH a child table manners, one must first of all have perfect table deportment oneself. The first lesson to teach the child is to put food *into its mouth* and not over face and hands. Having once put the food inside the mouth, the child's lips must be closed and stay closed. Put food in your own mouth, chew with lips tight shut, and baby will copy and think it fun. Let a child get into the habit of chewing with mouth wide open, like a little animal, and it will be almost impossible to break the habit, even in later life.

Teach a child not to chew with the mouth open or to talk with the mouth full, not to mess the food about or to spot the tablecloth or himself, not to make grease moons on the mug or glass or to make a noise while eating, and you may consider that the first real lessons are over. He can't very well chew noisily with his lips closed; he can't do anything very offensive if he eats tidily and neatly.

Other involuntary offenses that cannot be entirely prevented may be taught to be controlled as much as possible. An attack of coughing or sneezing may be suppressed in so far as is possible behind napkin or bib held firmly over the child's mouth. If the attack is very bad it is best to have him leave the table and return as soon as the disturbance is controlled.

The essential lessons in table manners therefore include neatness and silence. When very little, a child uses a spoon only and is, perhaps, allowed a pusher in the other hand. He takes his mug or glass in both hands so as not to spill. Later he is taught to hold a fork, later still fork and knife, and a crust of bread instead of a pusher.

An average child usually can't hold a fork and knife properly before the age of four, certainly not the full-sized implements. But gradually he learns to hold the fork with prongs down, to pick up pieces of meat, the handle held first in fist, then the index finger freed and held on the back of the shank. Gradually he learns to serve himself, taking spoonfuls neatly and without flipping food or sauce or gravy on the tablecloth. He also learns to butter his own bread, laying a piece of bread (never more than half a slice at a time) against the rim of the plate and not on the palm of the hand!

I know a baby of two who eats so beautifully she does not need to wear a bib. In fact, when she sits at table with grown people, they can scarcely take their eyes from her in wondering admiration. To be sure, she is naturally dexterous and dainty and she has been carefully trained from the moment she was first given solid food at the age of less than a year. She was also allowed to do things that were really too hard for her because only through practice could hard things come easy. With a small fruit knife and fork she cuts a slice of chicken breast or a small piece of toast soaked in gravy. Portions put on the spoon in the serving dishes are passed to her and she lifts the spoon, very carefully and, with this much serving assistance, helps herself.

ALTHOUGH table manners are of first importance, other things that a child must learn are to speak softly and politely and not to make a deafening noise when mother is trying to talk to a visitor. The best way to make a child well-behaved is to pay no attention to it. When brought into the limelight with remarks most children want to show off, and the child who shows off is, nine times out of ten, a pest.

The way to have perfectly behaved children is to be so yourself. Say things that are untrue, do things that are not admirable, put on good manners only when you go out, and the child will hold everything you would teach her in contempt.

SUNTAN OR SUNBURN?

HOW often we start out to be suntanned only to end up with a red and peeling sunburn. Send for *An Outline of Beauty* and read what the beauty adviser has to say about a lovely skin in summer. Send twenty-five cents in stamps to

The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat—all produce odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an antiseptic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly overcomes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it always before meeting others. Then you will *know* that your breath cannot offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE *ends* halitosis

Germicidal Power with Safety

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).

These delicious Jellies and Jams Cooked and in the Glasses in *only* 12 minutes

With this easy method you boil your jellies and jams only one minute. You'll get half again more glasses, too!

How quickly your fingers scamper through their jelly-making when you call in Certo to help!

A few minutes to bring to a boil . . . add Certo . . . boil one minute . . . and almost before you know it you are pouring your jelly into the glasses. Barely twelve minutes after putting the fruit juice on to cook, your jelly is cooling on the pantry window-sill.

Now count them and you'll find half again more glasses than you ever dared expect . . . ten instead of a meager six! This easy short-boil Certo method saves all the luscious fruit juice that used to boil away, and turns it into jelly!

Every year scores of jellies and jams made this economical, easy way win prize after prize at the great state fairs. Their exquisite, tantalizing, fresh fruit flavor is another glorious result of the magical Certo short-boil way.

WHAT IS CERTO?—Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled. This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY . . . Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the famous authority on jelly making. These recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter and your success is assured! Certo is sold by all grocers. It is a product of General Foods Corporation. Ask for your supply . . . today.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES? Can you resist the thrill of *your own* jam cupboard filled with *your own* delicious creations—now that jelly-making has been made so wonderfully simple?

Think of the ease of Certo-made jellies and jams! Think of the power of home-made jellies to spur the laggard appetite. With all her talent, your grandmother could never make such glorious jellies as these. © 1930, G. F. CORP.

Blackberry jelly was one of seven Certo-made jellies and jams with which Mrs. Lindsey won California State Fair honors last summer. Note fresh fruit color of jelly shown above.

FREE Many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jellies and jams are included in Miss Elizabeth Palmer's new booklet "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." It will bring new variety to your table and make your meal planning an easier task. The coupon brings it to you free with Miss Palmer's booklet of 93 tested jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo.

Address Miss Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York. (In Canada, address: General Foods Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) (MC 8-30)

NAME_____

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS—FILL IN COMPLETELY

With the help of a pastry tube, Pear Salad is dressed up for company

HOSTESS RECIPES

By McCall's Food Staff

Lamb Chops with Pineapple

Have the butcher "French" the chops. Broil, or pan-broil, until brown on both sides. Season with salt and pepper. Fry pineapple slices in butter until thoroughly heated. Arrange the chops and slices of pineapple alternately around the edge of a platter to form a ring. Fill the center with buttered peas. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Sardine Rarebit

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
2 cups milk
½ lb. American cheese
3 or 4 tomatoes
6 slices toast, buttered
1 can sardines, cut in pieces

Melt butter, add flour, salt, pepper, and mustard, and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly to keep mixture smooth. Set over hot water; add cheese, cut in small pieces, and cook until cheese is melted. Broil thick slices of tomato and place on toast. Add sardines to cheese sauce; heat, and pour over the tomatoes and toast. Serve immediately, with highly seasoned lettuce and cucumber salad.

Shrimps and Mushrooms Baked in Tomatoes

6 large tomatoes
½ lb. mushrooms
¼ cup butter
1 small onion, minced
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 cups cooked shrimps, cut in pieces

Cut thin slices from the stem end of tomatoes. Scoop out the centers, being careful not to break the skins. Sprinkle insides with salt, and turn upside down on plate. Wash mushrooms carefully and cut into pieces. Melt the butter, add onion, and mushrooms and cook about 10 minutes. Add salt, pepper, bread crumbs, and shrimps. Fill tomato shells with this mixture. Put in a baking dish and cover bottom with water. Bake in a hot oven (375° F.) 20 to 30 minutes.

HOW do you like our new department? We simply *had* to have it! Our readers kept asking us and asking us to help them plan their company meals, so what could we do but add fancy cooking to our line? We've worked out a lot of fascinating recipes. Some of them are a little extravagant, we're afraid; but you'll love to serve them to your guests. Proudly, we're passing them on to you. There'll be more next month.

Crab Meat in Shells

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk
½ cup cream
3 cups flaked cooked crab meat
2 cups buttered crumbs

Melt butter, add flour, salt, and pepper, and mix well. Add milk gradually and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly to keep mixture smooth. Add cream and crab meat. Put in greased crab shells (or scallop shells) and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) until brown—about 10 minutes. To vary this recipe, add 1 teaspoon curry powder to the sauce.

Pear Salad

Chill fresh pears, pare and cut in halves. Sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Make a smooth paste of cream cheese and well-seasoned yellow cheese, using half of each. Add a little cream, if necessary. Put in pastry tube and fill centers of pears. Serve on crisp lettuce with French dressing, to which orange or pineapple juice has been added.

This salad is very attractive made with whole pears. Pare and remove cores. Cut a small slice from the bottom of pears to make them stand firmly. Fill centers with the cheese mixture and decorate tops with sprigs of mint. Garnish with crisp lettuce.

Luncheon Cheese

1 clove garlic
½ lb. cream cheese
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon vinegar
2 teaspoons salad oil
¼ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 drops Tabasco sauce

Chop garlic very fine and mix with the cheese. Add Worcestershire, vinegar, oil, sugar, salt, and Tabasco. Mix all the ingredients to a smooth paste. Chill for at least 2 hours. Serve with toasted crackers, bread sticks, or toast.

This mixture will keep for weeks in the refrigerator. It is a delicious accompaniment to cold meat, to a meat, fish, or vegetable salad.

Celery and Asparagus Salad

Marinate cold cooked asparagus in French dressing. Chill thoroughly. Wash and chill stalks of celery. At serving time, lay asparagus stalks in the celery stalks and place on heart leaves of romaine. Serve with mayonnaise dressing to which catsup has been added.

Meringue Cake

6 egg whites
2¼ cups sugar, sifted
1½ teaspoons vinegar
Few grains salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating between each addition. Add vinegar, salt, and vanilla and beat constantly 20 minutes. Cover bottom of 2 round layer cake pans with heavy wet paper. Put in the egg mixture and smooth evenly in the pans. Bake in a slow oven (250° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Serve with ice cream between layers and whipped cream on top. Garnish with candied cherries or chocolate shot.

Preserved fruit, or well-drained canned or fresh fruit, may be used between layers.

Easier
for Mother—
more wholesome for
baby

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

READY-TO-SERVE—with a pinch of salt or such other seasoning as may be prescribed by baby's doctor—the Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are saving hours and effort for thousands of mothers all over the world. Scientifically prepared, and specially strained through monel metal screens, they reduce to minutes the kitchen-time devoted to baby's daily vegetable feedings.

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VITAMIN A

Even more important to mother than the greater convenience of Gerber Products is the increased nourishment they bring to baby to supplement milk feedings. Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C, and rich material salt values—lost at home through oxidation and solution in cooking water—are conserved to the maximum by the Gerber method.

VITAMIN B

After cleaning, the choicest, fresh-picked vegetables are steam-pressure cooked in vessels from which oxygen is excluded. Steam-sterilization for 60′ at 250° insures maximum safety.

You need never accept a substitute for the Gerber Products. Leading dealers in every neighborhood sell and recommend these scientifically prepared, strained vegetables. The Gerber blue-and-white label is your protection when buying. And the Vitamin A, Vitamin B, and Vitamin C Blocks further identify these finer, health-building vegetable foods for baby.

SEND FOR ASSORTMENT

VITAMIN C

If you have not already used the Gerber Products, ask your doctor about them today. If your own grocer or druggist is unable to supply you—send us his name and $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment offered below—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid.

In Canada, Complete Assortment only $1.10 —Canadian Currency or Money Order.

Free Samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals.

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

SEND THE COUPON TODAY—A WEEK'S SUPPLY

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
$1.00 Complete Dept. M-10—Enclosed find money or stamps ***Assortment.*** for assortment or for Gerber Products checked

15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato	Strained Green Beans

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It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces . . . thus cleansing teeth completely.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

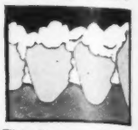
Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest-selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

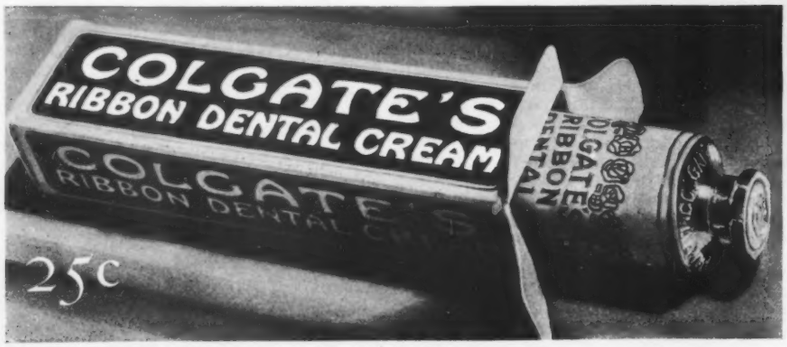
If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low Surface - Tension") penetrates deep down into the Crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-594, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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HOT WEATHER FASHIONS

by Eleanor Calley

THE fashions of late summer show that in welcoming the return to feminine things and elaborate lines, we have done it all in a very modern spirit.

When the revival of elegance first began in Paris, there was an idea that it might be a profitable thing to bring back the days when a single frock often took more than a dozen yards of costly fabric, and rich effects were produced by expensive trimmings.

But it is impossible to revive such extravagances, because times have changed, and with them our point of view. So many people have money nowadays that evidences of it are not a mark of distinction; if smartness could be guaranteed by frocks embroidered in pearls and diamonds, many would find it a simpler problem than they do now.

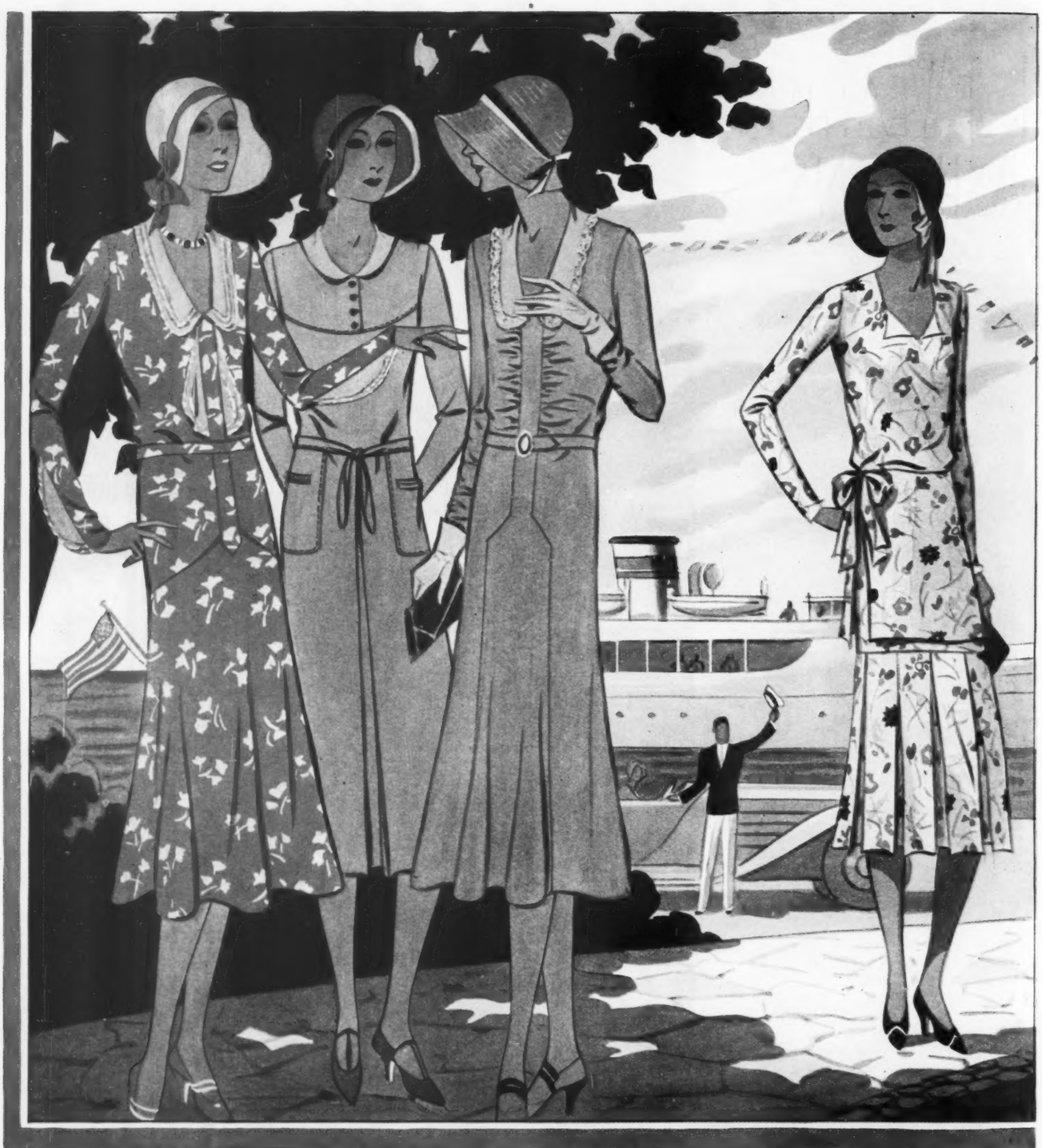
What the modern woman values in a frock is not what it is made of or what is sewn on it, but the idea behind it. Style distinction demands so many things, taste, discrimination, artistic sense, and perhaps more than all these intelligence and imagination, the ability to sense today's mood and look forward to tomorrow.

The talents that combine all these things are so rare that what they produce is costly. We are glad to travel half the way across the world to Paris every season and to pay a great deal for the models of famous couturiers. A wisp of chiffon may actually be worth more than its weight in gold. But what we buy is not the chiffon of the frock, but the style idea, the lines, the cut.

What the model is copied in depends only on smartness and suitability. Any of the costumes on these pages might cost a very little or quite a lot. At this season, when the main object is to look fresh and cool, the cleverest frocks are likely to be the least expensive, from the point of view of materials. All the modern woman asks is that the lines be new and perfect. Her most valuable frock may be of cotton when she is sure of its style, whereas silver brocade will not make dull unimaginative lines worth wearing.

No. 6207. A lovely example of the sheer frock of lace or chiffon has a deep very full skirt flounce edged with rows of narrow ruffles.

For backview and yardage see page 102



Paris Interprets Daytime Chic

For back views and yardage see page 102

No. 6199. A lingerie collar, jabot and sleeve sections edged with lace form a modern decoration on a princess frock which is belted at the waist.

No. 6203. A yoke that buttons in front, and large square pockets are practical features of a daytime frock. An inverted pleat supplies fulness.

No. 6210. Shirrings in front soften the bodice lines, and circular fulness is added to the skirt by a panel cut in one with a band on the bodice.

No. 6208. Box pleats all around supply fulness in a one piece frock. A deep peplum is open at the one side and is finished with a bow at the waistline.

6224 6202 6211

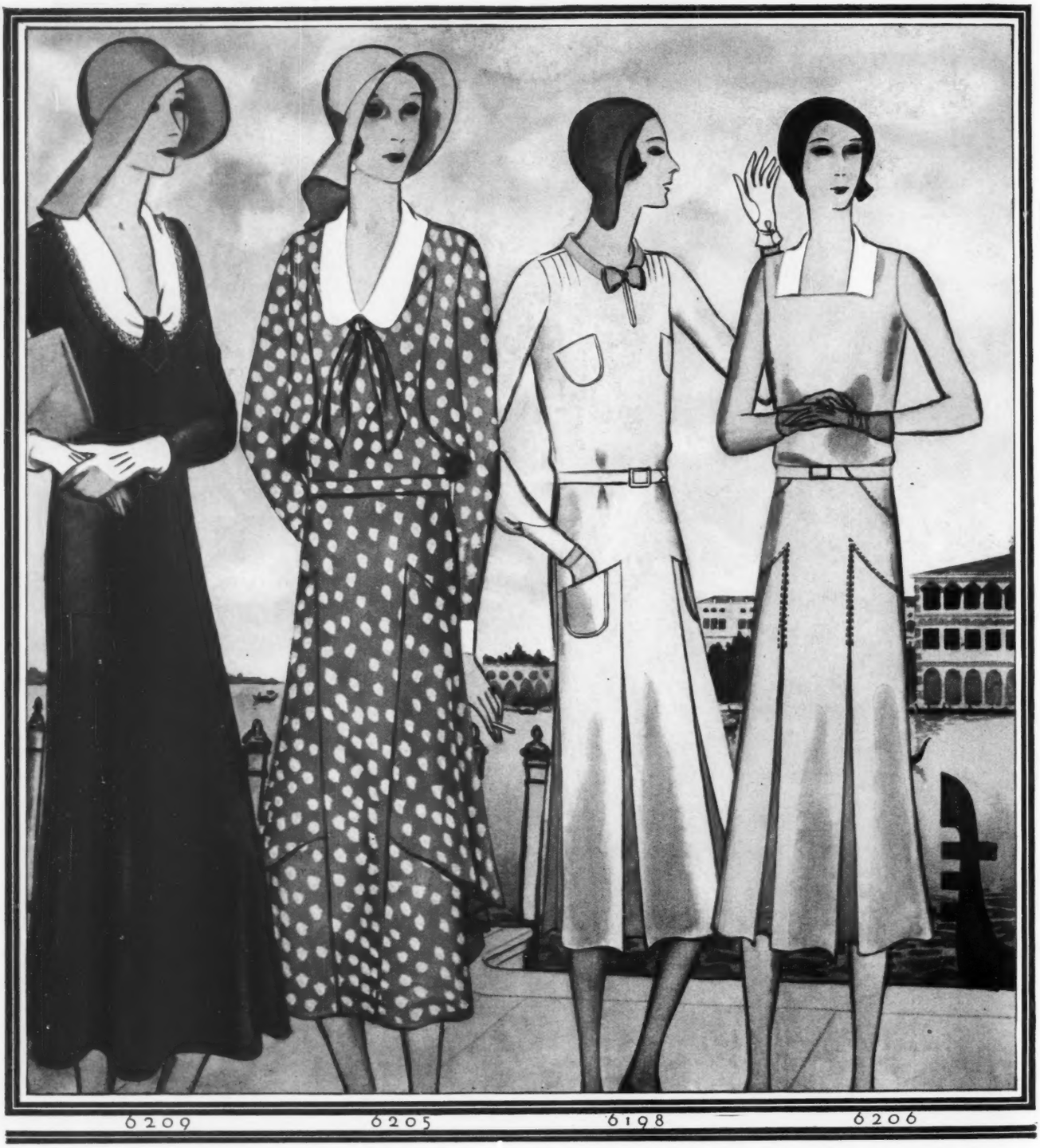
In Lines That Flatter The Figure

For back views and yardage see page 102

No. 6224. The new hood neckline, raglan sleeves, and a very short peplum are style features of a daytime frock. Tabs on the skirt suggest pockets.

No. 6202. The smart lines of a simple frock are clevely broken by a bolero in back, and narrow frills below the waistline and heading the skirt flounce.

No. 6211. A very simple two-piece frock consists of a skirt attached to a bodice top, and a separate bolero that ties in front with a soft bow at the waist.



smart·simplicity·or·soft·formality

For back views and yardage see page 102

No. 6209. A narrow panel down the front of the bodice is cut in one with the circular skirt. The contrasting collar is draped under a tab in front.

No. 6205. The skirt flounce of a smart frock follows the lines of the separate bolero which is fashioned to form a tie that knots at the neckline.

No. 6198. Four pockets are a practical feature of a sports frock which has inverted pleats at the front and sides and a narrow belt at the waistline.

No. 6206. The skirt of a one piece frock is cut to produce curved seamings at the hipline. The skirt is slightly circular, with four inverted pleats.

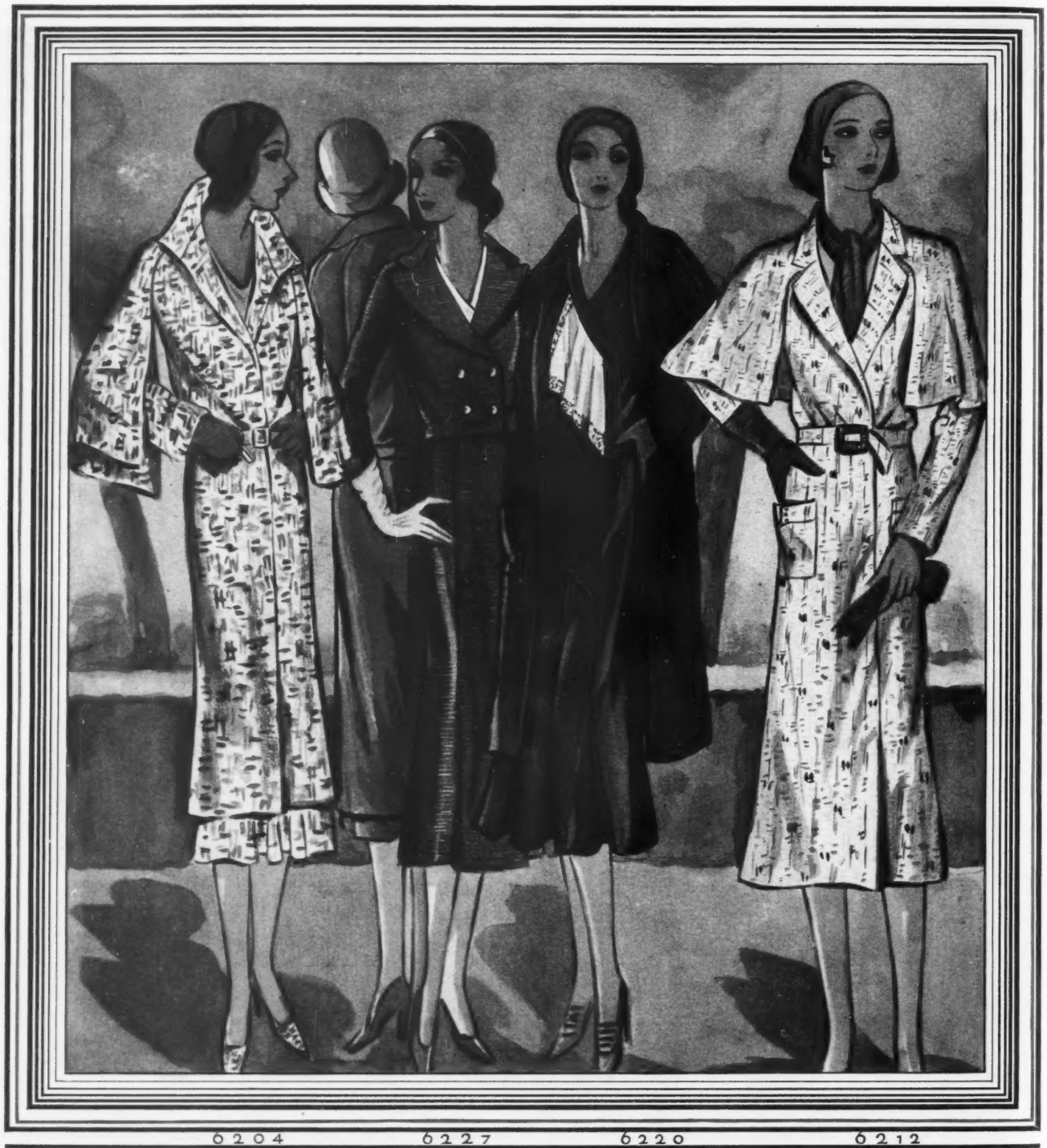
6200 6201

new • aspects • of • the • daytime • mode

For back views and yardage see page 102

No. 6200. A new version of the scarf forming part of a frock appears in two ends attached under the seamings at the waistline and tying in the back.

No. 6201. The neckline of a simple frock is draped with a line of shirring down the front, an effect accented by the tie closing of the separate bolero.



6204 6227 6220 6212

The New Season's Outdoor Costumes

For back views and yardage see page 102

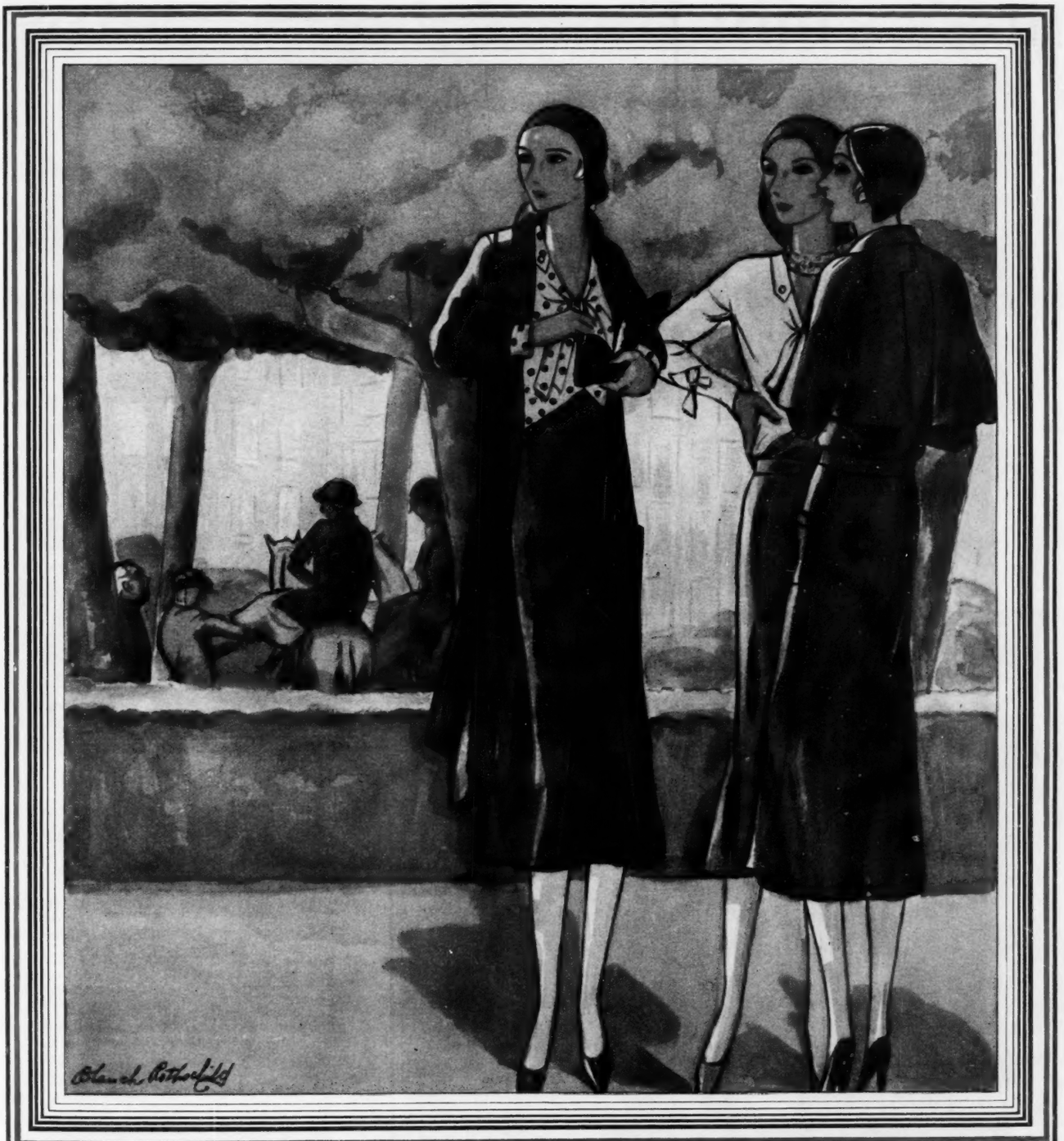
No. 6204. Capes over the raglan sleeves are long enough to fall just below the waistline, giving a smart new silhouette to a slender belted coat.

No. 6227. A little coat, fitted and short enough to be a bolero is worn with a one piece frock to form a very modern version of ensemble fashions.

No. 6220. The frock of an autumn ensemble is finished with a jabot at the neckline. The coat shown above is cut in the popular seven-eighths length.

No. 6212. Shoulder capes over the sleeves lend a youthful appearance to a coat fashioned with two patch pockets and loosely belted at the waistline.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 96.



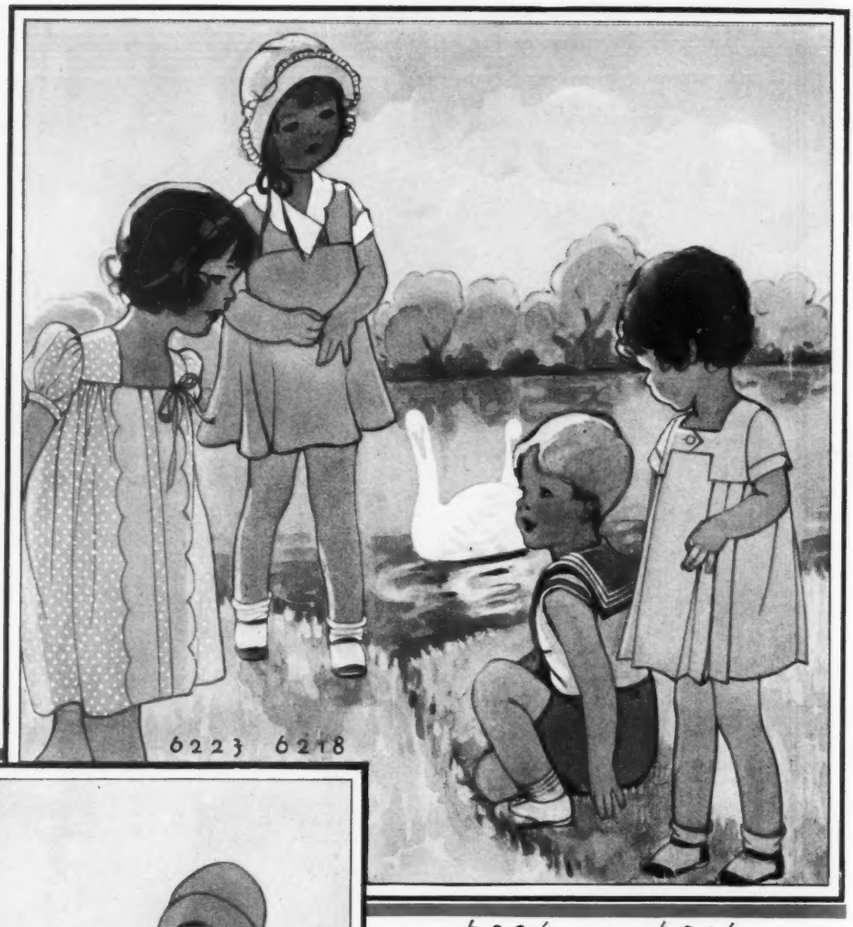
Smartly Suggest The Waistline

For back views and yardage see page 102

No. 6219. The upper part of a one piece frock is made contrasting, to suggest a blouse. It is worn with a seven-eighths coat to form an ensemble.

No. 6212. The back of the coat illustrated on the opposite page shows the short cape divided in the centre back and snugly fitted to the shoulders.

Early Autumn Style Ideas for Children



6226 6216

For back views and yardage see page 102

No. 6216. Pleats at the front and back of a dainty little frock are cleverly accented by a yoke cut in square lines.

No. 6226. A new version of the ever-popular sailor suit consists of short trousers buttoned on to a sleeveless blouse.

No. 6218. A small frock with a circular skirt has a shallow yoke finished with an attractive collar that crosses in front.

No. 6223. Scalloped contrasting bands trim the front of a charming little frock made with short puff sleeves and a quaint yoke.

No. 6221. Shoulder capes extending over the sleeves give a smart silhouette to a youthful coat which is belted at the waist.

No. 6214. A full length coat is worn with a smart frock decorated with seamings, forming a youthful practical ensemble.

No. 6222. Curved seamings that end in pleats in the front give an air of French chic to a new coat for the little girl.

Mother! Send Your Child's Name

Receive this 50c Gift by Return Mail

Make a Vacation Sport of Health Building. See Your Child's Weight Increase a Pound a Week. See Twice the Milk Taken Without Coaxing; New Strength and Energy Come

AN UTTERLY NEW-TYPE FOOD-DRINK FROM SWITZERLAND THAT'S WORKING WONDERS ON CHILDREN

SUMMER should be used to *build up* your child's weight. Don't believe loss of weight during the Summer months is "natural".

You can build your child's weight a pound or more a week all during vacation, with this Swiss creation. And do it in a way the average child delights in.

Coming from Switzerland, the nation which has achieved so many great things for children, this discovery is new to America, but used for many years in Europe. It is called Ovaltine. Over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

A 50c shaker will be sent you Free with the 3-Day Supply offered below. Please accept it.

What It Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, *including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system can absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

"They've Made Wonderful Gains in Weight and Color"

I've been using Ovaltine since it first came on the market for both my children, ages 5 and 7 years. Like many children, my little girl, now aged 7, was underweight and not very strong. She refused to eat breakfast or to drink milk and my little son was much the same.

Having read about Ovaltine in a magazine, I decided to try it. Both of the children loved it from the first, particularly the little girl. Now they both drink their Ovaltine regularly, warm in winter, cold in summer, and I feel that they are always sure of having enough food.

Ovaltine has built my little girl up into a strong robust girl, and has been splendid for the boy. They've both made wonderful gains in weight and color, all due to the constant use of Ovaltine. I've told many, many mothers about it both in Chicago, my former home, and here in Jacksonville.

Mrs. J. H. Frink, 2108 Frederica Pl., Jacksonville, Fla.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

(NOTE)—Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations. Ovaltine is now made in 8 countries (including the U. S. A.) according to the exact original Swiss formula—to meet the demand from 54 different nations.

"He Gained a Pound a Week Last Month"

Leo is five years old, a very nervous child, and I was about discouraged trying to get him to drink milk when I noticed the advertisement of Ovaltine.

He quickly finished the three-day trial and we have purchased a large size can. I weigh him each week and he gained a pound a week last month. And his nervousness is decreasing wonderfully.

Mrs. Anthony H. O'Rourke, 37 French Avenue, South Braintree, Mass.

MAIL *for* FREE SHAKER *and* 3-DAY SUPPLY 10c

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. L-22
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine, and *free* Shaker.
(*This offer not good in Canada*)

Name.....
(*Please print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(*One package to a person*) 719

Rich... Delicious... Mellow...

Aged 6 Months in the making

FAMED the world over for rare old mellow flavor are these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales. Blended of finest ingredients and then carefully aged 6 months in the making. Each has its own characteristic flavor and bouquet. Three very different "blends"—to suit different tastes. Try all three of them and choose *your* favorite.

GINGERY ✓ ***GOLDEN** is spirited and gingery, with quick energy in its dancing bubbles and full-flavored goodness.*

MILD ✓ ***PALE DRY** is mild and delicate — a peerless blender in mixed drinks — a favorite among modern ginger ales.*

EXTRA DRY ✓ ***SEC** is dry, very dry. So unusual in flavor as to have made millions of friends who find its distinctive characteristics irresistible.*

You will find your favorite among them. Try them all and see. Perhaps, like many a hostess, you will find it best to have more than one type of Clicquot Club in your refrigerator. Your guests . . . the family . . . children—all have different preferences. And every bottle in which Clicquot Club is sold is *brand new*. For purity's sake, no bottle is ever used a second time.

CLICQUOT CLUB
GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations at 9 P.M., New York time.*

The Doctor Talks To Mothers About

BABY'S FIRST SUMMER

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

IT IS much easier to prevent an illness than it is to cure one. Everyone who is responsible for the health of infants and young children should remember this simple fact. It applies with particular force to such illnesses as cholera infantum, summer diarrhea and dysentery.

The best preventive for trouble of this sort is a well baby at the beginning of the summer season. The time to prepare an infant for the hot weather is during the winter and spring months. It is very important, at all times, for him to have the proper food and the right hygienic attention. The infant who habitually suffers from digestive disturbances such as vomiting, constipation, and intestinal indigestion has a lessened resistance when the hot days come.

Experience has taught us that breast feeding is the best insurance against summer trouble. It is comparatively rare that a breast-fed baby fails to pass successfully through his first summer, and I always emphasize this point when the question of the infant's nutrition arises. Mothers should make every effort to nurse their babies. The most important function of a young woman is to reproduce her kind—and then to sustain, protect, and guide the young life through the perils of infancy and childhood; and I believe that many more babies would be breast-fed, if mothers had a better understanding of all the advantages of nature's methods of sustenance.

If the young infant is not to be breast-fed, special care must be taken to give him the next best security against the various forms of summer stomach disorders. According to my observation (which covers many summers of active work in New York City), evaporated milk is the safest milk to use for feeding purposes during the hot weather. This milk is produced by many large companies and is standardized according to the requirements of the United States government. I do not wish it to be understood that I employ evaporated milk for every bottle-fed infant during the summer. I do use it, however, whenever a child does not thrive on fresh milk. When fresh milk *is* used, it is given cooked—regardless of the season of the year. For feeding purposes, an ounce of evaporated milk is equal in nutritional value to two ounces of fresh milk; and when so diluted, it is almost twice as easy to digest as the fresh product.

When a child is fed on evaporated or cooked fresh milk, he should be given small quantities of orange juice or tomato juice. This will supply the necessary vitamins which prevent scurvy.

Great care is required in the boiling and cleansing of bottles and nipples, and in the keeping of the feedings after they are prepared. The bottles should be kept very cold and as far away from the family food supplies as possible.

It is also important to keep the child comfortable during the hot weather. The clothing should be of the lightest. During the day, two or three fifteen-minute spongings with water at 60 degrees F. will add greatly to the child's comfort.

If a baby *does* develop gastro-intestinal disturbances such as vomiting or diarrhea during the summer months, the doctor should be called at once. Mothers take great chances when they attempt to control summer stomach disorders in a baby or young child without the aid of the family physician. Every illness of this nature must be considered as a case of poisoning. The vomiting and diarrhea are the body's way of getting rid of offending material.

Before the doctor arrives, there are two things that the mother should do. First, the intestine must be relieved, as much as possible, of the material which is causing the trouble. For this purpose, give two teaspoons of castor oil in warm orange juice. Next, the milk feeding—regardless of its nature—should be stopped and barley or some other cereal water substituted for it. Barley water is made from one ounce of baked barley, cooked for thirty minutes in a pint of water.

ANY mother-to-be would appreciate a Stork Shower. If you'd like to give one, let us help you plan it. We have a special leaflet full of interesting suggestions. Write for a copy of *Stork Showers* and enclose ten cents. Address the Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

This Soothing Beauty Bath is Astonishing to Fastidious Women . .

RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE!

TRY the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin smooth and soft and to give it an invisibly light "coating" of Linit powder so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary.

After the Linit Beauty Bath, the thin "coating" of Linit is spread evenly and is so light that it cannot possibly stop the normal functioning of the pores.

To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath —bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

Doctors who specialize in skin treatment, generally recommend starch from corn for the super-sensitive skin of young babies.

Linit is sold by your grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

A Salad Dressing

that made her friends write for the recipe . . .

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City

Gentlemen:

One day last summer, I came across the * Mazola Salad Dressing recipe in a magazine. It looked so simple and easy to make, that I immediately sent to the grocer's for a can of Mazola and made it. I was surprised with the results—it was so creamy and smooth.

It happened that some friends came to supper that evening and I had a potato and meat salad. The gentlemen asked me where I bought such good salad dressing. When I replied that I had made it, the folks could hardly believe it. The ladies asked me for the recipe. It happened that I forgot to give it to them before they left, but I received a letter from them a day or two later asking for the Mazola Salad Dressing recipe. I don't know how many people asked me for that recipe last summer. If I didn't write it while they were here, I was sure to get the request by mail a day or so later. (I still have some of these letters on hand).

Everyone that has tried this Salad Dressing claims they will never use any other kind. I am never without Mazola now and always keep a quantity on hand. Mazola Salad Dressing is the only kind that I have used since first trying it; as it is not only the best but the cheapest to make. I expect to have still more calls for my favorite dressing recipe.

Thank you for introducing Mazola into our home.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Emil Abramson
Amherst, Mass.

* THIS IS THE MAZOLA SALAD DRESSING RECIPE MRS. ABRAMSON FOLLOWED:

1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar
1 ½ teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup Mazola
1 cup water
4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch
(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

Send for This Book!

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S famous book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 new, helpful recipes. Use coupon below.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept.M-8.P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
New York City

Enclosed is 10c (stamp or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods".

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

First — *Delicious!*

Every child delights in this new cereal by HEINZ of "57" fame

Second - *A new effect!*

. . . one of vegetables' best, and never offered in any cereal before

We offer here a boon to Mothers whose children "don't like vegetables" and, therefore, do not eat enough of them to keep health-habits regular. HEINZ experts spent eight years in perfecting it. Some of the world's ablest scientists collaborated.

Strange as it may seem, this new efficiency comes in *oven-toasted, crunchy, crisp delicious rice flakes* — the most alluring breakfast food your young folks have ever known.

Not only will the flavor of this luscious food win your entire family's immediate approval, but these benefits will *surely come;* because HEINZ retains in this delicious cereal an edible, pure *vegetable-cellulose* which provides a bulk-and-roughage content of *practical proportions.*

ALL BRAN REMOVED

No, it isn't a bran food. HEINZ has *removed* all bran to eliminate harshness—to make this bulk and roughage *mild* and *gentle;* suitable for all; children especially.

As HEINZ prepares this vegetable-cellulose, its bulk in the rice flakes increases *four to six times* when moisture is absorbed after eating.

As used by HEINZ, its cost of preparation is several times that of the rice grain itself, yet you pay no more for it.

ONE WEEK PROVES

Simply let your family *know the flavor* of HEINZ Rice Flakes, and all the benefits will follow . . . *cordially invited* by the smallest tot.

Serve *twice daily for one week* — in the morning and for dessert at lunch or dinner —to *start* the regulating "vegetable effect"; once daily thereafter to maintain it. Conclusive tests by authorities have proved its efficiency beyond all doubt. Naturally all of the fine, energizing food value of rice—the most nutritious of all cereals—is included in HEINZ Rice Flakes.

Don't use in place of vegetables, of course, but in addition to them—*to complete in a delightful way* an adequate amount of bulk and roughage that people who don't like vegetables are liable to miss.

The right diet . . *"is the material on which to build the foundation of success", says a well known food expert.*

BE BETTER PALS

Serve HEINZ Rice Flakes and see your children brighten and improve. Note that no urging or reminding is required. Enjoy that great relief. Become better pals and have more *fun* at the table. If not entirely satisfactory in every way your grocer will refund your money gladly. We have arranged for that.

Be sure in ordering to specify HEINZ Rice Flakes, for no other cereal of any kind can offer the same advantages due to patented processes owned and used by HEINZ exclusively.

Just as good for grown-ups as for children, so let the entire family enjoy it and get these good effects. Mail coupon below for free booklet, "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Makers of the "57 Varieties"

© H. J. H. CO. '30

Enjoy these radio talks . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

CHILDREN CAN'T RESIST THIS FLAVOR SO THEY DON'T RESIST THESE BENEFITS

*E. R. HARDING, M. A., (*Scientist*)
says this in a recent article:

"That cellulose is both a natural and valuable food constituent is evident. That it is practically essential is not too extravagant a claim. It is found widely distributed in nearly all natural vegetable foods, particularly in such vegetables as celery, lettuce, cabbage, spinach and asparagus. Fruits like oranges, grapefruit and others of this type contain considerable amounts of it."

**Fellow, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • DEPT. E-4
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Please send **without charge** your booklet "Children's Futures Told in Foods."

Name_____

Address_____

a new delicious kind

HEINZ RICE FLAKES

TEA IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

By Vera Harrison

WHAT lovelier time for a lawn party than a balmy afternoon in August? The air is sweet with the fragrance of flowers and the leafy branches of trees rustle and sway in the soft, summer breezes.

With very little effort, any garden can be transformed into a veritable Japanese fairyland of trees laden with cherry blossoms, and blooming wistaria vines. A package of crêpe paper stamped in an all-over full-blown cherry blossom pattern will furnish hundreds of flowers. The blossoms can be cut out, slit through the middle and fastened with a bit of paste to trees and shrubs. A few rolls of crêpe paper and several quick turns with the scissors will produce yards of wistaria vines and bunches of big chrysanthemums. Japanese lanterns of all sizes and shapes swing from the trees. Glass air-bells sway and tinkle in the breeze. Japanese parasols are fastened to chair backs, tables and tree branches. Red and black crêpe paper, ornamented with gold Japanese lettering, covers tables and soap-box stools. A temple-gate cut from composition board and covered with black crêpe paper completes the Oriental effect.

A party of this kind has excellent money-making possibilities for churches and clubs. It may be given as a bridge-tea, a bazaar or a combination of both. The committee might sell tickets printed on Japanese paper and decorated with a Japanese scene, or invitations might be sent out and an admission fee charged at the gate. The entrance to the garden should be through the temple-gate. Two girls dressed in costume should be at the gate to collect tickets and at the same time present each guest with a paper chrysanthemum to wear on her dress, or a tiny fan to stick in her hair.

Tea should be served by girls in Japanese kimonos with big pins and paper chrysanthemums in their hair. Each guest is given a lacquer tray on which is a cup of tea, assorted sandwiches of cream cheese, crab meat or lobster paste, rice cakes, and a little bowl of Japanese preserves. Of course, brightly-painted Japanese china and napkins should be used. Tiny Japanese dolls, paper parasols, luck charms on a length of red ribbon, and some litchi nuts tied in a piece of Japanese silk or cellophane, make charming favors.

After the guests have had their tea, they will wander about and look over the various articles for sale. On one table might be all sorts of Japanese novelties which sell from ten to fifty cents: magic flowers that open in water, luck charms of bone, soapstone, and metal, back scratchers, block puzzles in several sizes, lemon forks, and paper cutters carved out of bone, Japanese dolls in various sizes, a pair of twins in a gaily decorated box, sets of salad forks and spoons made of olive wood, folding fans and flat, painted silk ones in sizes from one to six inches in length. The great attraction at this table might be the Magic Boats of Japan. These are tiny celluloid boats; and when a bit of camphor-like substance is slipped under the keel, they will run around and around in a bowl of water. Their colors are so bright and they dash about so quickly that they are most fascinating to watch. They come packed three in a box, with a tube of the chemical, and cost less than fifty cents. Here, too, might be sold the Magic Butterfly, which sails gaily through the air after a few twists of his antennae.

Decorations make a Japanese garden of any lawn

There should be a table arranged especially for those who are looking for something novel in bridge prizes: cloisonné ash trays and match boxes; lacquer trays; crumb tray sets; coasters; brilliantly painted straw mats for hot plates; real Japanese sandals woven of grass; soapstone ash trays; brass ash trays in the shapes of clubs, hearts, diamonds, and spades; and a brass Buddha who will sit calmly on a bridge table, holding fast a thin pencil on a long silk cord. All of these articles could be sold for less than a dollar.

Then, there might be a table of more expensive things such as Japanese embroideries, scarfs, end-table runners, and round lamp mats, bookends, and lamp tops beautifully carved of soapstone. These could be priced from two to four dollars.

House plants have an appeal for everyone and there would be a ready sale of ferns and other small plants growing in gaily decorated Japanese flower pots. Narcissus, hyacinth, and tulip bulbs, planted in painted pebbles in Japanese bowls, are always attractive. Boxes of the pebbles, assortments of bulbs, and fancy bowls may all be sold separately.

[*Turn to page 72*]

Clothes that touch Your Skin need Borax

WE DO want perfect cleanliness next our skins. Clothes washed as fresh and sweet as a May breeze and white as snowflakes. That's what BORAX means, every time you put it in your laundry water!

First, BORAX neutralizes the chemicals that in even "soft" water interfere with the cleansing action of your soap. No gray or yellow clothes—no specks—no sticky rim about the tub, when you use 20 Mule Team BORAX. And it has a thorough cleansing and deodorizing power of its own, sweetening and purifying everything it touches. Let BORAX make your washing easy—get a package.

An Excellent Mouthwash
With its definite deodorizing and purifying qualities, Borax is ideal for keeping the mouth and teeth sweet and clean. Just dissolve 1 teaspoonful of Borax in a glass of water and gargle night and morning. It's easy, pleasant and very inexpensive.
ONE POUND NET
20 MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 524
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean"

Name .....

Address .....

RADIOS WITH A DOUBLE RÔLE

By Mary Davis Gillies

ABOVE: Its sturdy, unornamented cabinet and the easy chair drawn up beside it announce that this radio belongs to a man. Notice how its fine proportions tie it into a harmonious whole with the chair, the landscape paper and the linoleum floor of Italian design. The low flat top provides a convenient resting place for books, magazines, curios, or smoking equipment.

RIGHT: Behind the front of two large drawers in this maple desk lurks a radio (see sketch lower left). What a happy solution to the radio problem for an Early American room, or for a small living room where space must be saved. In installations like this, the loud speaker outlet is either at the back or in the bottom of the piece of furniture.

ABOVE: Here a radio hides its light, not exactly under a bushel, but beneath the flattering camouflage of a graceful little stand. By taking out the two upper drawers and converting their fronts into a drop panel (see sketch lower right), a secret compartment of exactly the right size and shape was created. On top of the table, charming arrangements of decorative objects can be made—a lamp, a gay little box, and a vase of flowers, for instance; or a pair of candlesticks and a low bowl.

Each year, radio cabinets grow more attractive—and more versatile! According to your taste, you can find a Queen Anne desk, a Duncan Phyfe card table, an English chest, or a Colonial secretary to pick up air programs.

WHAT should radios look like? They came out of the scientist's laboratory so suddenly, and swept the country so swiftly that at first a little detail like their appearance didn't bother us. (Some of those early ones *were* awful. No wonder they found their way to the boy's room or a dark place in the hall.) Then, after the edge of our first amazement wore off, "Handsome does as handsome *is*" was our ungrateful and slightly muddled remark.

Just then a lot of gifted designers came to our rescue, and from that moment the radio began to lead a double life. Sometimes it is just radio—an ever-increasing source of pleasure and improvement; sometimes it is a piece of charming furniture—a desk, console, bookcase, serving table, or cabinet.

As the radio approaches perfection internally, its outside attractions keep pace. Which means that for every living room—whether it is small or large, formal or informal, furnished with period pieces or with a pleasant conglomeration of plain, homey things—there is a suitable radio. The family's new toy really "fits into the picture" now.

These photographs show you a new way to save dishwashing time

Pictures through glass dishpans* show how Super Suds dissolves instantly, completely, washes dishes faster . . . saves dishwiping.

Fast-Dissolving Super Suds

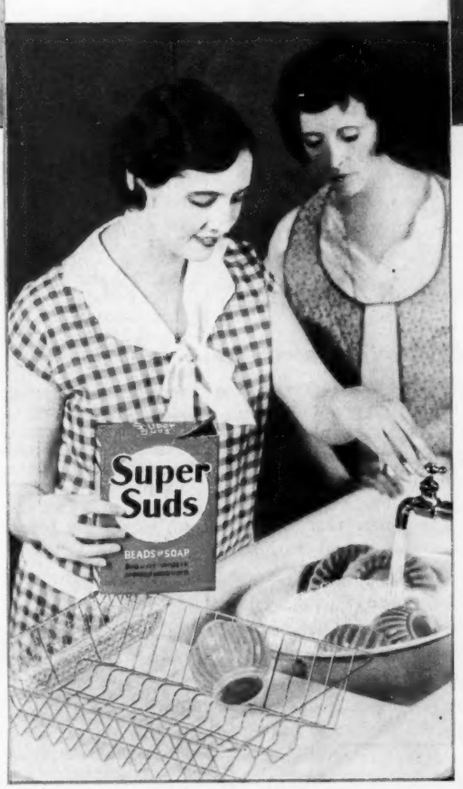
Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-Dissolving Chips

Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.



THESE photographs convinced thousands that Super Suds is the fastest dishwashing soap ever made! They were taken through glass dishpans.* They show for the first time exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. And this is important. For no matter how much top suds a soap gives . . . it's the instantaneous rich soapiness in the water below that keeps water from getting greasy. Gives you the help you need *right at the start.*

Why instant dissolving is important

Slow-dissolving soaps can not give you this instant all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera proves it. It shows you that in spite of top suds, the water below the surface—down where the real job of dishwashing is done—is clogged with gummy particles that can't get to work, because they're not yet completely dissolved. While—in exactly the same length of time—in the Super Suds pan every tiny "bead" of soap has dissolved like a flash. You can fairly feel the rich soapiness that has flooded every drop of water in the pan.

Super Suds can give this instant down-to-the-bottom soapiness because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's not chips, flakes nor powder. It's tiny hollow beads . . . made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each tiny bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

4 times thinner. Dissolves 4 times faster

It's because Super Suds is so thin—so instant dissolving—that it cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways. (1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

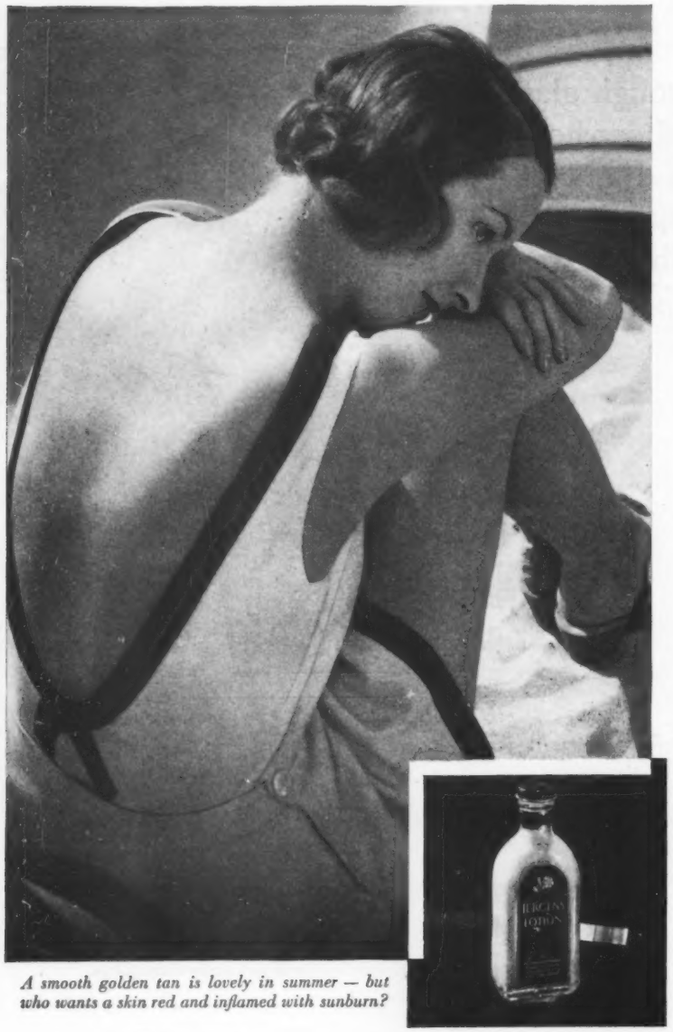
Get Super Suds from your grocer today. A big box costs but 10 cents. You'll enjoy its instant and complete dissolving. You'll revel in the quick, rich soapiness that only Super Suds can give.

Super Suds 10¢

5973

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Smoothly tanned, Yes! sunburned, peeling...No!



A smooth golden tan is lovely in summer — but who wants a skin red and inflamed with sunburn?

SUNBURN is a burn from light and not from heat, but the effect on your skin is the same: — redness, inflammation, peeling—in severe cases, actual destruction of tissue.

But tan actually *protects* your skin from sunburn. Tan is the formation of dark pigment in your skin cells, which enables your skin to resist the chemical action of strong sunlight.

Use Jergens Lotion to fight off the damaging effects of sunburn and to acquire, gently and painlessly, that smooth, becoming coat of summer tan!

Because of two famous ingredients, used in medicine for generations — Jergens Lotion is wonderful for protecting your skin against the burning effect of sunlight. It helps your skin to tan softly, evenly, keeping that lovely silky smoothness that gives a sun-browned skin its special charm.

Use Jergens Lotion all summer long both *before* and *after* exposure to bright sunlight. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Jergens Lotion

FREE · · NEW TRIAL BOTTLE · BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3515 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 3515 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

[*Continued from page 30*]

them to be anything but what they are —restless, vibrant young bodies, interested in a lively good time.

Not so long ago I motored out to the home of a United States Senator for tea. Arriving at the capacious old home, I knew at once that children lived and rejoiced in it. It had an air of having been dedicated to its youthful inhabitants. Across the wide hall—and back from the living room—was a small library which was refuge for the Senator and his wife, if they didn't care to join the young people.

I sometimes think it is wiser to set aside a room for parents, than for children; for usually, if children have the freedom of their own home, they prefer to be in it. I know that many a late impromptu party (ending with bacon and eggs on the kitchen table) has been staged at the Senator's house.

A time comes, of course, when children — daughters, particularly — want the old home refurbished. As youngsters, they want a home to *play* in. As they get older, they want one to be *proud* of. The long years, when parents may have looked despairingly upon the ravaging scars left by youth, will have passed. Some of us reach that stage with regret. We may have anticipated it for years, yet its actual arrival brings us the certainty that our babies have grown up, and that soon they will be leaving us for homes of their own.

THESE days should not be given over to regret, however, for there is still work for us to do. If our children are to share their futures with the right persons, we parents must continue to have a guiding hand in their affairs. Not too obviously, of course. But we should know our children's friends. What better way is there of observing them than around the family table or seated before the family fireside?

Sons and daughters alike get a better perspective on their new friends, once they see them against the background of their own familiar surroundings. A stranger casually introduced at a tea dance, for instance, can take on a false value under the spell of music and the stimulation of a gay time. This is often uncovered when the stranger is invited into the home.

My children are fifteen and nineteen. Frankly, many of the young people running in and out of our house at all hours bore me to death. I marvel at what passes between them for humor —at their giggling and their chatter. But I would rather have them in my house, where I can study them firsthand, than to have them outside, doing heaven knows what. The radio is on and off; the piano rings out with popular jazz; I seldom know how many "extras" will sit down to a meal. But my children are home. I know what they are doing and how their youthful minds are working. There are a good many quiet years ahead of me when I will think of these more or less turbulent days, and wish them back. While they are here, I am making the most of them and keeping my children happy.

THE young folks do not interfere with whatever entertaining I care to do, nor do I wedge my personality into theirs. There are times when the house is peacefully mine, and as many times when it is theirs. They are free to have as much company as they please, and to have them to themselves. Their social life is quite as important as my own—perhaps more so. At any rate, it has an equal amount of consideration.

My daughter has often remarked that the crowd never goes to Pauline's because they can't have any fun over there. I know Pauline's mother. Housekeeping is a fetish with her. Her house is immaculate—never so much as a book out of place, never a speck of dust anywhere, and never a comfortable guest, either her own or her daughter's. Contrast this with another household I know. There are three daughters, and three different "crowds," since there is so much difference in their ages. Here everybody is welcome. The house has a lived-in look about it; and the daughters have developed unusual poise and learned to be delightful hostesses, all because that home was made attractive for its children.

Check up the young people you know and you'll find, nine times out of ten, that the ones you most admire—those with assurance, balance, and distinction—are the children who are permitted and encouraged to be most at home in their own homes.

TEA IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

[*Continued from page 69*]

Many of the guests will want to buy rice cakes and Japanese preserves to take home to their families. Packages of the cakes, attractively wrapped in sparkling, red cellophane, and small jars of preserves, tied up in yellow ribbon, will find their way to many home tables. The recipes for these delicacies are simple and the committee could get together and make huge batches of them in one afternoon. Packages of jasmine or plain tea, crystallized ginger in gay red tin boxes, and small bags of litchi nuts will also find a ready sale.

If you are planning a Japanese lawn party as a social occasion or for a church affair, and want more definite information about the articles mentioned, send for the August Entertainment Letter. It will also tell you how to make the flowers and other decorations and the rice cakes and Japanese preserves. Address the Entertainment Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City, and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

Your poise and charm are safe with this *deodorizing* protection

Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

Because Kotex deodorizes . . . is inconspicuous . . . stays light and cool for hours . . . it is really necessary to your summer poise and comfort.

DON'T sacrifice your feminine charm one single day in summer. Kotex protects when daintiness is especially difficult.

All through every Kotex pad a wonderful deodorant is sprinkled. This deodorant is your protection. It is safe and gentle . . . soothing, even . . . yet deodorizes as long as the pad is worn. What a priceless comfort, particularly in summer!

Meantime, Kotex gives a degree of comfort that seems almost miraculous. This is largely due to its unique filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding.

Preferred by hospitals

Cellucotton is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its many advantages. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which absorbs five times as much as an equal weight of finest cotton!

Do you realize what this means? It means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than any cotton pad, and give equal protection. Think of the difference in summer, when bulk and weight are so trying.

Kotex keeps its original delicacy an amazingly long time. It is made of sheer layers, laid lengthwise. These layers permit free circulation of air, and carry moisture quickly *away from the surface.* This method of absorption is important both to comfort and hygiene.

Round, tapered corners keep Kotex always inconspicuous. And you dispose of it as easily as tissue.

Insist on Kotex

Don't think for a minute that other pads are "like" Kotex, just because they bear a certain exterior resemblance. Superficially, Kotex can be copied. But in the things that count, Kotex stands alone.

Isn't it wonderful that this perfect protection is available to every woman in the United States, and at so little cost? Ask for "a package of Kotex" at any drug, dry goods or department store.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 ***Disposable*** . . . instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

EVERY year a regular little army of weak, undernourished babies is built up into sturdy, healthy children on Eagle Brand Milk. After trying one baby food after another, their mothers have turned at last to one of the oldest baby foods of all. And once again, because of its greater digestibility, Eagle Brand succeeds. For seventy-three years, mothers have been writing us this same story.

What is this food, that it should agree so remarkably in so many difficult feeding cases? Eagle Brand is simply pure, fresh, whole cows' milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of more than half of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue building material and growth promoting vitamins—the same elements that are supplied by pasteurized Grade A milk. But there is this difference. Eagle Brand is so much easier to digest that it is comparable to mothers' milk in this respect. It is so perfectly assimilated that every drop goes toward the baby's nourishment.

Has *your* baby found the food that suits him best? If not, thousands of mothers beg you to try Eagle Brand! We suggest that you and your doctor consider this food which has agreed so perfectly with so many babies.

Mail the coupon for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding directions and suggestions for supplementary foods. "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today!

Eagle Brand

CONDENSED Milk

THE BORDEN COMPANY
Dept. M-1 Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of the new "*Baby's Welfare*" and "*The Best Baby.*" My baby is _____ months old.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Please print name and address plainly

ROUGH ROADS IN HEAVEN

[*Continued from page 15*]

"You're famous, Mr. Paulding."

"I? No. Just terribly over-advertised. But I never knew people in a little isolated place like this had even heard of me."

"Oh, we're progressive. Got a post office and everything. Our mayor even went to Philadelphia once."

"You're kidding me," complained Paulding; "and I didn't mean it that way. I wasn't throwing off on your town."

"Of course you weren't," said Ellen confidently, stopping in front of her house. Her voice tiptoed musically up the scale: "Here we ah—alone togethah—what matter whethah—there's pa and ma?"

"You sing? How talented!" murmured Paulding. And he wanted insanely to hug her yellow slicker closer around her as they scurried across the lawn to the house.

Mrs. Latimer had a smile, too; not Ellen's, because that one was something providential, something that happened once in a lifetime. But Mrs. Latimer's was a smile that said a hundred hard-to-express things without recourse to words, that put you at ease in the warm fold of friendliness.

Paulding liked these people. They were real people. They did not gush and rave over him. They did not ask him to sing. He never sang after eating; it was unthinkable. But today it was unthinking. Because they had not asked him to sing, perhaps, he sat down at Ellen's piano and sang gloriously.

Ellen Latimer was in love with him. All at once. Just like that. She knew it, just as surely as she knew something big was wrong the time she came down with typhoid.

She stood at the window and bit her pink lip white, and said to herself, over and over again, "Crazy, crazy, crazy!"

It was so unreal, so never-thought-of, this thing the storm had swept pell-mell to her. Inside the lights were on, because it was so dark under the leaden rush of the skies outside, and Reed Paulding was singing "Trueheart." To her. She was crazy, crazy, crazy to think it, but Reed Paulding was singing "Trueheart"—to her!

THE stout frame dwelling shook and rattled in the recurrent blasts, but it was there to stay. The only thing in peril was Ellen Latimer's peace of mind. Her heart was a part of the wild moil of wind and waves and the clouds outside. But her smile came back to her and hid it now. She heard her mother ask:

"Would you sing 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'? It's my husband's favorite, the only song I ever heard him say he liked."

He sang it. His eyes glistened when he sang that he was nearer home today than he'd ever been before.

He swung around on the piano seat. "Home! That reminds me. I've got to get back home—to the hotel. I've bored you long enough."

"Bored us!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer. "We've been in heaven, haven't we, Ellen?"

Ellen nodded, and nodded vigorously, at that, because she didn't want him to see her swallowing a gulp, swallowing a lump that wouldn't be swallowed, somehow. She sounded like somebody else saying: "Do you really have to go, Mr. Paulding?"

"Have to. I'm expecting messages. I should have gone long ago, but something about the good way you've treated me—well, you shouldn't have been so charming."

"Thank you," Ellen almost blundered. Her eyes were hot and her throat was dry and she felt giddy. "I'll take you back if you've really got to go."

WHEN do you expect to start south again, Mr. Paulding?" inquired Ellen's mother placidly.

"As soon as the weather improves—as soon as the sky clears, if I leave it to that Newfoundland trouble-hunter I've got running the boat. He eats up raging seas. He told Captain Latimer I had ordered him to run down from Beaufort in the face of the weather warnings, but I didn't. I told him I left it entirely to him—I merely wanted to reach Florida at the earliest possible date."

"Oh, somebody's expecting you—real hard," interpreted Ellen, with a bright smile that cost her dearly.

"Oh, I don't know. Nobody ever expects me very eagerly, or expects very much of me."

"I'll bet you have one expecting you in every port, or could have," chaffed Mrs. Latimer, falling in with the tone of Ellen's banter.

Ellen hurried him out of the house, to hide the hurt. The windshield was fogged, her eyes were misty too. She was still smiling, though, and Reed Paulding had no way of knowing what was behind that smile.

"Let's drive around a bit, do you mind?" he suggested. "I like to drive in the rain. Don't you?"

"I thought," said Ellen softly and mischievously, "you were in an awful hurry to get back and see if you had a message from your sweetheart in Fernandina."

He looked at her quizzically. "What made you think it was a girl?"

"Well, you must have one. You must have lots of them. Any girl would jump in the ocean or take rat poison out of sheer ecstasy, after hearing you sing once."

"Would you?" He asked it in a tone of amused challenge.

"Yeah. I think I will, if you won't sing for me again."

"I'll certainly sing for you then. What shall it be? Something slow and rat-poisony?" He mourned in mock adagio: "'Oh, they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the dead march play—'"

"Sho-nuff, though, I wish Papa could hear you sing. You could sing 'most anything slow and sad and he'd say, 'That's my favorite—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought"!'"

"All right. What shall I do? Go over to the Coast Guard Station and sing while they launch lifeboats? Can you get there in a car?"

"Could you sing for us tonight at church—prayer meeting? Everybody wants to hear you. The town will be crazy about you."

"You don't charge admission at prayer meeting, do you?"

"Only rich Yankees. We expect them to put at least twenty-five cents in the collection plate."

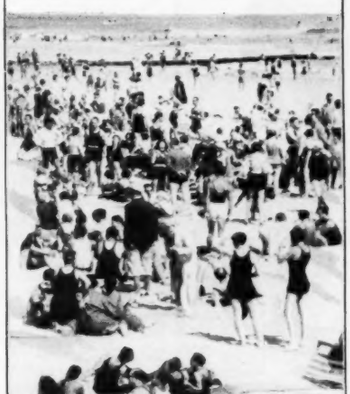
[*Continued on page 76*]

A QUICK PICTURE

Of The Health Difference Now In Whole Wheat Due To The Remarkable Steenbock Sunshine Process

What OLD-TYPE *Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value*

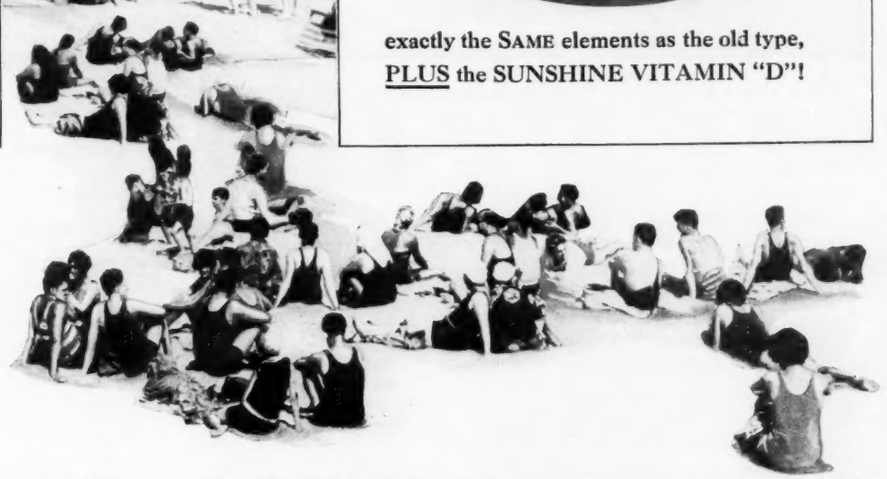
Protein Fat Minerals
Carbohydrate Roughage



What Muffets NEW-TYPE *Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value*

exactly the SAME elements as the old type, PLUS the SUNSHINE VITAMIN "D"!

The Ultra-Violet Health Benefit Of A Full Hour In The Sunlight In Each One You Eat!



ITS flavor is the toasty flavor of finest whole wheat biscuit . . . ribboned whole wheat in its most enticing crispy form. Its food elements, minerals and roughage—the same.

BUT—each one you eat provides, in addition: the "SUN" VITAMIN HEALTH BENEFIT, according to careful laboratory tests, of exposure to *20 minutes' Midsummer Noonday Sunshine*, or *3 hours' Winter Noonday Sunshine.*

A great scientist, Professor Harry Steenbock of Wisconsin University, invented the sunshine process it embodies.

Then—"in the interest of humanity"—refused $1,000,000 for the commercial rights to use it, so that its benefits would not be restricted, but given to the world.

A great University attests its Sunshine Vitamin Element to you. The makers of Quaker Oats make it for you under special license from Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.

Millions Changing To It

If you believe in the Sunshine theory that is bringing all the world to the beaches, outdoors, and the use of violet ray lights, you will do as millions have already done; change to this new-type whole wheat biscuit.

Lacking In Milk, Bread, Meats, Vegetables, Cereals

The element it embodies is the priceless Sunshine Vitamin "D".

The ONE element that milk—rated the "perfect food!"—is almost totally deficient in.

That butter—bulwark of the diet—is almost totally without.

That bread, meat, cereals, vegetables of all types—all the common articles of diet—are either without entirely or contain in such minute quantity as to offer no accepted benefit.

Yet—the one element children *must have* to build bone. And thus avoid rickets. *Need to gain and hold weight.*

An element adults *must have* to fortify against bad teeth, lowered vitality and ill health.

The one element previously found, in consequential quantity, ONLY in Cod Liver Oil, and from Direct Exposure to the Sun's Rays.

Now you get it, in the adventurously delightful whole wheat biscuits called Muffets, as easily as any other needed, health element.

Eat Sunshine 7 Days

The price is the same as ordinary whole wheat biscuits. The health value—multiplied. No other cereal in the world but one—Quaker Farina—enjoys this process.

Try, in your own interest, for 7 days. Eat at breakfast, at luncheon. Give to the children. Note the new energy, new ambition, new vitality and strength that come. Get at any grocery.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

How Professor Steenbock Puts Sunshine Into Food

More publicity, more front page newspaper space has been given the Steenbock process than any food invention known to science.

This method—through a peculiar and *patented process*, controlled by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation—exposes certain foods to Ultra-Violet Rays of tremendous intensity.

The result is that those foods *absorb the actual "Sun" Vitamin Benefit of Sunlight*, which in turn, through eating foods so irradiated, is absorbed by the body.

WARNING
Grains though grown in the sun do not contain Vitamin "D". It must be *processed* into the grain; it cannot be *grown* in.

162

Listen!... Learn why millions of cake makers praise Calumet's DOUBLE-ACTION

Ask them! Just ask the women who use Calumet. They *know!* They'll tell you the secret of Calumet's popularity.... "Makes baking success so sure and easy"... "Fluffy, tender biscuits *every* time—though my oven is undependable."..."My cakes were always pretty good—now they're simply delicious."

Calumet does such marvels for baking because it acts *twice*—not *once*. Calumet's *first* action, in the mixing bowl, starts the leavening. Then, in the oven, the *second* action begins. It continues the leavening. Up!... up!... it keeps raising the batter and holds it high and light. Cakes, muffins, quick breads—turn out so fine and delicate, beautifully baked.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give equally fine results in baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action—*Double-Action.*

Make a Calumet cake today! See for yourself why Calumet is the largest-selling baking powder in the world. Remember to use only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of sifted flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion and should be followed for best results—a real economy!... Mail coupon for wonderful new Calumet Baking Book.

1st ACTION 2nd ACTION

MAKE THIS TEST

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with Calumet Baking Powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how Calumet acts twice *to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's* first *action—the action that Calumet specially provides to take place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.*

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of hot *water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's* second *action—the action that Calumet holds in reserve to take place in the heat of your oven. Make this test. See Calumet's* Double-Action *which protects your baking from failure.*

CALUMET *The Double-Acting Baking Powder...*

A Product of General Foods Corporation © 1930 G. F. Corp.

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MARION JANE PARKER
c/o *Calumet Baking Powder Company, (Inc.)*
4100 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Ill.

FREE

Please send me, free, a copy of the new Calumet Baking Book.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Fill in completely—print name and address.

ROUGH ROADS IN HEAVEN

[*Continued from page 74*]

"Well, I'll sing then—for you. I wouldn't do it for anybody else."

"Wouldn't you, truly?"

"Maybe your Papa. Where are we going?"

"I thought to the depot," Ellen reminded him. "That's where the telegraph office is. You could ask there if you've heard from your sweetheart in Fernandina."

"You're a tease, you cute little scoundrel!"

ELLEN whispered to Miss Nettie, the express agent at the depot, that Reed Paulding was going to sing that night at prayer meeting, and told her to tell everybody else. That was enough bill-posting. He would sing to a standing-room crowd, no matter how it stormed. Ellen felt enormously proud.

Paulding did not read his telegrams. He stuffed them in his pocket and hummed things as he helped Ellen, quite needlessly, into the flivver.

"Where to, Mister?" she propounded saucily.

"Could you drive to the inlet?" asked Paulding. "I could show you over the boat."

"Lockwood's Folly, Ebenezer," said Ellen to her flivver, and its faithful iron lungs snorted in obedience to her command.

The road crossed Lockwood's Folly Inlet on a snow white bridge, high-arched so the masts of schooners could pass beneath it. At many berths above and below the bridge rode the fishing fleet of Smithville, a number of yachts that were stormbound, including Paulding's, and other smaller craft.

On a sand shoal three hundred yards downstream lay the ancient gray ribs of a wreck, evidently the hull of a large schooner. Ellen pointed it out from where they had stopped on the bridge.

"That," she said, "is Lockwood's Folly. He bit off more than he could chew."

"Lockwood did?"

"Yeah. He was an Englishman from Barbados, they say. He came here in Indian times and started a settlement. Everything was all right till he started cheating and double-crossing the Indians he was trading with. People warned him, but he said he was going to get all he could out of the country, then leave. He built a big boat, bigger than the one they had come in, so there would be plenty of room for all the people in the settlement and all the goods he had got from the Indians. So they got everything packed up and on the day set to leave they heard the Indians were on the warpath. And when they had started they found out the boat Mr. Lockwood had built was so big it couldn't get out of the inlet. It grounded on a sand shoal; so the Indians massacred all of them."

"Which was a dirty trick, wasn't it?" commented Reed, with a warmth of mirth and fondness in his eyes.

His hand crept over hers and she did not stir, because she knew if she did it would turn out that none of it was so, but just a silly dream. And no matter what she ought to have done under the circumstances, she couldn't have done it to save her; she could just sit there like a mouse transfixed for fear of breaking the spell. And slowly her fingers sought and closed around his, her warm slim brown fingers, strong as a hempen rope.

His left arm slipped around her shoulders and he drew her, unprotesting, closer.

"There must be a moral," he said, "to your story of Mr. Lockwood. What is it? Be kind to Indians? Look before you leap?"

She turned her blue eyes into his, and they were eyes suddenly full of a questioning timidity. She vaguely resented the lightness of his tone. Her lips quivered, and his gaze caressed them; he saw the words come out of them before he heard them.

"I think," she faltered, "the moral must be: You mustn't build too big—you mustn't aim too high."

He considered that half-smilingly. He patted her shoulder, as if in affectionate forbearance.

"Don't hitch your wagon to a star," he suggested, after a moment. "The roads may be rough—in heaven."

The softness seemed to drain out slowly from the eyes of Ellen. A moment ago she had thought that he was going to kiss her, and he had thought so too. But now she shrugged out of his grasp. She thrust her foot abruptly against the starter.

"All right, I won't. I'm so glad you forewarned me, Mr. Paulding."

He floundered for words of protest. "You won't what? Forewarned you—what do you mean?"

"No matter how *conceited* you are, I am sure you mean well."

"Conceited? What am I conceited about?"

"Oh, nothing much." She was smiling cheerily, as though the matter was a very small one indeed. "Just that I'm put in my place. You're the star, but you needn't ever worry about my wagon, that's all. This is as near as I can get you to your landing. We'll have to walk from here."

"Ellen," he said pleadingly, and it was the first time he had ever said it. "That was just idiotic banter. I didn't mean—I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world."

"'Many a true word'—while we are doing so well with our proverbs. And you needn't worry about hurting me, Mr. Paulding. You *couldn't* hurt me. You flatter yourself."

HE GOT out of the car thoughtfully and came around to open the door at her side.

"All right," he said. "I'm sorry. I'm put in *my* place, too. Will you go to the boat with me, or would you rather wait here? I only want to speak to Witt for a moment."

"I had better go with you," replied Ellen brightly. "You may need me to shoo off the alligators. They are said to be very fond of star baritones."

Ellen hated herself more bitterly for every spiteful word she spoke. If he'd only got mad, if he'd only fought back, but he merely looked hurt and thoughtful.

The "Trueheart" was berthed at a ramshackle wharf. They found Captain Witt in the engine room oiling two shot guns.

"We are leaving tomorrow, Witt," said Paulding shortly, "if there's any possible chance."

[*Continued on page 81*]

..and you'll like the way Postum helps you

Here's a drink that is *doubly* delicious in summer! Postum in the cup—Postum iced, in a frosty glass. *Try it both ways. . . .*

Try Postum in the cup tomorrow morning, when you need a hot drink to "wake you up." Its fine fragrance will stir your sleepy appetite—so be quick with the cream and sugar! Watch the rich brown color lighten to gold as you pour in the cream—then taste that wonderful flavor! Mellow. Smooth. Ah yes . . . you'll want a second cup!

Iced Postum has the same delicious flavor. A refreshing drink on hot, sticky days. A drink that cools and cheers you—without causing the ill effects that so often result from drinking caffein beverages. *That's* the real news about Postum. Hot or iced, it won't harm you—as caffein drinks may now be doing. Postum won't set your nerves on edge, or make you sleepless. It won't give you indigestion or headaches. *Postum contains no caffein.*

Made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended, Postum is as wholesome a drink as you could find. Try it for thirty days! Let it take the place of caffein beverages in your diet—*then* see how much better you feel! Thousands of men and women who have made this test, tell us that they "feel like a different person," and Postum is now the favorite mealtime drink in more than *two million* homes! You'll want to make it *your* lifetime friend, too.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

How to make Iced Postum (*with milk or water*)

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with 5 cups of cold milk (or cold water). Sugar to taste. (If water is used, sugar *and cream* to taste.) Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or by beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

It's easy to make children love milk now!

Instant Postum made with milk looks and tastes "grown-up"—and children love it! Even children who don't like plain milk, love the flavor of this delicious drink. Let your children have the benefits of this healthful, nourishing drink. ©1930, G. F. CORP.

Postum is a product of General Foods Corporation

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P.—McC. 8-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM.....☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)

POSTUM CEREAL.....☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *General Foods, Limited,* Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

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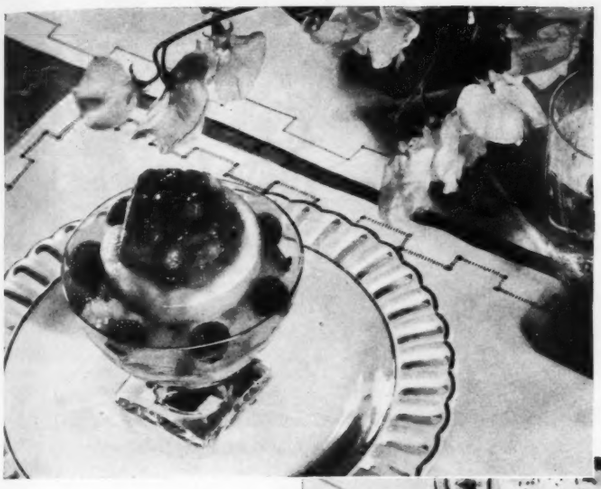
QUICK DESSERTS

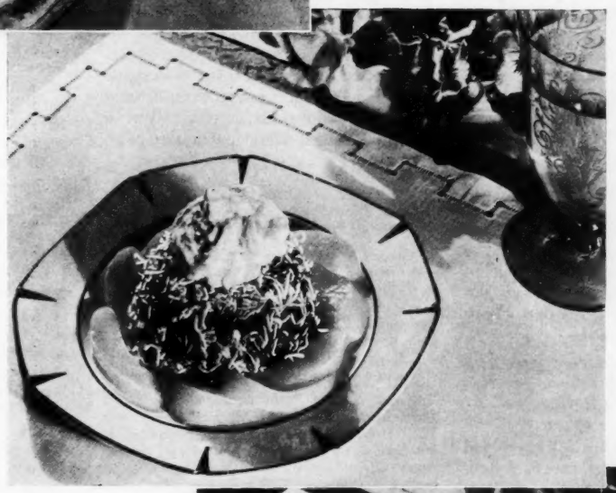
By McCall's Food Staff



Here (above) is a refreshing and painless way to end a hot-weather meal. You begin at the bottom with a large spoon of pineapple sherbet. On this foundation, you lay half a peach filled with more sherbet, and pour crushed raspberries over all. Garnish with whole raspberries. If you're making this for unexpected guests, and the corner drug store doesn't carry sherbet, you can use pineapple or vanilla ice cream instead. The peaches may be fresh or canned—or they may be apricots

Chocolate Cream Roll (left) is one of those deceptive desserts. It looks expensive and complicated, but it's really cheap and lazy! There's nothing to it but chocolate wafers (the thin ones that come packed in round tins) and a half pint of cream, sweetened and whipped. Spread one of the wafers with a teaspoon of whipped cream, cover it with another wafer and another teaspoon of cream, and continue to alternate wafers and cream until you've used two dozen wafers. By this time, you'll have a tall round stack. Lay it flat—like a log—in a long pan, and cover top and sides with the remaining cream. Set the pan in the refrigerator overnight—or for at least ten hours. Just before serving, the outside of the roll can be spread with more whipped cream and sprinkled with chocolate shot. The only trick to this dessert is in the cutting. Slice it diagonally, so you'll get that interesting layer effect. For a spicier flavor, use ginger wafers and decorate the roll with candied ginger

Since fresh fruit (below) is one of the things we ought to eat, aren't we lucky it tastes so good? To add to its attractions, try serving it in sherbet glasses; on top of the fruit pile a mound of whipped cream mixed with shredded coconut. Garnish with nut halves or a cherry. And now—which fruits get along well together? We like to experiment—and so will you. Let your imagination suggest new combinations which appeal to your color sense as well as your taste. Oranges, bananas and ox-heart cherries were used here with happy results. We also like to mix strawberries with fresh pineapple—and to combine sliced peaches with red raspberries



Newport Pudding (left) sounds much more sophisticated than it actually is. A simple cup cake, iced on the top and sides with currant jelly, is sprinkled with shredded coconut and topped with whipped cream. Around the cake is a circle of sliced peaches, fresh or canned. For a luncheon with a green color scheme, mint jelly would be most attractive

One of the "justly popular" desserts (right) is made of a square of sponge or other plain cake moistened with pineapple juice, a slice of canned pineapple, a topping of whipped cream, and a generous garnish of whole sweetened strawberries. If you like, use peach or pistachio ice cream or one of the delicately-colored sherbets instead of whipped cream

Hands always Lovely
on less than 5 minutes a day

Fashion Editress of **Femina**, *Smart French Magazine says:*

"NO WOMAN knows better than the smart Parisienne what a lovely asset her hands can be! With her unerring instinct for all the little artifices that accentuate her charm, she was quick to appreciate the flattering brilliance of the new liquid polish.

"I find four decided advantages in this delightful liquid polish. First, it is so easy to apply that it saves much precious time. Second, just one application keeps the finger tips sparkling for days and days. Third, it does not peel or discolor. Fourth, it will not make the nails brittle.

"The colors range from colorless through the pinks and reds to garnet—clear and sparkling as red wine!"

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The nails can be kept beautifully groomed with less than five minutes' care each day. Scrub them in warm soapy water. Then, with an orange stick, wrapped in cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, soften and shape the cuticle. With fresh cotton, freshly saturated, cleanse under the nail tips. Rinse fingers and massage Cuticle Cream or Oil into cuticle.

The Manicure Method
Women with famous hands are using

1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser —to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*** Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton —freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. ***Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.*** Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Unlike many polish removers, it has none of the oiliness that necessitates rinsing. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. Then use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.

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A hot, stuffy train—or the open road with Don?

SHE WASN'T ASKED AGAIN

WHEN Joyce received the invitation to spend the week-end at Mrs. Hitchcock's lovely seaside home, she was delighted. Mrs. Hitchcock was a charming hostess and she knew so many interesting people that Joyce considered it a compliment to be asked. The night before she was to go, Joyce met Donald Brown at the movies; and, when she casually mentioned that she was going to Riverdale, Donald suggested that she motor out with him. "I'm driving out there to play golf, and it's a beautiful trip by car. Besides," said Donald, "think how nice it would be for me to have you beside me all the way."

"Oh, Don," said Joyce, "I'd love to, but Mrs. Hitchcock sent me a ticket and her chauffeur is to meet the twelve o'clock train. I'm expected for luncheon."

"Don't worry about that," said Don. "I'll call for you at half-past ten and she needn't know that you didn't come by train."

The idea of driving along the lovely country roads with Don was more alluring to Joyce than a hot, stuffy train ride, and she promised to be ready and waiting at the appointed time. But Donald did not drive up to her door until eleven o'clock. "Sorry, Joyce," he apologized. "I had a little engine trouble; but this bus can burn up the road, and we'll surely make it in time."

Traffic was heavy; and for all Donald's expert driving there were delays, and once they had to make a long detour. At twelve o'clock they were still miles from Riverdale . . . Joyce's arrival in the middle of luncheon was embarrassing to herself and to her hostess. She was never asked to Mrs. Hitchcock's house again.

A guest should always follow her hostess' suggestions, or at least let her know at once of any change in plans. The hostess, on her part, has certain obligations to her guests. For the chapter on this subject alone, our *Book of Etiquette* is worth reading. Send for your copy today—twenty cents in stamps.

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ROUGH ROADS IN HEAVEN

[*Continued from page 76*]

"Yes, sir," replied Witt, and if he felt surprise or concern he did not betray it. "We'll have nasty seas, but if the wind is out of the southeast we can make it. I've had everything looked after."

Paulding drew out his batch of telegrams. "One for you, Witt," he said, and to Ellen: "Will you forgive me, just half a minute? I haven't looked at these messages."

He read them frowningly. "All right, Witt," he said then. "Early tomorrow morning if there's half a chance. We'll be four days behind at Fernandina as it is. I may come back and spend the night on board, but I've got a date to sing, first, at the Baptist Church. May I show you over the boat, Miss Latimer?"

Miss Latimer had heard only one word that he had said, and that was Fernandina.

She saw most of the boat through a stinging mist that she tried to bat away with her eyelashes; an effort, strangely, that made her look coquettish.

REED PAULDING sang at the Baptist Church on that memorable stormy night. He sang sacred songs and songs that were not sacred and not profane, either. He sang "Face to Face," and Captain Latimer, who had taken advantage of a lull in the maritime salvation business to run over for prayer meeting, turned to the fellow next to him and said, with his eyes suspiciously swimmy: "That always was my favorite—'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'!"

And the minister, who perhaps had been approached on the subject by one or two deacons who had daughters, made a special request. He said there was a song that was not a sacred song, but was dear nevertheless to the hearts of all the people of Smithville, and he wanted to ask Mr. Paulding to sing it. The song was "Trueheart."

This time, however, it was not the little blue leather-set eyes of Captain Latimer but the big aching blue ones of Ellen, that spilled over like the salt high tide, the full moon tide, at Observation Point, where lovers went for the moonlight. But others were blinking, too, and did not notice, and Ellen leaned over to pick up her handkerchief and came up smiling.

Alone through the night with the mournful lament of the wind, though, it was different. The wind was sadder than usual because it was dying down, and Ellen prayed for it not to die down.

But Providence was on the side of Fernandina; for the wind died down almost completely toward dawn and sprang up again cool and fresh from the northwest; and the sun made its preparations to rise in an innocent east.

"Good gosh, he'll be gone!" panted Ellen, and whipped into her clothes.

The faithful flivver Ebenezer tore through the solitude of morning to Lockwood's Folly.

There was the "Trueheart," bobbing gently at the ramshackle wharf, no sign of life aboard her. Ellen called. Around the bend upstream there was the bark of a shotgun. The pennant fluttering at the masthead was the one which Reed had told her signified pompously, "Owner not on board." Ellen stepped on deck and called down the companionway. There was no response.

Captain Witt and the cook were evidently up the inlet shooting ducks, awaiting the arrival of the owner. Ellen saw two open boxes of shells at hand, one of buckshot for twelve gauge, one of number four shot for sixteen. Ellen picked up one of each, toyed with them nervously.

THEY reminded her for some foolish reason of the time she had got stalled on the road out in the country and nobody of those who tried to help her could figure out what it was that was depriving her flivver of its wonted supply of gasoline. And after an hour or so of it a mechanic had come out from town and had unscrewed the feed lines to and from the vacuum tank and in a little elbow had found lodged two or three tiny round globules of solder that had worked their way there somehow. A little smaller than buckshot.

With a stout pin Ellen swiftly picked out the round paper wads at the ends of two shells and found herself hurrying unaccountably aft, where the hundred gallon gasoline tank reposed.

Ellen was an impulsive girl, and her impulse now was to unscrew the cap where the "Trueheart" took on her gasoline, and to drop into the tank a load of buckshot and a load of bird shot.

Of course this was a gravity feed arrangement and the "Trueheart" had no vacuum tank and very few elbows where little round pellets might lodge. And the strainer in the gasoline tank would probably catch them all. But Ellen didn't think of these things. She *had* to stop the "Trueheart" from going to sea. She committed her act of sabotage and fled in a panic.

When she got home her astonished mother told her that Reed Paulding had been there not twenty minutes ago, had come to tell her goodbye.

"I saw him," lied Ellen bravely. "I told him goodbye."

She hurried through a pretense of breakfast so she could go with her father to the Coast Guard Station on Caswell Beach. She went there whenever she wished and there was nothing unusual about her whim today.

Captain Latimer drove over the causeway, from which the tide had receded, and he had nothing to say to her as he drove.

"The 'Trueheart'," she ventured carelessly, "is leaving today!"

"Mm," said Captain Latimer.

"Do you think it's safe, Dad, for a little boat like that to go outside today, with the sea as rough as it is?"

"Won't be as rough as it was when we towed her in," said her father grimly. "If it was my boat I wouldn't take her out. He'll probably live through it, though."

"But, Dad, suppose they had engine trouble, or something?" quavered Ellen, developing sudden qualms.

"She'd flounder around till we went after her, if the engineer couldn't spot the trouble, and if they had their trouble in time for us to help them."

In time! Ellen's penitence gave way to terror. She pictured the frail little "Trueheart" drifting far out to sea,

[*Continued on page 82*]

Benjamin Wagner Strawbridge is the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Z. Strawbridge of Philadelphia

BENJAMIN WAGNER STRAWBRIDGE

. . . a blithe soul out of Philadelphia

He can thank his mother's careful health régime for his boundless good spirits

LATER on, he may be interested in ship brokerage as his mother's family have been for years and years. Twenty years from now he may be zealous to play his part in Philadelphia's philanthropic life, like his father and his grandfather.

But right now, Benjamin Wagner Strawbridge, one year old last March, is wrapped up in just three things. A calico cat, a teddy bear—and *food*.

Cheeks aglow . . . eyes very blue . . . hair (what there is of it) very blonde, Benjamin wields a doughty spoon.

He's a cheery, amiable youngster—save in one respect. He refuses utterly to eat any cereal other than that one long thought of as the children's own—Cream of Wheat. The baby specialist told the family to give him Cream of Wheat and Benjamin takes the order literally.

"The baby has marvelous health," says Mrs. Strawbridge of her little son, "and we try to bring him up by rote. Cream of Wheat is a very definite part of our schedule."

Cream of Wheat is the baby's first solid food, the country over. When we asked 221 leading baby doctors in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, what they thought about cereal feedings, they *all* gave Cream of Wheat their approval.

They know, as mothers do too, that Cream of Wheat supplies in abundance the energy young children use up so fast. They know that its simple granular form is easily assimilated by inexperienced little stomachs. And that you can rely on it, even in the sultry summer months, for uniformity of quality and freedom from spoilage. The cost is very small—*less than one cent a serving*.

If your baby hasn't joined the ranks of enthusiastic Cream of Wheat eaters, and if he's ready for solid food, start him out now.

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Eleven years old, and still in use, they have already worn more than TWICE *as long as their rivals!*

"Eleven years ago, when I was buying my first linens for my own home", writes Mrs. H. E. Rogers, 527 Eldorado St., Klamath Falls, Oregon, "a drygoods merchant highly recommended Pequot to me.

"I purchased 11 Pequot sheets, and had nine of other assorted brands given me as gifts. At the end of five years, when counting linens, I found that I had only one of the other brands in perfect condition but *all* my own purchases.

"Now, after 11 years, I still have eight of my original Pequots—and they have had hard use; for I have two boys of school age."

Mrs. Rogers wrote this on the margin of a questionnaire which merely asked: "Which brand of sheets do you prefer? Why?" These questions had been sent out, by an independent research bureau, to 10,000 women all over America. A mother of nine sons, a hostess in Washington, nurses, brides — hundreds of women—all gave their frank opinions. Overwhelmingly, America's home makers voted—for Pequot! And, in their friendly, grateful way, they told us *why*. First and foremost, Pequot *wears longer*. Some letters spoke of 10, 20, even 33 years' service from Pequot sheets and pillow cases!

But they pointed out other important qualities in Pequot, too! "Pequots iron so smooth and even", "They stay white", "So soft and fine in texture", "They launder nicely", . . .With such advantages is it any wonder that Pequot has become America's most popular sheet?

Now, Pequot sheets and pillow cases can be purchased in seven lovely pastel colors—either white with colored hem or solid color. The colors harmonize with your blankets and spreads, and are guaranteed fast.

The next time you add to your supply of sheets, get *Pequot*, with the famous shield label. The Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Co., Selling Agents: New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS IN AMERICA—BECAUSE THEY *WEAR LONGER!*

Pequot PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES Sheets

ROUGH ROADS IN HEAVEN

[*Continued from page 81*]

battling the still angry and towering waves, out of sight of land, no help at hand—and all because Ellen Latimer had been crazy enough to throw shot in the gasoline tank. She had only meant to do something that would make it necessary for her father to send out the picket boat to tow the "Trueheart" back—to her. And what had she done—what had she done!

WHEN they reached the station she clambered to the lookout tower, where a guardsman sat with his spyglass.

"Lend me your glass, Pete," panted Ellen. "Do you see a yacht coming out?"

"Yeh," growled the watch. "Bungalow. Same crazy fool we towed in the other day."

The "Trueheart" was bouncing proudly along in the sunlight, intent on the open sea. She was in protected waters now. Out of the lee of Baldhead she would not prance so saucily. There was an ugly sea running.

But the "Trueheart" bobbed on. On through the channel between Caswell and Baldhead, where a mean rip-tide was racing, out to the buoys and beacons that marked the safe course past the shoals; on and out to the open sea, where her prow plunged deep through the foam and the glisten of water caught the sun on her deck.

Ellen felt guilty, sickened. She turned with a moan as her father came up the steep steps to the lookout tower.

"Oh, Dad, it's awful, send and get them," begged Ellen. "Something terrible will happen if you don't."

Captain Latimer took the glass and studied the "Trueheart." "Doing fine," was his laconic verdict. "What's the matter with you, Ellen? You've been out in worse seas yourself."

"But what if she should be—disabled?" trembled Ellen.

"Wait till she's disabled, then we'll worry about that. No reason why she should be. Witt is a competent man."

"But Dad—"

Captain Latimer left the tower without another word.

Ellen, with sinking hope, watched the frail craft staggering back again and again for more punishment. She withstood an hour of it, with the glass glued almost constantly to her eye.

Pete, the lookout, took the telescope at intervals and tried to reassure her, saying, "They're all right, Miss Ellen, you needn't worry about 'em." But presently Pete took the glass and held it for a longer time. As he handed it back to her he said with tightened lips, "They're in trouble. I'd better tell the Captain. Their engine's dead. They'll be asking help before long."

The "Trueheart" did ask help, twenty minutes later. She had been rolling helplessly in troughs and on wave crests, shipping great seas. Ellen was in agony. Why didn't they signal? The picket boat was manned, awaiting their call. Evidently the stubborn souls on the "Trueheart" were working desperately to right the trouble without recourse to an appeal for aid. But presently the "Trueheart" ran up at her masthead the blue checked N and the red dotted C, which in International spelt distress.

Picket Boat 6835 towed her in again, after two hours of difficult maneuver. Ellen, who had wheedled her father into letting her go along, doffed a dripping oilskin when they made dock at Smithville.

Captain Latimer did not again scold the engineer of the "Trueheart," but he did ask rather tartly, "Well, what's the trouble this time?"

"Carburetor," said Captain Witt ruefully. "That damfool mechanic who tinkered with the boat yesterday must have damaged the needle valve. And Mr. Paulding, in trying to fix it while I was at the wheel today, finished it with a wrench. It spouted gas all over the engine room."

"You mean to tell me you didn't have a spare carburetor?" flared Captain Latimer.

"Sure I had a spare, yes, sir. But it was gone! It was there when I checked things over this morning, but I left the boat for a few minutes, like a blooming idiot, and some scoundrel must have sneaked aboard and stolen it."

"It wasn't your—your gasoline stopped up?" queried Ellen, with a nervous guilt that passed for excitement.

"No, ma'am, the line was clear as a whistle," said Captain Witt.

When the owner of the "Trueheart" came up to thank Captain Latimer for saving his life again, the Captain's vigilant eye perceived a suspicious bulge and sag to the pocket of the blue coat which Paulding wore over his sweater. As though conscious of this indecorous touch Reed took off his coat and draped it over his arm. But the Captain merely said:

"It's nearly twelve o'clock. You come over to the house with us for dinner, Mr. Paulding. We've got to keep an eye on you. First thing we know you'll be starting off again without a carburetor."

Paulding laughed. "No danger of that, Captain. I guess I'll be here a week, now, waiting for a new one. We'll have to order one."

"And the lady in Fernandina," said Ellen tragically, "will have to wait all that time!"

"The lady in Fernandina," replied Paulding with a grin, "is used to my faults and failings. I'm going to wire her now to come up by rail and join me here."

"You can order her around like that?" sniffed Ellen, while the rest of the bottom dropped out of her heart.

"Yes. I've got her well trained. In many respects she's the most obedient Mother I ever had."

REED PAULDING again had midday dinner with the Latimers.

He had left his coat in the hall, for Captain Latimer insisted that a sweater was quite the thing all the best people were wearing for dinner in Smithville. It was in the hall afterward that Captain Latimer, no doubt mistaking the coat for one of his own blue ones, chanced to drop it to the floor. Something heavy, brass, shiny and bulbous bounded out of the pocket and rolled about.

Captain Latimer picked it up. It was a perfectly beautiful spare carburetor, that had never been used. The Captain said thoughtfully, "Well, I'll just be damned," and replaced it, his eyes twinkling.

He crept to the living room door and peered in. Nobody had heard the noise, for Reed Paulding was at the piano singing.

Ellen was at the piano, too, standing at his side, very close to him. Their eyes met and clung understandingly. Reed Paulding was singing "Trueheart"—to her.

Captain Latimer sighed heavily and blinked.

"Pretty, awfully pretty," he murmured. "That always was my favorite —'One Sweetly Solemn Thought'!"

MEN ARE SO SIMPLE

[*Continued from page 17*]

grateful. You couldn't be any sweeter to me—you probably wouldn't be half so sweet—if you really were my brother. But that wasn't what I meant. You know you're not like some of the boys here at the lake, in and out of love all the time, like a cuckoo in a clock. Why, look at the way we've always laughed up our sleeves at the crowd for taking it for granted we must be crazy about each other just because we like to do all sorts of things together. That's all I meant, that you're not the type of man that falls easy."

"I may not fall easy," said John, "but I sure do fall hard."

Neither spoke for several minutes. Then, without turning to look at her, John said gruffly, "If you know so much about love, you might give me a steer." Nicky laughed.

"Men are so simple—even smart ones like you—when it comes to love," she said.

"I'm not too simple," said John, "to go after expert advice."

"I'm no expert, honestly," Nicky asserted. "All the advice I could give you would be just to tell you what I'd do, myself, if I were in love with somebody who didn't seem to be exactly in love with me. I suppose your Moya doesn't seem to be exactly or it wouldn't keep you so low."

"Part of the time, I almost think she likes me," John confessed. "But then, just when I begin to get all bucked up, she suddenly turns around and treats me like something the butcher brought that she hadn't ordered."

"That's that, then," said Nicky. She scratched a slim brown ankle pensively, then observed, "'S too bad everything's got to be done by letter. I suppose you're writing to her?"

"Naturally."

"Every day." Nicky did not put this as a question, but when John acquiesced, she shook her head disapprovingly, added, "You would!"

The motor boat had at last chugged to within shouting distance of them.

"Hi, Nicky!"

"H'lo John!"

"Hey, Jack. Welcome to our city."

"How's the Wonder Man?"

And so on, all the grateful nonsense of nonchalant, pleased welcome. John and Nicky stood up on the float.

"One elegant-looking couple," Rich observed to the girl beside him. They looked at the two on the bathing raft. John, tall, broad-shouldered, slim-hipped with the steady, far-seeing blue eyes of some Viking forbear. True Norse, blond, slow of speech, deliberate of thought, panther-quick and steel-strong in action. Nicky, black-haired, slight, quick, nut-brown already from the summer sun. Olive green eyes a little too narrow, red mouth a little too wide for beauty, but oddly effective. Pure gamin, Nicky would have been, except for a vague kind of wistfulness.

HAUNTINGLY incongruous this seemed. Nicky, her gay bravado assured you gallantly, had nothing in the world to be wistful about. Yet there it was, an unacknowledged minor note, that changed the blithe impudence of the other girls into something faintly different in Nicky.

"One elegant-looking couple," the girl in the motor boat agreed.

John and Nicky obediently swam over to the bathhouses now and emerged in less than five minutes, white-clad, sleekly damp-haired, to join the others. They all went to inspect a sailboat Rich's father was considering buying. They stopped at Joe's Dock, a water edge restaurant that served the freshly caught lake fish for luncheon.

Coming home, the others dropped John and Nicky at the far end of the Island. They were always picked up and dropped together, their parents having bought the Island in partnership before there was either a John or a Nicky, and coming still for summers in the two shabby, comfortable houses they had built on it. Pine needles lay thick on the narrow woods path and the two walked along now in the pungent stillness of evergreen woods. It was Nicky who broke the silence, going on with their morning discussion as though it had had no break.

THE trouble with writing a letter every single day," she explained, "is that it looks so sort of faithful."

"Faithful?"

"Yes. It's fine and all that, of course, to be faithful once you've both got something to be faithful to. But if just one in the combination starts out being like Caesar's wife—well, it merely puts him at a disadvantage, that's all. In a love affair, everybody ought to have a slogan like the Texas state motto—what is it? Something like, 'You can't step on *my* face'."

"What makes you think," John asked, "that I let Moya step on mine?"

Nicky smiled, her oddly incongruous, wistful smile. "I know," she said, "how dangerously likely it is for the one who cares the most."

They walked on for a few moments in silence. Then, "It has occurred to me," John admitted, "that maybe I have let Moya be just a little too blame sure I'd stand without hitching. In fact, in the letter I wrote her today, I did try to—well, to make her just a little bit jealous."

"Good for you!" Nicky applauded. "How did you do it?"

John pulled an unsealed letter out of his sweater pocket, passed it over with a gruff, "'S this the sort of thing you mean?"

Nicky took the envelope, held it a moment distastefully. "Is this the letter you've written to Moya? You don't want somebody else reading your love letters."

"'Tisn't a love letter," John said. "Go ahead and read it. You don't count."

Nicky opened the envelope. She read the page and a half slowly, then shook her head.

"When I think," she said, "that your Tech school calls you brilliant! Honestly, I can't see how a man who's good in one line can be so dumb in another."

"What's the matter with that letter?"

John re-read it over her shoulder. An ordinary enough recounting of his arrival home. There was only one paragraph, of course, which was meant to count. Nicky pointed to this with a slim brown forefinger. "That paragraph sticks out like a sore thumb! Any girl in the world would read it and say,

[*Continued on page 84*]

These days · when your skin feels and looks so DRY

. . . what are you doing about it?

This quick-melting cream will restore the natural moisture . . . keep it soft and pliant

You don't have to be told—you *know* when your skin is too dry. You can feel it. You can see it. Taut and drawn, with little lines showing themselves around your mouth, under your eyes. Tiny lines that so soon deepen into wrinkles—rob your complexion of its youth and loveliness.

And these days when you just must expose your face to the merciless sun and wind, your skin is getting drier and drier, as it loses more and more of its natural moisture.

What to do about it? Tonight, and every night, cover your face and throat with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. Its fine, soothing oils quench the skin of dryness—penetrate down into the pores—cleanse and lubricate at the same time.

After just one treatment with Woodbury's, your skin feels soft and pliant—glowing with the look and color of health. And, remember, this cream was specially formulated in the Woodbury laboratories to correct dryness—keep the age-betraying wrinkles from creeping in. It puts back into your skin the natural oils that it loses through exposure.

Then as a powder base, and to protect your skin, too, apply just a touch of Woodbury's Facial Cream. Light and fluffy and vanishing, it brings a velvety softness to your complexion.

You can get the Woodbury Creams, in jars or tubes, at drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or, if you'd like a generous trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just mail the coupon with 10 cents in stamps or coin.

THIS COUPON WILL BRING YOU A GENEROUS TRIAL SET

John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Dept. M-8, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin) please send me trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder. (If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. M-8, Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.)

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TODAY'S modish hairdress looks as though it were moulded on the head. Every line is worked out with fastidious accuracy to give that lovely sculptured effect. These snug and comely coiffures demand skillful service from your comb. You will make no mistake in selecting ACE COMBS to fulfill fashion's dictates in haircombing.

ACE COMBS are made of hard rubber—the most sanitary substance having many important advantages. The teeth are moulded and all surfaces are given so high a finish that no roughness is possible.

The carefully-rounded, highly polished teeth glide smoothly through the hair—never catching or breaking the strands—holding it firmly in the place it should go and bringing out the full beauty and sheen of the hair by gently exercising the scalp and distributing the natural oils.

Most drug stores and department stores offer ACE COMBS in a variety of sizes, shapes and styles. You will want several—the eight or nine inch sizes for your dressing table and guest room; two or three of the smaller sizes for your handbags; and, of course, one of the dry shampoo fine combs for ridding the hair and scalp of dust.

ACE COMBS can be kept exquisitely clean because the polished hard rubber resists soap, oils and the chemicals of hair preparations and allows foreign matter to be easily washed off. Some very interesting facts concerning the care of the hair are given in an authoritative book, "Lovely Hair", that you may have for the asking. Write your name and address plainly in margin and mail to the undersigned.

ACE COMBS

McC 8

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

MEN ARE SO SIMPLE

[*Continued from page 83*]

'He's trying to make me jealous! Isn't that cute of him!' "

John winced; and read his own paragraph again:

" 'It looks like a swell summer here. There's a good crowd as usual and for once I haven't got to spend any time boning on weights and pressures. This will probably be my last long vacation for years so I'm going to make the most of it. There's a slick little girl right here on the Island and—'

"You don't mind my using you like that, do you?" John asked apologetically.

"NO," SAID Nicky. "As you say, I don't count; but if I'm going to be bound to the chariot wheel, I want it done right."

"What," John asked humbly, "would be the right way to do it?"

"The first thing," said Nicky, "would be to wait at least three or four days before writing at all. If Moya's used to getting a letter every day, by the fourth or fifth day, she'll have noticed vaguely that there's something lacking. There is nothing like getting absolutely used to something and then suddenly finding it not there to make you think twice as much about it."

"But suppose Moya just doesn't notice at all," John objected, "if she's having a terribly good time and somebody right on hand is giving her a rush. Suppose she just doesn't miss my letters at all?"

"What your character lacks," Nicky observed, "is a little wholesome conceit. I know how that is—I cover it up the best I possibly can, but I'm terribly humble, myself. However, if you can't be conceited, the next best is to be brave. You've got to take your courage in your hands and play an offensive game. You've been trying the defensive one for ages and it hasn't got you anywhere at all, has it?"

"All right," said John. "You're the doctor. Here's to nerve!" And he tore his letter to Moya into tiny scraps, and kicked the scraps under a pile of brown pine needles.

By the next morning, however, he had thought of so many contingencies, that he felt it would be wise to discuss the plan of campaign a little more thoroughly and, shortly after breakfast, strolled down the well-beaten path from his parents' camp to Nicky's, and gave the three-note whistle with which he and Nicky had signaled each other daily during all the summers since he had worn short trousers.

There was no answering trill and he whistled again, more loudly. Still no answer. He whistled again.

"Hello, John." Nicky's married sister, Marian, was feeding her baby cereal on the broad, sunny side porch of the Trimbles' lodge. "Nicky's not here."

"Not here!" John echoed blankly. "Where's she gone?"

"I don't know," said Marian. "She took her tennis racket and went off somewhere in the put-put."

Nicky did not come home for lunch. John hung around all the afternoon, reading a detective story that bored him, thinking about Moya, wondering where on earth Nicky had gone. It was six o'clock when Nicky finally arrived and she had brought Amy Alenton to stay all night with her. Amy prided herself on her chatty line and there was no chance for intelligent conversation while she was on the Island. To John's disgust, Amy stayed all the next day.

The third morning, John was at the Trimbles' lodge a half hour earlier than usual, but Nicky did not answer his whistle.

He came back early in the afternoon, however, only to find that he'd missed Nicky. She'd been home for lunch, Mrs. Trimble said, but the Terrill boys had come for her. Mrs. Trimble had had the baby at the time, she said, and she couldn't remember where they had said they were going. Did John want Nicky for anything special? John said no. Naturally he couldn't explain to Mrs. Trimble that he was waiting for Nicky to tell him what kind of a letter to write to Moya. What ailed Nicky, anyway? She always used to be around home, ready for a swim or a set of tennis.

He saw her at the Yacht Club that evening, but one of the Terrill boys was giving her a rush and John didn't get a chance even to dance with her. In fact, it was late afternoon of the next day before he finally succeeded in finding her alone.

"Look here now," he demanded. "I've held off for four days—wouldn't it be all right to write now?"

"Oh, of course." Nicky was apologetic. She had, it would seem, forgotten all about him and Moya. She was awfully sweet about it, though, once she remembered.

"Now what would it be a good idea to write about another girl?" John asked.

"Nothing," said Nicky promptly.

"But I thought—"

"It's very evident," said Nicky, "that your Moya is clever about men; and a clever girl reads twice as much of what isn't written in a letter as of what is. I believe I'd commence the letter by apologizing for not having written before—that'll cinch the fact that you haven't, in her mind—and say that I'd meant to write every day but that I'd been busy as a clerk at a bargain counter, or whatever neat figure of speech it would occur to a man to use. *But don't say what you've been busy at.* Tell her one or two commonplace things but nowheres near enough to have filled up all your time."

Nicky paused to consider, pushing the hammock against John's weight with the toe of her slim brown brogue.

"I think," she said, "that I'd add that it was rather dull up here but that you were getting a good rest and thought you'd stay all summer."

JOHN looked so dissatisfied with this suggestion, that she elaborated it. "Does a healthy man of twenty-two who isn't specially tired," she asked, "often stay all summer in a dull place just because he's getting a good rest?"

"No," John admitted promptly, "of course not."

"And if it's so everlastingly dull here, what has kept you so busy you haven't had time to write a letter for four days?"

"Great guns!" John exclaimed. "That's good! But do you suppose," he asked anxiously, "that Moya'll take time to figure all that out?"

[*Continued on page 87*]

VACATION ADVENTURES AT HOME

By RUTH DUTILH JENKINS

"THE best things in life are free," sang Susan.

"Bunk," cut in her roommate Jane. "Not vacations. There's mine gone to fill two teeth!"

Susan stopped singing long enough to say, "That doesn't mean you can't have one. What's a vacation, anyway, but freedom to do what you can't do the rest of the year, or never had time enough to do before? I'm going to have one and it's going to cost me next to nothing."

"Prove it," said Jane doubtingly.

"Well," said Susan, "I'm not having two weeks straight this year so I'm going to get my vacation by inviting myself to spend the week-end right here several times during the summer. I'm going to treat myself like a guest—use my best towels, bath salts, and soap—and all the other things I reserve for people who, I'm sure, never appreciate them the way I will. And I'm going to have two clean sheets on my bed at once!" she added triumphantly.

"Then I'm going to get a new book and send it to myself—just as if it were a going-away present; and I'm going to buy a few flowers, and a lot of salted nuts. Saturday night I'm going to dress for dinner and eat by candlelight. And Sunday I'm going to stay in bed all day if I want to, eat breakfast in bed, and have whipped cream and a cherry on my oatmeal."

THAT started Jane thinking. Up to now, she had rather pitied herself because she couldn't take a trip to some gay resort or to a quiet pine woods. But after all, she decided, there was no special reason why a vacation meant going somewhere. Although most of her friends had entirely different ideas on how to spend a vacation, they all agreed that it meant something out of the ordinary. Change *can* cost money—all the way from the price of a ticket to the home of the nearest country relative, to hundreds of dollars for a trip to Europe or the Canadian Rockies. But it can also mean simply a change of ideas.

Jane was going to spend her vacation in the little town where she'd always lived. There wasn't much to do there, and yet there were possibilities in this "stay at home and live differently" idea. Even the best known town can offer surprises.

As many times as she had shown the sights to visitors, there were still old familiar places she didn't really know well, and all kinds of interesting features she'd only heard about—such as that old collector of glass, the newly developed suburb, that new bit of highway cut under a hill, the old oak which even poets had praised.

She remembered, too, that she had always wanted to go out exploring the woods and fields, with glasses just like a real scientist, or with a camera. Now she could take that overnight camping trip she had always enjoyed planning. She would have time for once to loaf. There would be no need to crowd every moment too full for enjoyment.

By this time, Jane was really excited about going home; and she began to wonder if she couldn't help her whole family get a vacation feeling during the summer months, even if they couldn't take an expensive trip.

Why not begin with the house and give it a new appearance? It would be easy to pack away winter curtains and rugs and some of the heavy furniture, as well as all useless bric-a-brac, and use only flowers from the summer garden for decoration. That would give the whole house a fresh, inconsequential air. Sheer, colored curtains, and home-made cotton slip covers in cool greens and garden tints would make even the oldest furniture seem new and interesting. And the curtains and slip covers could be saved from one year to the next, so *they* wouldn't be an extravagance. Besides, the winter furnishings would last much longer if they had a rest every summer.

Living out of doors is always fun, and the lovely big tree in their side yard was just made to shade a luncheon table. The side porch, too, brightened up by a little paint and ingenuity, would make a delightful summer dining room for rainy days.

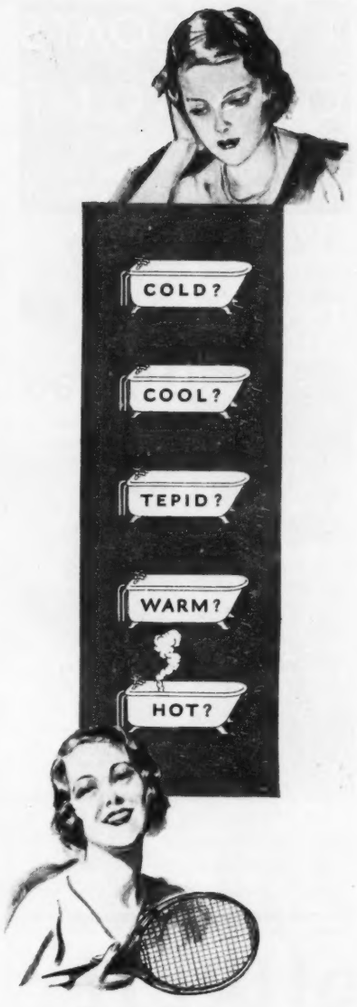
AND what an ideal chance to try out new and appetizing recipes! For summer breakfasts, such things as iced coffee with whipped cream; wild blackberries, frosty with sugar, on a dew-drenched leaf; muffins with a surprise inside. And with colorful oilcloth doilies, peasant china, and colored glass to catch the sunlight, every meal would be gay and carefree.

For more active moods, they could revive some of the old games, croquet, deck tennis, archery, ping-pong—now the vogue at fashionable country clubs. It would be fun, too, to play "Florida" and wear beach pajamas, or gingham overalls. The town might gasp at first, but it would soon be the vogue.

And there should be days when mother would do none of the housework, when she could follow her fancies—funny no one ever thought of mother having any fancies all her own. Father, too, could garden to his heart's content, and wear his disreputable old clothes and smoke his old pipe in peace and comfort. And the boys could build the long-planned-for boat—or hunt and fish, no questions asked.

There'd be times when they all would want to do the same thing—and they'd do it. And there'd be other times when they'd scatter—to read or nap or dream in quiet. Jane smiled as she thought how free she'd be. No buzzer to answer; no letters to type. Vacationing in her own home, she'd have time to enjoy her whimsies and get new wings for her fancies.

There should be days when you lie back lazily and listen to someone else getting dinner in your kitchen



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BEST BLACK AND WHITE SIX CORD SEWING THREADS—AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

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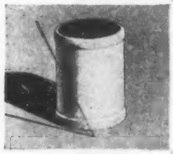

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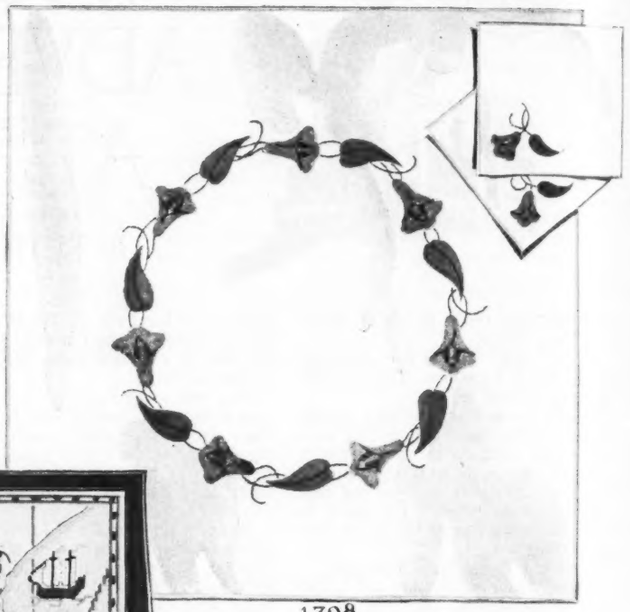
Modern Charm from Colonial Designs

By Elisabeth May Blondel

You'll be charmed with the color and style of these unusual designs for appliqué and cross-stitch embroidery, and surprised how easy to make.



1798

No. 1798. When it's too hot to really want to eat, the best of luncheons will be more tempting served on a Calla Lily luncheon cloth. Pattern includes green and yellow applique pieces of a good quality, boil-proof gingham, enough for the whole wreath and six napkins to match. Directions for embroidery and blue transfer design included. Price, 50 cents.

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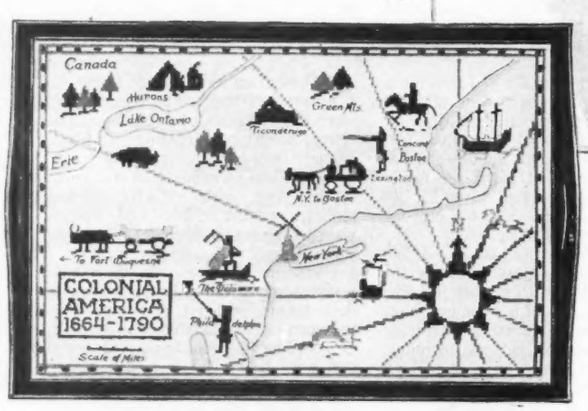
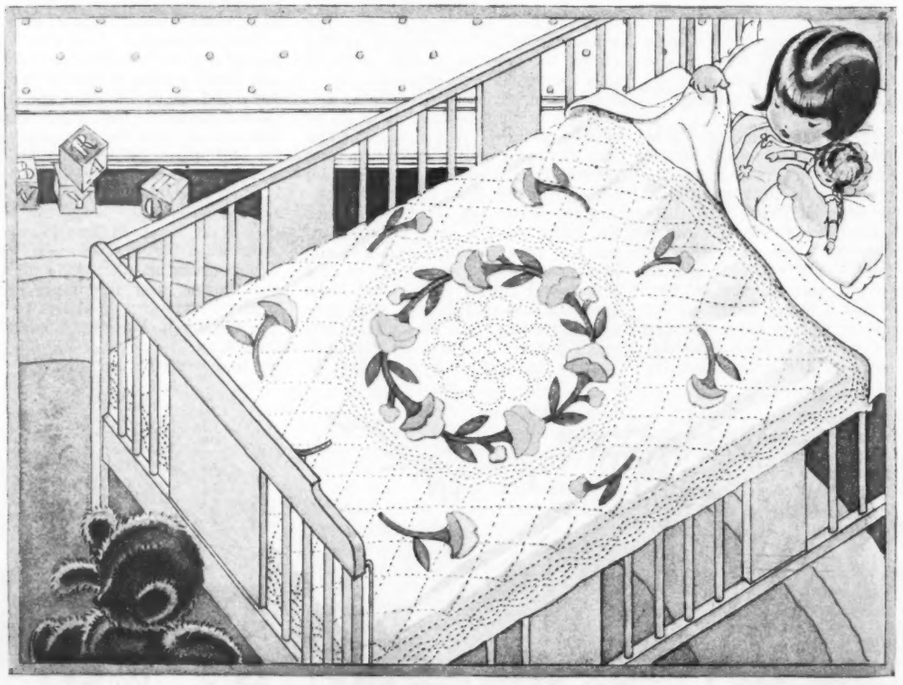


1797



No. 1799. Colonial American history has always been interesting, but it is fascinating when you illustrate it with cross-stitch motifs—Washington crossing the Delaware, the Boston Tea Party, and the pioneers' Covered Wagon. Design comes stamped on linen (10 x 16 inches), with cottons (12 colors), and color chart for a guide in placing the colors. Price, $1.25.

No. 1797. When "sleepy time" comes a cunning bedspread will make baby's crib more welcome than ever. The applique pieces in two pinks, two blues, and green, are an excellent quality, boil-proof gingham. For crib or juvenile bed size. Pattern includes all applique pieces, quilting transfer (blue), and complete directions for making the entire quilt. Price, $1.00.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, Dayton, Ohio, at prices listed above

MEN ARE SO SIMPLE

[*Continued from page 84*]

"If she's interested enough to take time to read your letter at all," said Nicky, "it won't take her any extra time for figuring. Girls are like that."

"I guess I am dull," John admitted humbly.

"No, you're not," Nicky contradicted loyally. "That kind of scheming comes naturally to girls. But it doesn't to men, not to nice men, that is. I was just teasing you, to get even for the way you ragged me all last summer about my back-hand."

"Speaking of back-hand," John demanded suddenly, "what's the matter with the tennis court on this Island?"

"Nothing's the matter with it. It's a peach. Better than those at the Club. It's the best anywhere around the lake."

"Then why do you rise at the crack of dawn and sneak off with your tennis racket to play somewhere else?"

"I don't 'sneak off'. What do you think I am—a convict on a penal island? Can't I have a date off the premises?"

"Sick of playing with me?"

"Of course not. I'd rather play with you than with anybody else."

"All right, we'll have some games tomorrow morning."

"I'm afraid I can't tomorrow morning," Nicky was very apologetic. "I've got to take some flowers down to the club committee—they want to decorate for some tea or something."

"Well, next day then?"

"I'd love to," said Nicky. "If I can possibly make it; but you see, I've kind of half agreed—"

"Half agreed's less than nothing at all. I'll meet you at the court at nine A.M. And that's a full-sized agreement."

IT WAS a funny thing, he reflected that evening, in all the years he'd known Nicky, this was the first time he'd ever had a regular date with her. There had never been any need to, they'd always both been right there on the Island. What made Nicky so different this summer, anyway? Chasing off all the time. And why had she seemed so sort of secretive about where she was going? Could it be that she had fallen in love with somebody there at the lake? He supposed that might make a girl shy. Nicky seemed an awful kid to be falling in love. Still, of course, she was eighteen.

But whom could Nicky have fallen in love with? Surely not the older Terrill boy who had been rushing her so hard at the club dance. Surely not Philip Terrill with his airs and affections. Why, just last summer she'd ragged Philip to death about the broad black cord he'd taken to wearing on his nose glasses. Surely she hadn't fallen in love with Philip Terrill.

Rich Spalding, perhaps. She'd danced a good deal with Rich, too, the other evening. Rich was a good fellow, John admitted. A whale of a good fellow. But, someway, he didn't seem quite right for Nicky. John couldn't figure out just why he shouldn't be, but he didn't seem quite the right man for Nicky. Maybe it was just that the idea of Nicky's falling in love with anybody seemed queer. Probably he was jumping at conclusions at that. Just because a girl happened to be away from home more than usual didn't necessarily mean that she had fallen in love.

John had started his letter to Moya, carefully following Nicky's instructions, but he couldn't keep his thoughts from Nicky. Come to think of it, she was acting sort of funny.

IT WASN'T like Nicky to be so mysterious, making flimsy excuses for her absence. Saying that she had to take flowers down to the club committee, a ten-minute errand, to account for being away from the Island all day. It wasn't like Nicky; it was queer. Almost as though she was deliberately trying to cover up something. If she'd fallen in love with either Philip Terrill or Rich Spalding, there wasn't any reason to cover it up. Personally, of course, he didn't quite like the idea of Nicky's marrying either of those two men. It was ridiculous for Nicky to be thinking of marrying anybody, for that matter. She was too outrageously young. He didn't care, even, for the idea of her being engaged. He was fond of Nicky in a brotherly way and he didn't want to see her make a mistake. He couldn't exactly think of any logical reason why either Philip Terrill or Rich should be a mistake. But it was so obvious that either of them would be. Anybody should be able to see it. Even Nicky, herself.

John put away his letter to Moya. If it had been a good thing for Moya to wait four days, it wouldn't do her any harm to wait five.

In fact, during the next three weeks, he managed to get off only four letters altogether to Moya. This was not on Nicky's advice particularly. It was just the way things seemed to work out. Keeping Nicky from making a mistake took up so much of his time and thought. The first week, he had been kept busy protecting her from seeing too much of Philip Terrill. The second week, he decided that Philip Terrill wasn't the dangerous one, but Rich Spalding; and John had to rise early and stay up late for fear Rich would rise earlier or stay up later.

By the third week, he wasn't sure which man it was. Nicky seemed quite indifferent to both of them. At least, any summer before this one, John would have interpreted her actions as indifference. This summer, he wasn't so sure. He'd begun to suspect that Nicky was deeper than he'd ever realized. It struck him that she seemed just a little too indifferent. If she really was as indifferent as she seemed, why did she want to spend so much time with one or the other of them? And not being sure which one or the other it was, John was kept busier than ever the third week, protecting Nicky from both of them.

There was no doubting that Nicky was uncannily clever, John decided, when Moya suddenly began to act exactly according to Nicky's prophecies. The first two weeks of his scantier correspondence, Moya seemed quite unaware of the change. But by the end of the third week, she had apparently noticed it. Her own letters began coming more frequently, to be warmly plaintive. She was having a rotten time in the West, she told him in one

[*Continued on page 88*]

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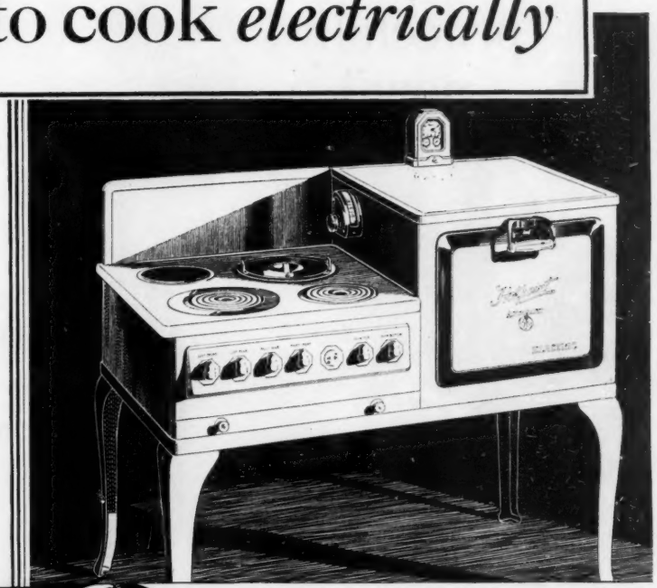

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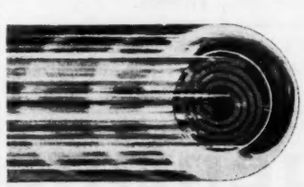

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MEN ARE SO SIMPLE

[*Continued from page 87*]

of them. Was he missing her? And wasn't he coming down to see her as soon as she got back? she asked in another. There was nobody west of the Mississippi, she assured him, half as nice as himself. She also sent a picture of herself, a particularly beautiful picture. John, who had begged her for months for just such a picture for his chiffonier, regarded it critically. Moya was pretty, all right, but the pose was too artificial, he decided. It was too much like Moya, herself—too darned conscious of her own charms.

NICKY had gone to the post office with him, the afternoon the picture came and he showed it to her. She'd been eating a chocolate ice cream cone with the frank gusto of a small boy. It was as she washed her hands over the boat-edge and dried them on a bit of sail cloth before touching the picture, that John thought about Moya's artificiality.

"Did she send you this without your asking for it?" Nicky asked.

"Yes."

"She doesn't say anything more about your coming down to see her?"

"Why, yes, she does," John said.

"Does she speak of this quite of her own accord? Without your having asked or anything?"

"Yes. I haven't even written her."

Nicky clapped her hands together sharply. "This is the moment then!"

"The moment for what?"

"The moment for you to act decisively."

"How?"

"Be arrogant," Nicky said; "and mean it; and make her know that you mean it. Be firm 'way down inside yourself. If you are, she'll get it, too. Let her see that this is the decisive moment. From now on, she's got to fish or cut bait. You're through with shilly-shallying. Make her know that you mean this. That she's got to take you now honestly, for good and all, or lose you forever."

John said nothing. He was startled into silence. It seemed incredible that it should be so, but his only feeling was one of amazing uncertainty. Actual uncertainty as to whether he really wished Moya to take him for good and all. It seemed unbelievable that he should be feeling like this. But he certainly was.

Nicky must have misread his silence for she went on, "You've nothing to lose by doing this," she said. "If it doesn't work now, Moya doesn't really care anything about you. If she doesn't, you may as well face it one time as another, and keep your self respect. It's better either to be a real winner or a brave loser. The time has come for the test."

John looked at Nicky, in puzzled amazement. Her cheeks had suddenly turned red as fire, her eyes were blazing. She seemed quiveringly, poignantly excited. She couldn't have been more intense if she had been urging herself instead of him to take the gallant chance. She paused, a breathless moment. Then, "And if she turns you down, don't come back whining to me for sympathy. I'm tired of furnishing a shoulder for you to weep on. I'm sick to death of you and your Moya. I never want to hear her name again!"

For a moment, John felt stunned. "I'd no idea I'd been boring you so much," he said stiffly.

The put-put swung up close to the Island dock. Nicky sprang up, scattering the mail about her with reckless unconcern. She did not wait even for the rocking boat to steady itself, leaped up on the dock.

"Go and take your Moya!" she retorted, her eyes blazing. "You can. But don't come back and tell me all about it! Don't come back to me at all! I never want to see you again as long as I live!"

Without a backward look, she ran up the woodland path and disappeared among the pines.

John sat perfectly still—that is, as still as one can sit in a wildly careening small boat, and stared down the path after the vanished Nicky. He listened again to the echo of her angry words: "Go and take your Moya—I never want to see you again!"

He wasn't even angry. He was swept by some emotion far more devastating than anger. He felt utterly desolate. Sick and desolate. "Go and take your Moya." He didn't want Moya. Never to see Nicky again!

After a bit, he got out Moya's picture and looked at it, puzzled. Why had he ever thought he wanted Moya? Her eyes looked out at him from the picture. Moya's beautiful eyes, looking straight into his. The look that had once seemed to him desirable beyond anything else in the world. Beautiful? Undoubtedly. The superficial beauty of a vain and selfish girl. A pretty Persian kitten who would grow into a pretty Persian cat.

Never to see Nicky again!

To know that Nicky was somewhere in the world—loving somebody else. Perhaps sometime marrying somebody else—Never to see Nicky again—

He'd got to see Nicky again! Anything else was unthinkable. The idea of life ahead without Nicky in it was suddenly too ghastly empty to face. Nicky who had been his dearest friend for most of his life, Nicky whom he had loved like a brother—John choked short on that. Friendship, brotherly love—rot! He knew better than that now. It wasn't Nicky's friendship he wanted. He loved her all right, but not like any brother.

BUT how could he see her again? After what she had said. A man had his pride. If she had really meant what she said—

Suddenly, his heart gave a great lurch of hope. He bent forward eagerly, to look more closely at a bit of bright silk on the bottom of the boat. Nicky's scarf that she had forgotten.

He picked up the bit of gay, cheap silk with an uncanny sense of reprieve. Looked respectfully at its glowing green and yellow and blue. He might, of course, send it back. No, that would look ridiculous, right on the Island with her. He could be stiff, of course; and deeply wounded; but he must do his duty. Tenderly, exultantly, he tucked the vivid bit of silk into his pocket.

He would have to see Nicky again—to return her scarf.

LEAVIN'S

[*Continued from page 24*]

Just before Christmas he drove to town and bought a dark red wool dress and shoes and stockings for Em'ly. He bought other things, too, and blushed so hotly over the transaction that the clerk mistook him for a bridegroom.

But Em'ly's joy was enough to banish that silly shame forever. Laughing and crying, too, she snatched the bundles and raced across the clearing to the woods. When she returned, Steve realized that a miracle had taken place. This was not little Em'ly. This was a young girl with smoothly-brushed hair and a score of beauties he had never suspected.

He began to talk of her grandfather again.

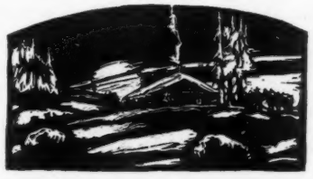
I'M GOING to see him, Em'ly. He's got to take you home. You ought to go to school—"

Quiet tears slipped down her cheeks. "I tell you it ain't no use, Mister. Oh, why cain't I just stay on here with you? He'd want me to witch Pappy an' I cain't—I cain't. He ain't mean enough yet for witchin'."

"Besides," Steve said, grimly ignoring that, "I'll soon be going back to the city. I've got to make money and I can't make any here."

"Oh, Mister!" Her face was a white, quivering blank, all the joy gone out of it. "Don't go yet—please don't! There's old Roxy, she'll bring a nice heifer calf; and I'm just sure that Lily'll have a litter before long. You can't leave with all that comin' on." She leapt up and got something from a pan on the shelf. "Look! I forgot with all these fine clo's to think of. An aig! The dominick laid an aig right this mornin'." Then when he would not or could not look at the treasure, she bent down and began to unlace the new shoes. "You take 'em an' get the money back, Mister," she said in a quivering voice. "I needn't be wearin' shoes when you got less money. Oh, take it all back. I ain't hurt the things at all."

What could he say to that? He had to drop the subject of grandfather, too. They planned for more dynamite to blow out the stumps in the lane. So it would be easier to get a crop out, Steve thought, deriding himself as cruelly as he could.



With Christmas gone the year passed over its infancy in bounds. Frost and snow were rain, and rain was swelling buds and new grass in the hollows. Lily's pups arrived and lived in a box behind the stove, now black if not shining, and Steve began to feel like a family man looking upon his increasing possessions.

Exciting times when the field was turned and Steve with all his learning had to submit to guidance when the old hand-plow revolted and threatened to cut off his leg. So it went on, one day and another, and the frost was out of the ground and the corn and potatoes were in and Roxy was lashing satiny flanks with a nervous tail, looking anxiously toward the woods, when Steve came in from a fencing job and found a battered touring car in the yard before the cabin.

The back of the car was loaded with camping utensils and beds and a long, lean man chewing tobacco sat in front beside a red-headed woman who held two small children in her lap.

"Stranger," Stricland said after they had looked at one another, "I come back to git my cow."

Cow, thought Steve dully—cow! And then remembered Roxy. "Your cow?" he repeated, and added some language that the other man could understand. "You've got no cow on this place, and there's no room for you, either. Better get out before I remember how you cheated a poor sick young fool."

Stricland, hanging a long leg out of the car, gave him a contemptuous grin. "You don't look like no sick man to me," he said. "From all hearsay you be'n livin' pretty easy."

The words straightened Steve's back and a quivering conviction ran through his nerves that this was truth. He wasn't sick any more. Cutting timber all winter had done something to him.

"Get off the place," Steve ordered. He could manage to put in his voice what he couldn't get into his muscles to save his life.

"I'll hev the law on ye," bawled the black-haired man. "I want them dawgs an' thet cow an' I'm goin' to hev 'em. You better look out. I want all 'ats mine." The old car started choking and sputtering and Steve watched it lumber into the rutty lane and from there out of sight.

But he watched with dread and sickness at his heart before which his own rage dwindled. What had he been expecting the black-haired man to demand when he demanded the live stock? What other thing was there that could be dragged into the clearing and fought over?

Em'ly came from the fringe of hazel brush along the woods. She carried an old muzzle-loader under her arm and she had dropped back into the wild-eyed, cat-footed child she had been five months before.

"I thought once I'd let him have both bar'ls." She caressed the shotgun thoughtfully. "Mighta' be'n best thataway."

She came and stood at his shoulder, looking with him into the dark lane.

"Maybe I oughta done what Gran'dad said." Her face was alive with terror she did not know how to disguise. "By this time he might've been a burnin' tree—"

"For God's sake, hush!" Steve snarled at her. His nerves were trigger-keen at that moment. "You're not to blame for anything. It's my lookout. I wouldn't listen to my own mind warning me. Why didn't I go or send you away long ago?"

SHE shrank, crushed as she always was by a harsh word from him. "I—I—do'no what difference that'd make. Pappy'd come wantin' Roxy an' the pups just the same."

He saw that she did not understand. The look, the threat, the evil intent he had read in Stricland's face was a blank page to her.

"Listen, Em'ly." He took her hand and drew her close to him and looked into her somber eyes. "How would you like to marry me, Em'ly?" he asked gently.

She pulled back, the blood pouring over her face and neck. "You mean—be your woman? Live over here with you? Oh, Mister."

[*Continued on page 90*]

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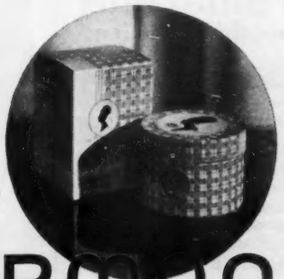

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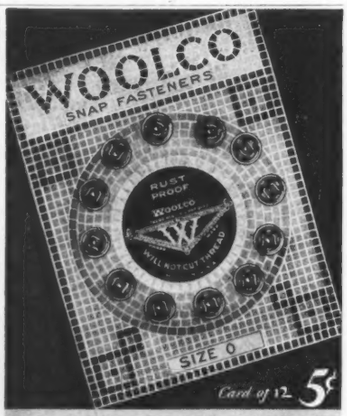

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LEAVIN'S

[*Continued from page 89*]

He shook his head. He thought that she was afraid.

"No, child, I don't mean that. I mean—stand up before a preacher tomorrow and let him say we are married—and that's all." He tried to speak lightly, but he could not keep the flat note out of his voice.

SHE looked at him puzzled and ashamed. "But why—why marry me then—if I ain't good enough—" and choked with tears.

"Oh, Em'ly, can't I make you see? You're too good—a lot too good for a guy with one lung. You're just a kid and someday you'll meet another kid the right age for you, so I want to fix it right for you and make it so that nobody can tell lies about you."

From the blue darkness old Lily sent up a long, rising bay. At the fork by the cottonwoods fireflies winked, only it was far too early in the year for fireflies. Em'ly crept close to Steve's side and they watched these flitting sparks settle into steady oncoming rays of yellow light. Men with lanterns.

"I couldn't stand up with you if you wouldn't be my man," she said to him in the blue silence. "I couldn't tell a preacher a lie about bein' your woman when I know'd that I wouldn't be."

Men and lanterns; horses and dogs. The clearing was full of them. They asked no permission, but crowded into the cabin, trampling on one another, pushing elbows, reeking of sweat and tobacco and white-mule liquor. There in the midst of them was Stricland.

Something had quieted that leaping thing in Steve's breast. Some magic calmed him so that he listened quietly while 'Rirey Thomas spoke for Stricland.

". . . his cow an' his litter of pups," droned the farmer. "You got to see, Mister, thet a man want's his live stock. You-all boughten the farm an' the fixin's, but 'twas nothin' said about the live stock. S'fer as we kin see, it's up to Stricland to drive 'em off."

When Thomas had finished speaking, Steve reached foi his wallet and took from it a folded paper.

"When a man makes a deed of gift it stands by law, don't it?" he asked gravely, and everybody nodded.

"Mak yorsef welcum to your home stranger. This is all yores. We tuk what we wanted and you kin have the leavin's."

"I suppose you can see," Steve said solemnly, "that this turns everything over to me—the cow with a broken leg that he couldn't sell and the dog and her pups. He didn't want them so he left 'em to me."

The two strong men looked at the paper and then looked at Stricland.

"Guess that's right, Sile, a paper like that'd stand in the law!"

They were beginning to file out of the room, big, puzzled men who wanted to do the right thing. Steve felt something inside relax like an untied knot . . . and then it came, hissing from the darkness, reptile-roused.

"How about my gal? Tell him to gi' me my gal he's got hid away. Law won't uphold him livin' with her, dressin' her up in store clo's . . ."

Steve tried to slam the door but it was wrenched from his hands and he was in a swarm of black, lowering faces no longer friendly and reasonable.

Stricland was triumphant now. He had turned the trick and he knew it. He shook his hairy fist in Steve's face.

"I want my gal. I'll take keer of her. The law'll sign her an' what's her'n over to me fer this. Livin' with this stranger . . . but some'pin's got to be done to him . . . What'll we do, na'burs? String him up to the cottonwoods as a warnin'—or—"

"Tar!" A voice in the dark shouted this. "Tar and fe'ther him."

"An' her—an' her—tar an' fe'ther fer th' witches."

The cry ran like a flame in dry grass. Tar him. Feather him. And her — the little witch! That had been said in whispers of her, but now it was shouted to the sky.

He heard Stricland shouting, "Don't hurt the gal. She b'longs to me. I'll look atter her punishin', but jus' give him a'plenty—"

They were carrying him out-of-doors; throwing him across a horse that shied and trembled.

Tar and feathers! Somebody's tar-pot not too far away . . . Stricland's car could bring it in no time. Bring a feather pillow, too, and meet everybody at the dead cottonwoods.

The black mass of men with a moving horseman in their midst went through the black lane, lanterns threading the outer darkness with streams of golden fire.

They came to the three cottonwoods and finally the lantern gleams were turned together to pick a proper spot, but this was never done for in the instant they met they went clattering to the ground and a sigh of astonishment or some other feeling went through the crowd like wind, for there in their midst was the Stricland girl, wild black hair flying.

BUT she looked at nobody but Stricland. She had him cowering under that look of hers and the rest of them drew away from him so there was no chance of sharing it.

"You wait!" she cried in a high gasping voice. "You bring no fire under these trees. I'll do that! I picked tonight. I chos'n the one I want!"

Stricland made a queer gurgling noise in his throat. "Lemme go," he muttered thickly, but nobody was near him.

"I be'n waitin' fer tonight," sang the high childish voice. "I waited a long time fer him to git bad enough an' now I guess he's done it. If he tech Steve, good way or bad, or speak harm of him I do whut my gran'dad says to do. I bring the everlastin' torture of the burning on him . . . the Everlastin' Burnin'—you hear that, Pappy? I stand him out a flamin' tree among you-all—"

Something tore a sound from constricted throats and broke a spell. Stricland yelped and clawed at bodies that got in his way. Stones rolled under his running feet; the cough of a tired old car floated back to the group under the trees.

'Rirey Thomas looked very meek and ashamed.

[*Continued on page 91*]

LEAVIN'S

[*Continued from page 90*]

"I don' recken we'd a'carried it through stranger. It was just a little excitement like. Sile Stricland allus had a gift of excitin' folks an' gettin' 'em to do what he wanted." He laughed in an embarrassed way. "Et looks like his gal had the same sort of gift," 'Rirey continued. "Mebbe she coulda set him to burnin'—anyway he thinks she could and he won't pester you-all no more."

Steve heard only a little of this. He was on his feet hunting around in the dark for a small quivering body.

"Oh, Mister, what if he had bust' right out in fire—"

"Don't you worry, Em'ly, he's green wood yet. He won't burn so easy."

"I reckon Gran'dad must be satisfied now he put me up to it. I could feel him pullin' an' tuggin' at me an' I knew it'd be easy to witch 'em all before they teched you—"

'Rirey Thomas was lingering, but the other men melted away in blackness, their lanterns like housed fireflies now. From the cabin the doleful howls of young hound dogs abandoned. 'Rirey Thomas said stuttering: "Better lemme take the gal over to my cabin tonight. The ol' woman kin look after her an' tomorrer I'll see her down the river to her gran'dad's place. She's heired it."

"Thanks," Steve said dryly. They were turning back to the clearing where so many voices called them. She clung warm and soft to his hand. "You needn't take any trouble about us," said Steve to 'Rirey Thomas. "We can manage all right. We got to make an early start for the county seat in the morning and after that I'll see her down the river. We're going to the parson's. You see—I'm going to be her man."

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 20*]

scenes in which ideas are expressed in terms of swift action rather than in slow words.

All Quiet On The Western Front, as a film, is just about as courageous and as terribly merciless as it was when set down by that embittered young veteran, Erich Maria Remarque. It is badly acted in several parts; and the fact that its German soldiers converse in the doughboyese jargon hampers its realism, but its mass effect is overwhelming. When, through the eye of Mr. Milestone's camera, one looks along the barrel of a machine gun and observes the indescribable results of the fire that is spitting from its mouth, one sees war at its worst, which is also its most usual.

As a relief from the super-dramatic but noisily harrowing war films, and also from the messy, colored musical shows which now clutter up the screen, a picture called *The Silent Enemy* is vehemently recommended. It was photographed in the enchanted forests and along the exuberant rivers of northern Canada, and its characters are all Indians. It contains no spoken dialogue, and needs none, for it tells its charming story with the simple eloquence of nature itself.

Two amateurs, Douglas Burden and William Chanler, were responsible for *The Silent Enemy.* They fashioned for it a romantic tale of the love of a stalwart young chief for a graceful maiden, and set it against a background of tragic beauty.

The villain of the piece is Hunger, and the final scenes of the conquest of this enemy provide tremendous excitement, principally because they are superbly real.

Those who saw and admired such exceptional films as *Nanook of the North, Grass,* and *Chang* are urged to see *The Silent Enemy,* for it belongs in their distinguished company. It is a fine feather in the cinema's cap. May it be given the recognition that it richly deserves.

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 21*]

There never is much point in the traditional complaint against "destructive criticism." Any ambitious builder must demolish such old and flimsy shacks as stand in the way of his plan. Brick and mortar have to come down before the lofty skyscraper of structural steel can be reared upon that same foundation. And if Shaw was in some respects a wrecker, he never failed to carry with him blue prints illustrating precisely what he hoped to put in place of such things as were scrapped. Our times have known few leaders as set in purpose as George Bernard Shaw. Almost from the moment he began to write plays, he spoke of the great day when the British Empire should become a country administered by leaders selected from the ranks of labor. The world knew not a single other exponent of Socialism one half so eloquent and effective.

And now that Shaw has passed the mark of seventy he has become a tragic figure. Literature is filled with pictures of the broken chief who is blighted by defeat at the end of monstrous effort. But there can be an even more tragic culmination to leadership. You may win. This is the misfortune of George Bernard Shaw. Very many of the things for which he struggled have been achieved.

Finding himself up to the ankles in ardent devotees, the sage executed a strategic movement and called it *The Apple Cart.* Seeking to regain the rôle of lone wolf once again, he darted not forward where the road was crowded but backward. If *The Apple Cart* means anything at all—and this is a fit subject for debate—it declares that Democracy is and always must be a failure. Mr. Shaw seems to say that in mass intelligence we may never expect to find that keenness of perception which is needed for the mastery of a complicated civilization.

This particular critic must admit that the strategic movement called *The Apple Cart* seems to him to constitute a very complete failure. The fruit has soured into exceedingly hard cider. Seemingly Mr. Shaw didn't know his own strength. Having gained converts by the thousands during the long years of his pastorate he appears to have assumed that it would be easy to swing them around into new formations. He forgot that he was not the only Shavian in the world. And as it now develops, by no means the most ardent. The things he taught have sunk so deeply into so many men and women that *The Apple Cart* will and has received its severest criticism from Mr. Shaw's best friends.

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A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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WOMEN ON THE SHELF

[*Continued from page 8*]

Her high spirits subsided suddenly and she leaned back in her chair with a sigh. "Just the same, there's nothing funny about our situation," she muttered. "What are we women going to do—the countless thousands of us who have lost our jobs as wives and mothers while we're still in our forties, and who don't know how to do anything else?" She looked at me severely. "Something ought to be done about it," she announced.

I assured her that something was being done about it, and that many able minds were concerned with her problem. We talked a long time. She described her experiences and those of her friends. I tried to tell her what I am now repeating here. For Mrs. Scott's problem is a vital one, and she is right in feeling that something must be done about it.

Later I talked to other women, and to many educators. They admitted that the case of Mrs. Scott, and of women like her—and the world seems full of them — represents tragedy. Because this situation is a new development, brought about by other new developments in the industrial and social worlds, few of its victims have yet learned how to meet it. Even the authors and playwrights who are solving all our problems for us are ignoring this one. They have taken up the tragedy of the retired business man, but they fail to realize that of the wife and mother who has been retired by the new conditions of these times.

THERE are thousands of her all around us, and the number is constantly increasing. She receives little understanding or sympathy even from her nearest and dearest. It is generally taken for granted that, because she is a woman, her home continues to fill her life and occupy her time. In its way, her situation is infinitely more pathetic than an idle father's. It comes upon her like a creeping disease. She is in its grip, is numbed by it and perhaps made helpless, before she realizes what has happened to her. All around us middle-aged wives and mothers are sitting on the narrow shelf Mrs. Scott mentioned—that shelf to which the world relegates the citizen whose useful activities are over. Some of them remain there more or less contentedly, enjoying the activities they can still watch, though they have no part in them. With such women we have no concern here, nor with those who can twist around on their shelves and play auction or contract every afternoon with their fellow victims. It is the state of the wives who are unhappy on the shelf, and the triumphs of the women who have resolutely climbed down and insisted on their place among the active, that one finds worth considering.

It is not so long since the average home and the average-size family *did* fill a woman's life—especially while her children were young. She was a living proof of the old theory that woman's work was never done. Certainly hers never seemed to be. If she wasn't engaged in household tasks, she was training the children or making or mending their clothes and her husband's or nursing some of them through illness. She had little or no time for reading or recreation. Clarion calls to domestic duties assailed her on every side. She was over-worked, but she was not unhappy. No woman can be really unhappy who knows that she is indispensable to the happiness and welfare of those she loves.

Gradually, at first, things began to change. The children grew old enough to be sent first to local schools and then to distant schools. They were home only during vacations, and often the long vacations found them at summer camps. Their mother now lived in a modern apartment, equipped with every up-to-date aid to housekeeping. By eleven in the morning she was free to sit down and fold her hands. Her husband did not come home to luncheon. He was increasingly absorbed in his business and had frequent night meetings. If he came home in the evenings he was exhausted by his day's work. He dozed over his newspaper and went to bed early. She was no longer necessary, even to him, as a motive power in her home. She was not necessary to her children, who were absorbed in their individual interests. She was not necessary to anyone, yet she was still young — in early middle-age, at the most. Her life ought to be at the peak of its interest; but the interest had oozed out of it like the air from a pricked balloon. She was as much of an odd wheel in the machinery of her home as a husband who has retired from business. She, too, had retired from business, though it took her a long time to realize it.

About this time the women's colleges began to realize how many of their alumnae were at loose ends in middle-age, and they tackled the problem with fine enthusiasm. Inevitably their first constructive efforts were along the obvious lines of special home courses or summer courses of study. They urged their idle alumnae to take up such courses and the alumnae hopefully responded. But though there were thousands of them, the new experiments helped only a small proportion of those who needed help; and even the women who tried them were conscious that the effort stopped this side of what they required. Many of them began to feel that the world held no real place for middle-aged wives and mothers whose families no longer vitally needed them. One heard on every side some such tragic confession as this:

"I'm no use to myself or to any one else. I've ceased to be an asset in the world and become a liability. I've tried all sorts of things to fill my time, but nothing seems worth while. My mainspring has broken—and I'm only forty-three!"

COLLEGES and college women continued to study the problem. They had taken in the knowledge that a situation affecting so many women was a grim one and must be tackled with vigor. They found a partial solution which their alumnae have accepted in increasing numbers; and this interest has percolated to the throngs of intelligent women who are not college bred,

[*Continued on page 95*]

Here a rose-trellised entrance gives privacy

GARDEN BACKGROUNDS

By Romaine B. Ware

THE planning and planting of a background should be the first step in garden-making, because several years are needed to bring it to perfection. The background is the foundation of every decorative scheme. It is needed for two purposes: first, to enclose the garden, outlining its size and shape, and giving privacy; and, secondly, to act as a contrast against which flowers and other garden features can be displayed to advantage.

There is a growing tendency all over the country to make our gardens more private—to plan them for the needs and pleasures of the family that uses them. Front yards, open to the eyes of every passer-by are practically public property; but our back yards are fast developing into outdoor living rooms, closely related to the living quarters of the house and, if properly planned and planted, almost as private as the rooms inside the house. Here the background plays an important part.

The materials for this enclosure will depend on many things—the size and shape of the area, the character of the surroundings, and the style of the house, for instance. Backgrounds may be of various materials—trees, shrubs, fences, walls, or hedges. Each of these has its proper use. The problem for the home owner is to select the one which suits his own property best.

The size of the area and the proximity of other homes or buildings are among the most important considerations. Small areas in closely built up sections are limited in their selection of material. Height is needed without much width. With few exceptions, trees are ruled out. The chief exception is the Lombardy Poplar. As a tall enclosure, they are excellent; but they have the great disadvantage of taking almost complete possession of the soil with their roots, and so crowding out almost everything else. Tall vigorous shrubs have the same disadvantage in the small garden.

Walls provide a screen and background at little expenditure of space, but they are inclined to be expensive and a walled garden frequently has a poor circulation of air. This fact may seem to be a little thing, but it is important for the growing of healthy plants. Walls should harmonize with the architecture of the house, be it stucco, brick or stone. Hedges which are virtually walls of foliage have the same objectionable feature as do trees and large shrubs, although not to such an extent. Their hungry roots, spreading far and wide, make flower-growing difficult in their immediate vicinity. Some varieties of shrubs spread their roots less than others; and, for this reason, are more desirable.

WHEN the subject is fully analyzed, a fence is the most practical enclosure and background for the small area; and if it can be used as a support for flowering vines, it can be most decorative. There is a wide variety of vines that may be used for background purposes. Annual vines are cheap and quick to establish themselves, but they only last for one season and provide no screen till considerable growth has been made. Perennial vines provide a screen earlier in the season, because generally their growth is more permanent; and evergreen vines are the most efficient, as they are decorative the full twelve months. Among the annual vines the following are good: Morning Glory, Balloon Vine, Cobaea, Cardinal Climber, Scarlet Runner Bean, Moon Flower and Wild Cucumber. The last two may become pests—especially the Moon Flower, which is hardy in mild sections and spreads its roots everywhere. It is wise not to use too many varieties, but to make more extensive plantings of a few kinds. Clematis, Wistaria, Virginia Creeper, Kudza Vine, Bignonia and Bittersweet are among the most important of the deciduous perennial vines; and among evergreen varieties, English and Boston Ivy and Euonymus are the commonest, though Honeysuckle is practically evergreen and most desirable.

Where space permits, say on lots

[*Continued on page 94*]

Around a city garden, tall shrubs raise their green protecting wall

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GARDEN BACKGROUNDS

[*Continued from page 93*]

fifty to sixty feet wide, and wider, masses of tall shrubs and even the less vigorous varieties of trees (the Flowering Cherries, Crabs, and the Mountain Ash) may be used to good advantage. Here the backgrounds can afford to be five to seven feet wide, without taking up too much space. Shrubs can be selected that will mature to a height of ten or twelve feet, which is sufficiently high to assure privacy. Irregular masses may be used where a formal effect is not desired; trimmed hedges will lend an air of formality. Each has its uses; and the landscape design, or the architecture of the house, will be the controlling factor.

THERE are a large number of shrubs to select from, and the choice will be more or less limited by locality. The Lilacs, Mock Oranges, Viburnums, Spiraeas, Hawthorns, Bush Honeysuckles, Privets, Dogwoods, and many others are good almost everywhere. Some sections of the country will have their favorites, such as the English Laurel (Cerasus) and Fire Thorn (Pyracantha) of the Pacific Northwest. Privet is used so much in some sections of the country that it is rather too common and not to be recommended where good planting is wanted. Privet is notoriously selfish in the spreading of its roots; while Hawthorn, on the other hand, sends its roots out hardly at all and other things may be planted close to it. In the home landscape it has never been as popular as its good qualities warrant. Among the newer hedge plants, the Cotoneasters are becoming recognized as most desirable. In colder sections, like Minnesota, some varieties have proven very satisfactory.

Evergreens, both broad-leaved and coniferous, are excellent for backgrounds; and they would be used much more than they are, if the costs were not so high. Most of them are slow growers—that is, the desirable varieties are—and that means that the production costs are high. In many respects they are the finest of background material because they are beautiful throughout the year.

In planting evergreens for background or any other purpose in the ordinary yard, avoid such things as Pines, Spruces, or Firs. With one or two exceptions, these are naturally tall vigorous trees; and no matter how good-looking they may be when young, the time will eventually come when they will outgrow their places and have to be cut down. Thoughtless and unscrupulous dealers all over the country sell them because they are easy to propagate and seem ideal when small. They are all right where the garden is measured in acres, but in the ordinary yard, it is better to plant the right thing in the beginning. Many Yews, Junipers, Arbor Vitaes and Retinisporas may be depended upon not only to form satisfactory backgrounds, either in masses or hedges; but also to stay within bounds, and never outgrow their usefulness.

One class of shrubs that should not be overlooked in the selection of material for backgrounds is the Rugosa Rose and its hybrids. The hybrid Rugosa, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer will make a glorious background, twelve to fifteen feet high, and produce a wonderful mass of bloom. There are several others almost as vigorous, and all of them should be used liberally not only because of their ideal background effect but because they are healthy and hardy under a wide variety of conditions. The climbing roses growing upon the support of fences or walls make never-to-be-forgotten pictures, worthy of the most elaborate gardens. Always plant several of a kind, rather than many different kinds, as the decorative effect will be better. Many of the newer varieties of climbing roses are much healthier than the old kinds were.

AS A home owner desirous of planting a background that will just suit your garden, you must study the situation and plan one that will most completely fit your conditions. Try to visualize the effect you wish to obtain, strive to get a mental picture of the complete planting, and then select the materials to produce the desired result.

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WOMEN ON THE SHELF

[*Continued from page 92*]

but who have been equally eager for constructive suggestions. Today countless women are deep in the study of euthenics, and to some of them it is the answer to their problem.

The word itself was coined by a Vassar woman, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, instructor in sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She explained that euthenics is "the science of making living better." That was simple enough for any mind—and women began moving forward in a steady mass toward the living stream that was offered them.

PROBABLY Dr. Richards herself is surprised by the present ramifications of her new science. Vassar and other colleges now conduct special summer Institutes of Euthenics, and the awed layman may get from Vassar's most recent prospectus an arresting impression of what it offers to women who have climbed down from their shelf to consider it. But even euthenics has its definite limitations of usefulness for the middle-aged woman. She could have used it practically as a young wife and mother and an inexperienced housekeeper; it would have taught her much and saved her more. But now, while knowledge of any kind is always helpful, she has passed her acute need of euthenics, which specializes, naturally, on problems of child-training and domestic life.

It is about this time that the first real light gleams on her dark horizon. If she could find in herself, and could develop, some hidden, unexpected capacity for achievement of any kind—something she could really do, something which would make her an actual member of the working forces of the world—how wonderful that would be! Vague memories come to her of women who have done that sort of thing. She recalls the German woman who made for her own children a home-made doll of such charm that it was subsequently put on the market, and sold the world over, earning a fortune for its happy originator. She remembers the woman who made a fortune through her home-made pickles, and another who made one through home-made candy. She has heard that Rose O'Neill was idly moulding a bit of clay one morning when the smile of the first Kewpie suddenly flashed out of that clay. Has she, this middle-aged woman who is considering these instances, any hidden talent?

Sometimes she has, and occasionally the discovery of it is largely a matter of chance.

One such woman I know had a singularly engaging and magnetic personality. She was fond of gardens, but didn't know much about them. However, she consented to read a garden paper before a club to which she belonged. She studied her subject enough to write a good average paper, and she read it very charmingly. The club members were enthusiastic. At the end of the reading a stranger came up to her.

"Mrs. X," she said, "I'm Mrs. Y, president of the Woman's Club in your neighboring town. We're very anxious to have a good garden talk there. Could I persuade you to come to us next month—and what are your terms?"

Mrs. X. was mentally quick on the trigger. This quality and her personal charm were almost her sole qualifications for the suggested garden talk, but she seized her opportunity.

"I asked her a hundred dollars," she told me, "and I got it. I gave a lot of time to my paper for her club. I consulted all the authorities I could get. I earned that first hundred hard, for I was terribly nervous; but I gave the talk to six more clubs that spring and to two dozen the following winter. That was the beginning of my distinguished career," she added with a gaminesque grin.

But she need not have grinned at her career, for it *is* a distinguished and very successful one.

Another woman, with unusually good taste, has built up a local reputation as a home decorator. She has no shop or studio, but she goes into a house for a fixed price, visits every room of it with its mistress, tells that lady what is good and what is bad in her furniture and arrangement (a task that calls for tact!), and what she especially needs. Then she buys the needed pieces

on a commission basis and refurnishes and rearranges the house in any degree its mistress can afford. The work takes no more than her spare time and she finds it absorbingly interesting. Incidentally, while she has not made a large income, she has earned enough in the past seven years to pay for any little luxuries she desires, including two voyages to Europe.

Still another woman I know, also began her career almost by chance. She was annoyed by the condition of a run down but formerly picturesque cottage near her home. The place was almost an offense to her eye and she saw it every time she looked out of her living room windows. It was unoccupied and its owner was abroad.

"If I were a rich woman I'd buy that cottage and tear it down," she told herself one morning. "Or," she added slowly, "I'd make it over and resell it."

SHE began to plan, idly at first, how she would make it over. It wouldn't cost much, and probably the original price would be very low. The idea intrigued her. She found it fascinating to plan the remodeling of that cottage. She would begin at once.

She had a little money and the next day she went to see the town's leading builder and get his estimate of the cost of the changes she had planned. Then she visited the agent of the cottage and bought the place at a bargain, paying five hundred dollars down, with two years to pay the balance. She remodeled the cottage and sold it within the year with a profit of two thousand dollars. She has remodeled dozens of houses since then, and is a contented and successful business woman.

"The happiest day of my life," she told me, "was the day four years after I started when I was able to lend my husband six thousand dollars to tide him over a business emergency. He mentioned the need one evening because he was worried, but without the slightest idea that I could help him out. He had looked at my new work as a joke—as something I was doing to amuse myself—and his attitude piqued me so much that I didn't give him any information about my progress. I shall never forget his face that night when I remarked very casually that I could let him have a few thousands without feeling it! He repaid the loan within two years, and with interest, and he has never needed a loan since then; but he doesn't joke any more about my new 'job'."

So it all comes back, you see, to new work, *real* work, and money earning.

To develop a money earning capacity seems to be life's first advice to the woman on the shelf. If she can find some way of earning money, she has found one satisfactory answer to her big riddle. The moral effect on her is extremely stimulating. She has the best possible proof that she is of some use, somewhere. One doesn't earn money nowadays without handing over its equivalent in brains or labor. She invariably finds her new efforts interesting. If she has developed a new field, she is justly proud of having done so. If she has merely followed in the footsteps of others, she has cause for pride in her ability to do that. She is a wife and mother first of all—a woman untrained for labor in the world's market. She rightly feels that it is an achievement, and a high achievement, to have become a money earner with this handicap.

BUT even for the woman who cannot earn money, there is still hope of a vital new interest in life. If opportunities are lacking in her own home, they are still open to her in other homes.

The most useful woman I know is a Mrs. Mason, the leading spirit in her small town community. She and her husband live alone. They have no children and he is absorbed in his prosperous business. Mrs. Mason's work is done by ten o'clock in the morning, for she is up and about very early. Her husband does not come home to lunch.

She knows—because she makes a point of knowing—where there is special need of help and kindness in her town. She knows that the minister's overworked wife has a sick child and cannot afford a nurse. She spends several hours putting the little house in order, doing some advance cooking, and the like. She knows an old lady who is blind, but intensely interested in the affairs of the world. She reads the newspaper headlines to that old lady every afternoon, from the first page to the last, and anything else the listener cares to hear. She knows a bedridden invalid whose days are long and lonely. She sits by that bed for a while, telling its occupant the latest village news. Always she merely "happens in." She never mentions her other visits. She never conveys the impression that she is a conscious angel of mercy. But everyone in trouble knows that Mrs. Mason will "happen in" if she is needed: and she carries peace to every home, and undying peace in her own big heart.

No human being has ever heard Mrs. Mason complain of the loneliness or emptiness of her life. She wouldn't understand what any one meant by such a complaint. She has found the really worth while solution of the big problem. She knows that no life need ever be empty while there is need of help and kindness in other lives.

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 19*]

"I hav' given you something for every animal which I take from your traps," she said. "You know that is true!"

He professed great surprise. "And what?"

"Tobacco, blanket, snowshoe! Why, even those moccasin on your great, ugly feets!"

He examined the moccasins with feigned admiration.

"So? Well, that is news to me! I think all time I get these moccasin at post on trade. If I know they come from you I no wear them! *Non!* I hang them on wall for souvenir of how much Neeka love me!"

A sudden thought set him shaking with laughter. "Neeka! Instead of all these little trade you say you mak' with me for my furs, why you not mak' me one big trade, like you offer to that Mounty? Who knows? Maybe I not turn you down, like him!"

HE LEFT his station at the door to stand over the girl, a grin parting his loose, red lips. She answered the insult with a resounding slap across his cheek and he grasped her arm, viciously. "You!" he began, but dropped her, quickly, as the cabin door was flung wide to admit the Factor, Father Bonheur and, it seemed, all the menfolk of Neepawa, with a fringe of curious women and children at their heels. The news of the escape and Neeka's part therein had spread like wildfire through the village. The girl had time to note that Carlyle was not with the throng before she was assailed by a babble of questioning tongues. McDonald quieted the gabble. "Silence!" he thundered. "Or out ye'll go! Neeka—" he hurried to the girl's side, vastly perturbed. "Is it true about the murderer? I canna believe my own ears!"

The kindliness of his tone tumbled her to the verge of tears. "It is true," she replied, "but please do not speak kind wit' me. I cannot stand that."

The Curé laid a gentle hand upon her arm. "My dear child," he began, "tell us why you did this thing? Surely you knew it was a grave sin, a crime against the law? That you would be arrested, disgraced?"

"Arrest! Disgrace!" The words swept the gathering like a quickened wind. There were assenting cries: "It is what she deserves, the bad, wicked girl!"

"Shut up!" McDonald shouted. "We do not yet know why the lass did this thing. Neeka, my child," he turned to her again, sympathetically, "tell us why you freed this man!"

"He was trap'," she muttered, "like one of my animals. So I set him free. That is all."

"There!" cried the Factor, triumphantly. "Did I not tell you that was the sole motive of the girl? She makes no distinction between men and animals. We have known all along that Neeka robbed the trap-lines, set animals free, and we've not stopped her. When it came to this man she saw no difference. It is myself I blame entirely! I should have taught her better!"

"No, no, my son!" protested the Priest. "I am the one to blame. I who have had Neeka's spiritual welfare in my care! I should have guarded the child against such a mistake!"

"Well," remarked Jules, voicing the opinion of the village, "all that is pretty talk, but it remain that this girl hav' brought disgrace on Neepawa and should be punish!"

The others nodded, the women, especially, pressing forward to stare, accusingly, at the culprit. Not one of them but had benefited time and again by Neeka's kindness, but now there was not one to stand up for her. She looked at them scornfully. "Sometimes I see coyotes ring about a caribou who is caught on the ice," she said. "An' that is what you are like now, snarling, snapping, yellow coyotes! M'sieu le Facteur," she turned to McDonald, with a quiet dignity, "it is true that I set the man free of his trap as I would an animal, but that is not all my reason. . . . ."

Jules could no longer retain his venom: "No, no! that is not all her reason! Tell them, Neeka! Tell your frien' jus' what happen! Or maybe you like I should speak, eh? I was witness to this thing an' I hear Neeka . . . ."

"Jules!" the girl's voice rose to a scream, "you dare!"

"Be quiet, Cartier," commanded McDonald; "let Neeka speak."

BUT Jules might not be stopped, nor would the listeners allow him to keep his secret. With mock dramatic fervor, he recounted Neeka's strange offer to the Mounty and the policeman's insulting refusal: "She want to mak' trade—jus' like she bring poor trapper some rubbish in exchange for the fur she steal from his trap! But that Mounty he no think she is fair pay for a great, big murderer who is wanted by the king—one dirty, little half-breed!"

Amid the laughter which rocked the cabin, white-faced, eyes blazing, Neeka

[*Continued on page 97*]

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6197	14-18, 36-42	.65	6209	14-18, 36-46	.45	6221	4-14	.35
6198	14-18, 36-46	.45	6210	14-18, 36-42	.45	6222	1-10	.35
6199	14-18, 36-42	.50	6211	14-18, 36-42	.50	6223	1-6	.35
6200	14-18, 36-42	.45	6212	14-18, 36-42	.50	6224	14-18, 36-42	.65
6201	14-18, 36-42	.45	6213	4-14	.35	6225	6-14	.35
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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 96*]

sprang from the haven of the Factor's embrace and leapt for Jules' throat. There were frightened cries: "Take her off! The wildcat, she keel heem!"

Jules' chuckle died in his throat as Neeka clung there, two strong hands grasping at his windpipe, the girl's lithe body swaying like a pendulum as the man rocked back and forth, trying to shake her off. The incident happened so quickly only those near the swaying figures saw Jules seize his knife from his belt and bring it upward. There was a warning shriek but, before the blade sank, a form parted the mob gathered in the open doorway, like a scythe mowing grass, and a great, gray-white Malamute leapt straight for Jules' back.

It was Giekie and he wasted no time on technique. An instant, and Cartier lay stretched full length upon the floor, the dog on top of him, the knife jerked from his hand and thrown into the crowd.

There was a scream of mortal terror from Jules but, before the dog, in obedience to the well-known command, might rend his throat, someone lunged through the crowd, seized Giekie by the ruff and, with a mighty heave, flung him aside. Before his body struck the floor, the Malamute had turned and was back to meet this new aggressor. But Neeka ran between him and the foe, crying, "Down, Giekie, down!"

The lunging dog could not check his impetus and crashed into her, his teeth ripping her dress from neck to hem. Neeka sank to the floor beside him, her arms twining his neck, her sobs buried in his coat. Through the scented tumble of her hair, Giekie saw that the man who had seized him and, thereby, saved Jules Cartier, was his well-loved friend, Carlyle.

Jules touched his throat, gingerly. "That dog is a devil," he said. "He should be shot at once."

"On the contrary," objected Carlyle, "Giekie should get a medal, or, at least, promotion stripes. He is the hero of Neepawa." Turning to the Factor, Bob added, "Mac, will you have two of your men carry what is lying outside under a blanket to a suitable place? We'll have to hold an inquest, I suppose. Giekie," he explained, "brought down our escaped prisoner."

Carlyle looked at the bowed figure of the girl as she bent over her dog. "We got our man back, Neeka," he said; "but he is dead."

THERE was a rush outside and a quick withdrawing at sight of the still form under the blanket. In the room, McDonald grasped Carlyle's hand. "I'm glad for you, my lad, glad!"

"But tell us how it happened," the Factor demanded.

"There isn't much to it. I judge that Randall, after receiving his liberty, purloined some few articles belonging to the LaRondes. He had a gun with him which, I think, is Miscou's, and some other articles. Anyway, Giekie simply took after him and defended the family property. The man probably put up a fight and that is all there is to it. I found the body about a mile down the trail toward the lake. Giekie was standing guard over it but, when I came, he ran ahead of me to the cabin."

"An' arrive to attack me, m'sieu, in the same way!" said Jules, still nursing his injuries. "I tell you that dog is a demon and should be killed!"

"You must remember, Jules," remarked the Factor, "that when Giekie came into the cabin he saw you in the act of mistreating Neeka!"

"What?" Carlyle swung upon the trapper, fiercely.

"She was at my throat!" protested Jules. "I fight for my life! I tell you they is both devils! Dog and girl!"

FATHER BONHEUR interfered, pouring oil on the troubled waters. "Hush, my children!" he said. "There have been bad words enough. Let us have peace! And let us be grateful that the error Neeka unwittingly made has been rectified by the hand of God...."

"It was by my Giekie!" Neeka muttered.

"And now," continued the good father, "let us think only of the soul of that unfortunate man, brought so swiftly to his death. Let us pray for

him! Come, my son," he added, to McDonald, "there is much yet for us to do."

The silence falling upon the cabin seemed like a tired sigh. From outside came the rapidly dwindling voices of the men as they carried away what remained of Randall, wife-murderer.

Neeka still crouched above Giekie, motionless, her face, now that she was alone with Carlyle, again buried from sight. "Won't you speak to me, Neeka?" he begged. "I've only a minute. McDonald and the others will be waiting for me. There are things to be done."

"I do not want you here, m'sieu," her voice came, muffled, from Giekie's coat. "I do not want to ever see you again."

He knelt beside her, contritely. "I know, Neeka. You must hate me. I said dreadful things. But, dear, you must forgive me, understand me. I was crazy. You can't know what it means to lose your man in—in such a way. I went out of my head, I think."

"Well," she said, wearily, "Giekie got the man bac' for you. I sorry he mak' him all dead but better that, maybe, than what happened to him in Edmonton. There he would hav' hung by his neck, is not that so?"

"Yes."

"Hang by his neck! Like you see a deer or caribou strung from a tree! No, it was better our frien' feel for one more time the cool, free win' against his face as he run for his life! I am glad now that I set him free, to meet his death under the open sky! Maybe you and these other men think my Giekie is a murderer when he slip from his collar and run after that man—all to protect some little things of mine and of my brother! But I no think so. Giekie but set that poor man's soul free of its trap, like I set free his body, and the bodies of all trapped things!" She clenched her fists, her body stiffened, her eyes on some far and distant goal. "For all my life that is left to live," she vowed, "that will I do—set free those creature what are trap' by man or by the law!"

"Neeka! Won't you forgive me? Won't you let me come back, someday, when all this is forgotten, healed, like a wound; grown over with new green, like an old burn in the forest?"

"That ol' burn never grow green. Maybe some little bush or vine she try to cover the scars, but the heart of the wood is charred, like black ash; burned out and dead, like my heart, m'sieu."

"Nonsense, Neeka! You're young. You'll forget and be happy again, someday!"

"Forget? Will the peoples of Neepawa, who crowd about me like coyotes this day, will they forget? No, m'sieu, for all time will my name be hand down wit' laughter as the girl who try to give herself to a policeman an' is refuse."

"Oh, Neeka, Neeka! It isn't that bad, truly! I can make them understand, dear. I *will* make them understand! Listen—" he took the bit in his teeth, "there is just one way of making them, of bringing them to your feet, where they belong. Neeka, will you marry me? Will you be my wife?"

She looked up. "Me, the breed girl? The, what you say, 'joke,' of Neepawa? Me be your wife?"

Now he was lifting her to her feet. The torn dress fell away from her smooth brown shoulder and he would have embraced her, had she not evaded him, drawing the ragged blouse about her and facing him, quietly, ashen-gray, as if the spent fires of her passion had indeed left her burned out. "I would not marry wit' you or any man," she said. "I hate you an' I hate all men. Tonight I am going where I hope I never see any human-beast, like you an' these others of Neepawa, again. I am going where there will be nothings but the wil' beasts of the forest, who love me an' are kind and true and would never hurt me, as you hav' hurt me, M'sieu Policeman!"

BEFORE he might speak, plead with her, she was gone, lightly, eerily, like some wraith of the woods; disappearing into the timber about the little clearing, like a dryad, hurt by human contact and fleeing to the kindly arms of Mother Nature. Giekie, with one last look for his friend, Carlyle, followed her into the gathering dusk of the spring twilight.

The Mounty stood in the open doorway, staring into the woods that had swallowed them both, conscious of a sick longing to follow and desperate with the knowledge that it would be hopeless.

A touch upon his elbow startled him from his reverie. It was Daisy, wide-eyed with curiosity. "Gee!" she exclaimed, "whatever has been happening? I was scared to come out and scared all the rumpus would set Miscou to frettin'. But he's sleepin' in there, like a baby. Where's Neeka? Ain't she gettin' supper for us?"

The sheer selfishness of it enraged him. He wanted to tell her her concern was belated, that, while she sat snugly with Miscou, Neeka fought the battle of her life, alone. But, he thought, what was the use? This scarred little atom flung, like a dreg, from the bottom of life's cup, had already crossed her last ridge and found her country beyond. She was happy with her man—her Indian. Why spoil it?

"Tell me," she was saying, clutching his tunic sleeve with nervous fingers, "you ain't going to say nothing to

[*Continued on page 98*]

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 97*]

Neeka or the others about me, about what I—used to be, are you? Is it a promise?"

"Miss Dell," he said, "you can marry Miscou and all of Neepawa. I won't stop you. I just ask one thing. When Neeka comes back—"

"Has she gone away? Say, how will we—"

"You'll get along as best you can. I think you're quite capable of taking care of yourself and Miscou. Yes, Neeka has gone. On a sort of holiday, I think. A holiday from humanity."

"You mean she turned you down? That little backwood's kid?"

"I mean she showed good judgment. But, as I was saying, I have one favor to ask in return for my—er—silence regarding yourself. And that is, when Neeka does choose to come back, or if she is ever in trouble or need, you will give her this address, or send for me yourself." He gave her a card. "Goodbye, Daisy." he said. "You promise to do that for me?"

"I sure do, Mounty. Goodbye, and good luck!"

She watched his tall figure until he passed from sight, then tore the pasteboard to bits and scattered the little snowy flakes. "We won't want him buttin' in," was her inward comment as she turned to the cabin and closed the door.

JUNE was at full tide and the flat, dirt-packed roof of the LaRonde cabin flaunted an array of wildflowers, but Neeka was not there to view her roof garden. Giekie also had vanished and this, so Miscou argued, proved he was with Neeka and, since he did not return, she was alive. Neeka, he said, could make her own way in the wilderness and it was shame for her own misdeeds that kept her away.

During Miscou's convalescence, while he was cared for by Daisy and alone with her in the cabin, the boy learned, for the first time, the contents of the packet Rufus Whipple had died bringing to Neepawa. Daisy omitted mention of the part Kippewa, the half-breed, played in the affair. He still figured as the musher who was taking her to her brother at the construction camp and who was lost in the blizzard. But she drew a sad picture of Rufus, of the old man's joy at finding her; his trust and his plea that she carry the packet to Neepawa and the LaRonde children. She told of her determination and struggle to do so. "I only kept from telling you at first, Miscou," she explained, "because I wanted to find out if you was worthy of it; then, when I had grown to love you, I wanted to make sure you loved me!"

She brought the packet from its hiding place in the lining of her tin trunk, first slipping off the covering with its scrawled legend: "For my daughter, Neeka LaRonde, at Neepawa, Canada. To be delivered, after my death, by my partner, Rufus Whipple." She wanted Miscou to believe himself included, at least until they had examined the contents and discovered LaRonde's intentions.

The map gave them only the lay of the land and the position of the mine. It was a crude affair, scratched out, laboriously, in charcoal, but Miscou shrugged aside its limitations. It would be simple, he said, to find the mine when they had once followed the directions the letter contained. "It will be a ver' rich country," he said.

The letter was in French and necessitated painful translating by the Indian, whose ideas of the written language were vague. Much of it he could not gather, but certain facts struck him with sledge-hammer force. One was that this wealth, of which his stepfather spoke so glowingly—the sacks and sacks of gold lying in the cabin the two men had erected, the untold wealth still lining the stream bed, the extent of the miraculous lode, of which they had but scratched the surface—this golden inheritance, LaRonde made plain, was for Neeka only!

THERE was no mention, anywhere, of her brother except a postscript cramped into the bottom of a page, beneath the blessing he called down upon his daughter, his undying love and feebly scrawled signature: "When you have come with Whipple to the mine and are rich, my child, you may do as you think best for the Indian boy, Miscou."

On another page, in crabbed French, was LaRonde's reason for leaving out the Indian boy, Miscou, from this, his last will and testament.

Enraged, Miscou flung the map and letter from him, vowing he would not stay another moment in the cabin. He would seek his mother's tribe and never again gaze upon a white man's face! Then a pretty, white face came near his own and red lips silenced him.

"Don't you love me, Miscou?" asked Daisy. "Doesn't this map and the mine belong to us? Couldn't we find it, together?"

And so they laid their plans and prepared, secretly, for the long trek North. If Neeka returned and wanted to come with them, all right. But she must not know the truth. The story must be that the mine belonged to Daisy, an inheritance from her own father. So the letter was returned to the lining of the tin trunk-top and, with it, when not needed for examination, they kept the map of the mine.

Fired with gold-fever, Miscou mended quickly. Mrs. McDonald, worried that these two young people should be so long alone, played Mrs. Grundy and dropped in to call. "Don't you want to come and stay with me until Miscou's sister returns?" she invited.

Daisy smiled. "Thank you," she said, "but Miscou and me are going to be married, soon."

Daisy called upon the Priest. Now Carlyle was safely gone she did not mean to lose time. Neeka might come back, find out things and upset their plans. What if they quarreled and Miscou, in his hot-headed Indian fashion, flung out the truth? No, she thought, it were best to marry him before that snoopy Mrs. McDonald raised any more questions. Or Neeka might come back, or Carlyle change his mind and break his promise. She would have her guide to the gold country cinched! With Miscou, she could get there; without him she was swamped.

She recalled Kippewa's offer to take her! "You will need dogs and a man," the breed had said. Well, she had them. More, she had a husband; a soon-to-be-rich husband, even if he were an Indian! Miscou was young and, in his way, handsome; strong, devoted, single-purposed. After they had the gold she could do as she pleased and her wishes might not include an Indian husband as a social background in Seattle, or San Francisco, both good towns if one had loads of money.

"Thank heaven, the Mounty kept his face shut!" she said, and prepared for her wedding day.

There was a great gathering for the wedding. The nearest tribes came in and stood, stolidly silent, the Chiefs a bit jealous of this slender white and gold squaw Miscou had captured.

The chapel was so overcrowded, the only stranger present passed almost unnoticed. He was a blind man and his pock-marked face, the flesh drawn back into an everlasting grin about his lips and wide-staring, sightless eyes, almost frightened the LaFitte boy into hysterics. The blind stranger stumped about with the aid of a stout stick for, explained the Indians who had guided him to Neepawa, the man's feet had been frozen. The toes of one foot, said a chieftain, turned green and dropped off and the poor man burned the stumps, to stop gangrene. The other he severed with an ax, to check the blood poisoning which followed the fatal freeze.

When the wedding guests hurried off to the LaRonde cabin and the waiting feast, this unhappy creature was left in the chapel and there Neeka found him, huddled against the wall on one of the narrow benches. At first she did not see him, for the light was dim and, dropping upon her knees, she murmured her petitions.

Weeks alone in the wilderness with Giekie and such friendly animals as she encountered, had effected their cure. The Neeka who knelt by the crude altar, ragged, burned brown, her long hair a tumble of curls about her shoulders, was a different being from the shamed dryad who sped on that distant spring evening into the shadow of the forest and sought the anodyne of solitude.

IN A distant valley there was an abandoned cabin and the girl sought this haven, where, she knew, she would be safe from human intrusion. Suns gave way to moons, stars faded to dawns, spring fell into the arms of summer, and still Neeka stayed on in her lonely valley, letting its peace lull the ache in her heart. Physically, she made out well enough, for to sustain life in the wilderness, without manmade weapons, tools or traps, was an every summer occurrence to the girl. Always, with her father, the Indian mother and Miscou, she had gone out into the far woods to fish, pick berries, gather strange barks and herbs and learn, through experience, the craft of the open. Only on the spiritual and mental side was life in the valley complicated. There was so much to recover. Many strange rocks had been flung into the serene clarity of her life's pool. For long, silent hours she would crouch in the broken doorway of her cabin, or, with Giekie beside her, kneel at a waterfall's rim, where the silver-tongued stream sang between

[*Continued on page 99*]

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 98*]

fern-fringed banks, mentally retracing the troubled course of her life since that day when Corporal Carlyle came down the street of Neepawa with the murderer chained to his wrist.

Again and again she suffered the rebirth of her love for Bob and the death throes of her disillusion. Sometimes her sobs drove Giekie frantic with a sympathy he might only express with the silent pressure of his paws or the caress of his tongue.

WHEN the calendar of the moon told her it was July and the pain tightening her throat was, somehow, more soothed, more deeply buried, and she felt she might carry her burden, unashamed, before the prying eyes of others, she came over the Divide and into Neepawa, Giekie at her heels.

Going first to the church, she asked Le Bon Dieu to forgive her sins, then reassured and comforted, came away.

On a bench by the wall she saw the huddled figure of the stranger, left, like a forgotten wrap, by the wedding guests. She would have passed him, quickly, for his eyes were fastened upon her, boldly. He was the first human she had encountered in many weeks and her whole being recoiled. Then the man accosted her and she saw, with pity, that he was blind. "Can I help you, m'sieu?" she asked.

His voice was like a rasping file, long unused. "Ah!" he said. "I thought I heard a good girl at her prayers!"

He seemed to Neeka to grin constantly and she drew back in real terror when she saw that the flesh was pulled away from his lips in an everlasting grimace. "Tell me," he was saying, "what wedding was this in the church today? Those fool Indian tell me it was an Indian who marry wit' a white woman!"

Neeka gasped: "An Indian, wit' a white?" Could it be Daisy and Miscou? "Did you hear the names?" she cried. "Was it, perhaps, Miscou LaRonde?"

"I am not sure," muttered the blind man. "Miscou LaRonde, eh? Does Miscou LaRonde live here?"

"Of a certainty! He is my brother!" said Neeka.

"Your brother?" the rasping voice rose, excitedly. "Then you must be Neeka, eh? Tell me, did not your father—"

She clutched his arm. "My father? Oh, m'sieu, do you know my father?"

He drew back, nodding carelessly. "Oh, I hav' heard of him. Many people knew of Jacques LaRonde, eh? Did he not go to the Far Countree, to look for gol'?"

"*Oui,* m'sieu," she assented, sadly; "an' he never come bac'."

The stranger echoed the words 'never come bac'.'

"That is too bad. But he send his children something, eh? Some letter or word of—of what happen to him up there?"

"No, m'sieu, no letter, no word. The Nort' she swallow my dear father an' he is never heard of no more."

The man pondered this, then said: "But this marriage today. An Indian, to a white woman. Could that hav' been Miscou LaRonde? What white woman would marry him, here in Neepawa?"

"What white woman?" repeated Neeka, throwing back her head and laughing. "Why, Daisy Dell, of course! The Snowbird! That is who Miscou would marry!"

The blindman stared at her from sightless eyes, his lips parted in their everlasting grin. "So?" he breathed, softly. "Daisy Dell is here in Neepawa, eh? Do she live here for long time?"

"Oh," Neeka explained, impatient, now, to reach the cabin and learn if this exciting news were true. "She hav' live for long time in our cabin. She is like sister to me, and now," she giggled, happily, "she will be sister for true!"

"You will be glad for such a nice sister, eh? Having no father," the stranger added, slyly.

"Oh, yes. I love her ver' much. She is good and so beautiful. I must go home," she added. "I mus' hurry an' tell them how happy I am!"

The LaRonde cabin was so full the guests were strung down the path and scattered about the clearing to the very fringe of the forest. In the long, low-ceilinged front room a square dance was in progress, to the gay squeaking of a fiddle and the wheeze of an accordion; the dancers calling the figures with lusty shouts and rude banter. Miscou stood with his bride before an improvised punch bowl—a washtub draped with bunting—and into this the thirsty, perspiring guests dipped tin cups and toasted the newlyweds in a variety of dialects. When the jam about the refreshment table was too great, Jules Cartier broke into the mob, jostling with his elbows and bidding the guests move on.

Fresh from the quiet of her forest solitude, the noise and density of the throng frightened Neeka, but her eyes lighted with joyous anticipation, for here, surely, was a gathering to please the socially minded Daisy!

Miscou and his bride greeted her as from a throne, her brother merely nodding coolly and drawing back, when she would fling her eager arms about his neck. She did not note the repulse.

Daisy permitted a kiss, begging the tempestuous girl not to crush her wedding finery. "Yes," she replied, to Neeka's flood of questions, "Miscou and me is married. Ain't that swell?"

THE guests within hearing distance of this statement exchanged meaningful winks. Then the musicians struck up a gaudy tune and couples swung eagerly into a galloping two-step. Neeka, for the time, was forgotten. "Well, anyway," Daisy was saying, "you're back home and just in time. Supposin' you help see to the feedin' of these crazy people. The grub is all set out in the kitchen and we planned to serve it on a long table which Miscou fixed in the back yard. You go see about it, will you? And watch them Indians! They'll grab everything before anyone else gets a look-in!"

Neeka glanced, ruefully, at her torn, trail-worn woolen dress. "Oh, Daisy," she said, "can I not get fix up? I hav' worn this dress a long time and she pretty dirty."

"I should say it is!" Daisy sniffed. "You certainly look like the devil. But your room is all full of stuff. I know," she added, "you go into mine and fix up. Don't take anything you hadn't ought to and hurry," she shouted after the girl. "Get busy with the lunch! The eatin' should start soon."

[*Continued on page 100*]

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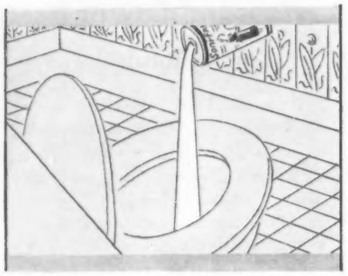

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 99*]

Neeka found the bedroom decked for the wedding, the birch-bark bed draped in muslin and cheap lace. She permitted herself one stabbing recollection of the last time she entered this room, then flung off such sad thoughts with her old and dirty dress.

Search of the curtained cupboard in the corner revealed but one costume she would dare wear; a pink, flowered challis, not considered Daisy's best gown by any means.

In the tin trunk she saw something winking from the tissue paper enfolding it. It was a white scarf patterned with gold spangles, many of them gone, leaving gaps in the design, but, to Neeka, who had never beheld anything so glittering, it was beautiful.

She removed it tenderly from the tissue wrappings. The long ends fell, snakily, over her too-short skirt and her torn blouse was completely hidden. Twisting before the bumpy mirror she considered the glory of the golden folds and the lilies of the field faded to mere milkweed. She felt so much the lady she braided her hair and twined it, coronet-wise, about her head. Then she bowed to her glittering reflection and, walking gingerly, swishing the spangled scarf ends, she ventured into the living room, now deserted.

With a sigh, she saw the blindman, the stranger who had addressed her in the church, stump up to the open door and peer in, listening, his lips in their endless grin, his sightless eyes fastened on vacancy.

"I am look for Mees Dell," he said. "Is this the LaRonde cabin, where she live?"

NEEKA assented, wondering what this strange man wanted with Daisy. To her astonishment, and before she might draw back, the blindman grasped her by the arm and ran swift fingers over the spangled scarf. A cry twisted his grinning lips and he was inside the room, his fingers clawing like talons as he touched the spangles, tracing their pattern and exclaiming. Then he leaned forward, seeming to drink in the perfume which clung to Daisy's dress and to the scarf.

"I would know that anywhere," he said; "that scent! And this dress!" He felt the flowered challis. "No woman in Neepawa would hav' such a dress but Mees Daisy Dell, eh? So you is fix up for your wedding? It was you who marry wit' that Indian boy, the stepson of Jacques LaRonde? What hav' you done wit' the map of M'sieu Whipple?" he half shouted. "Where is that letter you stole, you thief—" He wrenched Neeka's arm, ruthlessly, believing the girl to be Daisy, and she struggled to free herself, to speak and explain his mistake. But the blindman rasped on, his mask-like face thrust close to hers. "You think Kippewa dead, eh? You steal his dogs and leave him in the blizzard to die! An' now you marry wit' this LaRonde so you get the gol' his step-father leave him! Those sack an' sack of gol' the man tol' us of. Sack an' sack wit' nothing to guard them but the wolves and the skeleton of Jacques LaRonde!"

Neeka spoke, her voice hoarse with dread as she repeated the words of the blindman: "The skeleton of Jacques LaRonde—The skeleton of . . . my father? Oh, what do you say, m'sieu? Not my father? Not dead?"

Kippewa was puzzled. He relaxed his hold upon Neeka's arm and felt the thick, soft braids of her hair. "Was I mistake?" he asked, more gently. "You are not Mees Dell?"

"I am Neeka LaRonde," she sobbed. "I speak wit' you in the church."

"So? I remember now your voice. It was this—" he plucked at the scarf, "an' the scent of your clothes. I remember that scent an' think you are she. Forgive me!"

She sat by the table, her head bowed, and the golden scarf, sliding to the floor at her feet, formed a bright pool. "In my dreams, m'sieu," she went on, in a low, choked voice, "I think my father come to me to say goodbye. Then, again, it seem he is wanting me, calling for me to come to him."

KIPPEWA felt his way to where she sat. "Ah," he said, "dreams! They is to be watch! It is in dreams the Spirits come to those they love. I think that Spirit of your father come to warn you."

"Warn me?" she asked, looking up through tear-dimmed eyes; "of what?"

"Of great danger, of evil! Tell me," he leaned close to her, whispering. "This Mees Dell who hav' marry today wit' your brother, what do you know of her, eh?"

Falteringly, she told what little she knew of Daisy Dell, a loyal and loving narrative, starting with the morning after the blizzard when she found the girl in the lee of the snowed-in sled. "She not tell you how she come to be there?" asked Kippewa.

"Only that her Musher was lost an' she try to find him and come, at las', to Le Bois Noir."

Kippewa laughed. "Her Musher los' all right," he said; "I should know for I am that man."

Then he laughed and the dry, harsh sound made his distorted grin seem more mirthless. "To mak' you understand," he said, "I will tell you a little story." And he pictured a night on the trail. There were, he said, three people: a dog-musher, a white woman, and an old man. The old man died and the

others buried him, in the snow. That same day the woman had nearly frozen her feet and her guide warmed them for her at his breast, covering them with his own socks and muclucks. Her little white feet barely filled the toes of his great shoes, he said. Then, when the death of the old man left the pair alone in the wilderness they loved one another. This woman gave herself to her half-breed dog-musher, as his wife.

In the night, so said Kippewa, while he lay asleep, this woman stole something belonging to him, something of great value. He awoke to find her standing over him with a gun in her hand, threatening his life. Before he might stop her, she ran to where the dogs crouched in the snow, still in harness—for they had not bothered to unhitch them on the previous night—and, rousing the team, took her place in the sled. Then, when the Musher commanded her to stop, to come back and return what she had stolen, the woman took deliberate aim and, in cold blood, shot him.

"You see what I am," said Kippewa, to Neeka. "Snow blind, my feet gone —one to the heel, the other but half there. All one side of me, from where the bullet lodge, she is stiff, like corpse. An' I am young man, Mees Neeka, for all my hair is white like snow."

He was, indeed, pitiable. "I am sorry for you, m'sieu, that is most sad story you tell. But," she added, "I do not believe Daisy do this thing to you. She is too good an' beautiful. There mus' be a mistake. It is some other woman."

But his answer was lost for, just then, Daisy swept into the room followed by two lads. Coming through the kitchen, she was saying: "I hope there's some left. My goodness, the way them folks lapped it up!" She reached the washtub punch bowl and peered in. "Oh, sure, there's plenty! Now, you kids grab hold of it, table and all, and carry it . . ." Then she saw Kippewa sitting beside Neeka and her hand flew to her mouth to stifle a telltale scream. Kippewa grinned and leered at her, then one of the boys carrying the punch table said: "There's that old blindman who was in the church. He gives me the shivers, starin' that way an' seein' nothin'!"

So he was blind! She drew nearer, staring at him, intently. He made no move. "Get the likker to the folks," she whispered, to the boys; "tell 'em I'll be right out."

When they were gone, Daisy, on tiptoe, made a move to follow. Kippewa was speaking: "I know you are in here. Don' try to go away. I only come after you. Maybe you rather I talk to you out there, where your frien' wait for you, eh? Maybe you like they should hear what I say to you."

Daisy buried her face to hide from the slowly approaching terror and Kippewa's grin remained frozen, etched everlastingly upon his maimed face. "Look at Kippewa," he whispered, "Look at what you left of Kippewa an' then say you do not know him!"

"I don't!" she half screamed. "I never saw you before! Oh, keep him away, keep him away!" She lashed her slight body about like a trapped weasel. "Get out of my way, or I'll put another bullet into you, Kippewa, and this time I won't miss my aim!"

NEEKA gasped. So it was true! "Then you—" she began, but the other crashed in, defiantly: "Then I shot this man! What of it? He deserved shooting, the dirty rat! What business is it of yours, anyway? What have you to say? I'm your brother's wife, aint I? What are you going to do about it?"

"Maybe not much," Kippewa said, almost gently. "She is only a girl, eh? But don' forget me, *ma cherie*, I am here."

She wheeled upon him, fear, now that she had once defied him, vanished. After all, what could they do, the two of them? She had the upper hand. "You say one word, try to do one single thing, and I'll have my husband onto you. He'd make quick hash of a blind bat like you!"

"He'd know something before that hash she is make."

"What would he know? What? Your word against mine! Didn't Rufus Whipple give me the mine papers? Wasn't I bringin' 'em into Neepawa to give to LaRonde's children? Just like I promised Whipple when he was dying? I was, you know I was! You rotten thief, you stole them from me that day on the trail when I was knocked

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M'SIEU SWEETHEART

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out, my feet froze and you torturin' them with snow! You stole Jacques LaRonde's papers from me. That night I got 'em back. Who says how? I got 'em and that's enough! They was a trust which LaRonde gave to Whipple and he gave to me. I brought them into Neepawa, didn't I? Miscou, he knows all about it. Your crazy story wouldn't go far with that Indian, I'm telling you!"

As if in a dream, or at the sea-bottom, with heavy weights hampering her movements, Neeka came slowly to the defiant, angry girl and spoke, gently: "You hav' papers from my father, Daisy? You bring word from him an' do not tell me of it?"

Daisy fenced for time: "Well, not at first I didn't. Miscou knows why and he will explain. But we would have told you if you hadn't gone runnin' off like that, sore about the way the Mounty acted! We was plannin' to tell you just as soon as you came back, and we are going to take you with us to the mine. Sure we are! You'll get your share of your father's gold, all right. Don't be scared you won't! Neeka! What are you going to do?"

THE whining insolence of her tone climbed to a shrill note of terror for she felt Neeka's strong brown hands about her throat and the next instant was being shaken from side to side, like a rat worried by a dog. Her teeth chattered and her breath came in broken sobs. Kippewa withdrew in silent merriment. "Leave something for me," he suggested, but Neeka did not hear him. Red burned in her blazing eyes and her own strength frightened her. Months of loneliness, of misunderstanding and disillusion fused to one single moment of hate. "You knew!" she was crying. "All the time you knew about my father! You hav' a message from him an' you do not tell me! An' you know how I wait an' how I long, my heart breaking for word of him! You see me cry for that longing and you do not care. You do not speak. Oh, you are bad, bad! You are fit for nothing but to die!" her voice rose on a sob; "I could find it in my heart to kill you! Kill you!"

Jules Cartier was about to come in the front door. He had a swift glimpse of Neeka, her hands about the throat of the struggling, sobbing Daisy, before he ran around the cabin to the rear. The guests, gorging at the table, paid no attention to him and Jules contrived to catch Miscou's eye. He beckoned. "Come, queek," he whispered; "those girl hav' one big fight!"

"Who hav' fight?"

"That Neeka, wit' Daisy!"

"Let me in there!" Miscou shoved past Jules but the other held him back. "Ah, do not be angry wit' that wil'cat," he whined. "She is good girl but crazy in the head wit' jealousy."

"She is jealous? Of what?"

"Oh, she want everything for herself. That Mounty—she crazy about him. An' you! She not even want to share her own brother wit' another woman! And now, about this mine in the Nort' . . ."

"What do you know about that?" Miscou was rapidly sobering, his head clearing.

Jules shrugged. "Oh, not much. Only what others in Neepawa say—that you an' Daisy hav' a gol' mine in the Nort' an' plan to go there. Neeka fin' out about that mine, I guess, an' she is mad like hell!"

"She found out?" Sobriety was returning in leaps and bounds for here was real danger. "Let me by!" Miscou pushed the drunken guests aside and Jules opened the door to the room beyond.

Miscou hurried in so quickly he did not see the girl lying at his feet until he had stumbled over her. Her face was turned from him and he lifted her into his arms. She was limp and warm, like a bird but just brought down. But, even as he held her, the warmth seemed to recede and the slight limbs to stiffen. Tightly wound about her throat was a gold-spangled scarf; too tightly twined, for her face was black, her lips purple.

"Look, she is strangle by that thing what Neeka wear!" said Jules Cartier. "By gar, they fight, those two!"

Miscou fingered the scarf, curiously, then began to unwind it but Jules and another stopped him. "It musn't be touch!" they warned, hoarsely. Already the Factor and Father Bonheur had been sent for and they must see just how Daisy came to die.

Miscou scowled. He did not like this prying, this indecent curiosity. He gathered the girl closer in his arms and lifted her as if she were a little child, then he called his Indian friends about him, speaking in his own tongue.

"My squaw was killed by the white woman, Neeka," he was saying to his own people and in their own language. "No sleep shall close the eyes of Miscou, no food shall pass his lips, until that woman is tracked down and lies dead. But that shall be later and the vengeance is for my hand alone," he added, warningly. "Now I would be alone with my woman."

The Chiefs grunted assent and cleared a path for him to the bedroom. Carrying the dead girl easily, he strode from sight, without word or look. The door closed behind him and the squaws squatted before it in a semi-circle, swaying back and forth and commencing a mournful chant.

IN THE bedroom Miscou laid his bride upon the lace-decked bridal couch and unwound the spangled scarf from her bruised throat. He made a cover of its gilt gaudiness, leaving only her curls and pale face in sight.

He spoke to her: "Little Flower, Star of the Heaven, Snowbird. White breast, like drifted snow, white hands, like fluttering doves, lips I kiss, soul of my soul, body of my body, never shall they take you from me! As in life you were mine, so in death you are mine. Never shall the Snowbird go from Miscou. Never Miscou be parted from the Snowbird. O little white flower, O star of heaven!"

Then, in the corner, he saw the tin trunk, open and disarranged. The work of Neeka! She had found the mine papers and learned the truth—about her father, about himself! In her black demon anger she had killed the Snowbird!

Miscou examined the lining in the top of the trunk but found the packet still there. The murderess had not taken it! So much the better for she would surely return for it, lured by the golden promise it contained. He closed the trunk and came back to his wife. The wailing of the squaws outside had ceased; someone was approaching the bedroom door. Miscou drew the scarf over the still face and, in Indian, bade whoever knocked to enter.

McDONALD hurried in, the Curé behind him. Miscou, anticipating their wish, silently withdrew the scarf and allowed them to look. But when the Factor would touch the dead girl's breast, feel her stilled heart, Miscou flung himself across the body, snarling.

The Curé approached him, tears in his eyes and his hands outstretched.

Miscou beat back the extended hand, replying with a flood of Indian while he crouched, like an animal, over the dead girl. McDonald, baffled, summoned a Chief from the room outside, a man he knew well. "What does the poor man say?" he asked. "Has grief demented him? Make him speak to us in our own language."

The Indian listened gravely to the words Miscou muttered and stolidly interpreted them. "He say not to touch his Squaw. He say she belong to him—by your Church, by his own law, she is his. He say no grave shall rob him of her body as the murderer has robbed him of his woman."

"Miscou, my lad!" cried McDonald, "we would not rob you! We would know how Daisy met her death so the murderer may be punished!"

If the Indian heard he made no response and the Factor sought the other room and the excited evidence of Jules Cartier, backed by the eye-witnesses who had beheld the murdered girl lying upon the floor.

"They hav' one big fight, those two girl," said Jules eagerly. "I come by the front door and I hear voices. Neeka she say: 'You are fit for nothing but to die! I could find it in my heart to kill you! Kill you!'

"I look in and see that girl wit' her hands on Daisy's throat, like this . . ." demonstrating the method upon the neck of a smaller neighbor. "She is chokin' her and shakin' her back and fort', like this!"

"My God, man, why didn't you come in, stop them?" McDonald demanded.

Jules squirmed, grew red in the face, and some of the onlookers laughed. "Well, m'sieu," he said, "you see Jules Cartier is one wise man! He know better than to come between two fighting women! Rather two wil' cats, m'sieu! But I run, queek, to where Miscou is at the table outside. Everyone see me, eh? I come an' tell Miscou those women fight. At first he not want to come. He is feeling pretty good, you understand? But soon he come an' we go into the cabin from the back. We open this door so . . ." Jules dramatically enacted the scene, "and there she is!"

"And there was no one else here, no other person?"

"Not one other soul, m'sieu Here is the girl, on the floor, an' round her neck is that shawl Neeka hav' been wearing. That is all!"

Across the room from them, McDonald listened to the jumbled evidence of Jules and the others. And through it all, like a note played over and over, incessantly, one name was reiterated, punctuating the garbled narratives with startling emphasis: Neeka! "'Neeka killed Daisy'—'Neeka strangled the Snowbird with the golden scarf!'"

Neeka, Neeka, *Neeka!*

[*Continued in* SEPTEMBER McCALL'S]

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No. 6227. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 35-inch material, 4⅜ yards 39-inch or 3⅛ yards 54-inch, neckfold, ⅜ yard 35-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 6220. Size 36, dress, 3⅝ yards 39-inch or 2¾ yards 54-inch, jabot, ¼ yard 39-inch, coat, 2⅞ yards 39-inch or 2⅛ yards 54-inch material. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6212. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material, lining, 2¼ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 6219. Size 36, waist, 1¾ yards 39-inch material, coat and skirt, 3½ yards 54-inch or skirt, 2⅜ yards 39-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 6221. Size 10, 3⅛ yards 35-inch material or 2 yards 54-inch; lining, 1⅜ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6214. Size 12, dress, 2¼ yards 35- or 39-inch material or 1¾ yards 54-inch, collar, ⅜ yard 39-inch, coat, 1¾ yards 54-inch, lining, 1⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 6222. Size 10, 2¾ yards 35-inch material or 1¾ yards 54-inch; lining, 1½ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6223. Size 4, 2¼ yards 27-inch material or 2 yards 32-inch, front band, ¼ yard 35-inch material.

No. 6218. Size 2, 1¾ yards 32-inch material or 1⅝ yards 35-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 35- or 39-inch.

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No. 6216. Size 2 requires 1¾ yards 35-inch material or 1¾ yards of 39-inch material. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards 35-inch or 1⅞ yards 39-inch.

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 20*]

Weston Martyr's *Not Without Dust and Heat* is one of the best books of short stories I have ever read. It runs a wide gamut, from humor boarding on farce to grim and terrible tragedy. Here are tales for a dozen moods. If you insist on a light one to start, try "A Savage Island," which is the way a man accustomed to desperate cannibals, sees England! But the best of the stories are those of far-flung tropic places. Be prepared for gore. And also for such descriptions of tropic heat as will make your own summer seem chill by contrast.

I HAD hoped this month to offer only light reading, refreshing as the tinkle of ice in a pitcher. But I simply had to tell you about Weston Martyr's book. And now here's another, a tragedy laid in a Scotch village. To a friend who asked for something "solid but not slow, unusual but not forced," I offered *Gallow's Orchard,* by Claire Spencer. "No," she protested; "I hear it's about a fallen woman. I refuse to wade through another story with a sentimental author pointing out how much kinder and nobler such women are at heart than the rest of us; or else how the frail creature was driven to her life by poverty, or tricked by some brutal male."

"But this isn't that kind of book at all," I protested. "When first you meet Effie Gallows she 'looks like an angry horse.' She's neither frail nor noble, she brings trouble and disaster to everyone who loves her, not out of wickedness, but because she is what she is."

"Oh, give it to me," she exclaimed impatiently. A few days later she returned it, saying she had read it through at one sitting, unable to put it aside—pity-bound and horror-bound to the last page. If you don't want to get out of the hammock, save it for next month. It's one of the best books of 1930.

More briefly: Most parents should read Roger Burlingame's *The Heir,* an excellent serious story of a young man whose father, with the most loving intentions, has forced him into a mold for which he was by nature unfitted. Though at the book's end the heir is free to go his own way, his father's wishes and will have soaked so deeply into him that he seems unlikely ever to achieve a life of his own. *Black Genesis,* by S. G. Stoney and G. M. Shelby, contains a scholarly introduction and eleven deliciously funny stories of creation in the Gullah negro dialect. In Clemenceau's last work, *The Grandeur and Misery of Victory,* the tiger roars out angrily and interestingly exactly what he thinks of everyone, allies and enemies. It seems almost impertinent to mention in the next breath a charming travel book, *Germany,* by Gerald Bullett, with beautiful illustrations by E. T. and E. Harrison. If you must have profanity to take you through the golf season, don't read Hugh Kingsmill's *Anthology of Invective and Abuse,* for after its gorgeous examples of what certain famous persons have said in rage and scorn, modesty will strike you dumb.

IF YOU are still hot you might try a thriller to make your blood run cold. Here are some over which I shuddered with interest or pleasure: Leslie McFarlane's terrifying *Streets of Shadow,* set in a Canada city underworld; *Author Unknown,* by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson, with a literary background, and the murder rather secondary to the character studies; *Somewhere in this House,* by Rufus King, with blackmail; *The Night Club Mystery,* by Elizabeth Jordan, with gamblers and a fast set, and a flavor of the Rothstein case; *The Body in the Road,* by Moray Dalton, an English mystery, with a working girl heroine, a titled hero, a private insane asylum, and other ingredients well mixed and seasoned; *Blue Rum,* by Ernest Souza, about an American engineer involved in intrigue and mystery in Portugal and Brazil.

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 26*]

"Yes, I'm going home."

"Aunt Jack, don't be a *fool.*"

Jacqueline turned and faced her. "Why should you call me that?"

"Because you are taking it this way."

"How should I take it?"

"Don't be so—upstage. Nobody has asked you to give up Kit."

"You have certainly made it impossible for me to marry him."

There had followed a torrent of words. There was no need, Yolanda had asserted, why they should not both marry, with nurses, and Joey away at school. "I believe Mother would adore being alone with Dad. For years there has always been a third person."

"A third person? What do you mean, Yolanda?"

"A third person to come between them. You've always been there, Aunt Jack."

Yolanda had the cruelty of youth. She had wanted an argument and had taken the first one that came to her hand, but she had not dreamed of its effect on Jacqueline. She saw a change in her aunt which seemed incredible. The small, serene person she had always known was transformed into a raging fury.

"You can say that to me," Jacqueline demanded, "after all these years? When your father begged me and your mother cried? When Kit came and went away because there was always something—to hold me back from happiness. Oh, I don't want to talk to you, Yolanda. Go on and marry Stuart. I wouldn't have him as a precious gift. A man isn't worth loving who can't do his own—wooing."

With that, she began flinging things into her trunk. As a rule Jacqueline was exact and orderly, and it seemed to Yolanda that her very disorder in flinging stockings and handkerchiefs and powder puffs and hairpins right and left and letting them fall where they would had in it something frightening and sinister.

"Aunt Jack," she protested, "I should think you'd be ashamed to act like this."

The small fury stopped for a moment. "If I had acted like this years ago," she said, "it might have been better for all of us. And now will you please go away, Yolanda? I want to finish my packing."

When she was at last in the train and speeding toward Boston, Jacqueline's mind went back to Yolanda and her protests.

"But you *can't* go, Aunt Jack. Not tonight."

"Why not?"

"Because I have an engagement with Stuart for this evening."

[*Continued on page 103*]

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 102*]

"There is no reason why you shouldn't keep it, Yolanda."

"But Mother and Daddy will have a fit if I stay here alone."

"Chaperones are out of fashion. You told me that yourself. And, anyhow, I'm done with chaperoning you, Yolanda. You can live your life and I'll live mine. It isn't that I don't love you, but I can't be bothered. I've got too much else to think about."

So Yolanda, wordless for once in her life, had departed, and Jacqueline, turning back to her task, had caught a glimpse of herself in the long mirror, and had gasped at the sight. For here was a new Jacqueline. Her eyes burned with a reckless light. It was as if her soul had waked suddenly to a sense of adventure hitherto unknown in her ordered life. She looked younger by ten years than when she had sat white-faced opposite Kit at India House.

And with that sense of adventure still upon her when she reached North Station, she bought a ticket for Salem. She had decided not to go home that night. No one would miss her. Yolanda would think of her as safely with Joel and Mary. And Joel and Mary would not dream she had left New York. She did not want to face Joel and Mary—not yet. And anyhow, if Yolanda was right, they might even resent her coming back so soon.

That was the dreadful thing about it—to think that, perhaps, after all, they had not needed her, had not, indeed, wanted her. That they might have muddled along in their own way and have been happier.

When she reached Salem, Jacqueline went to the hotel and had dinner served in her room. She was still warmed by the excitement which had pervaded her since her conversation with Yolanda. She wondered what Yolanda was doing. The engagement had had to do with dinner and a drive into Westchester. Stuart had some friends there, and Yolanda would not get back to the hotel until morning. She would go upstairs alone, all lovely and shining in her orchid satin with her dripping pearls. And there would be no one to watch over her.

Jacqueline wondered why she did not feel more responsible; but she was utterly without a care as far as Yolanda was concerned. She told herself that if anyone needed a chaperone at the moment, it was herself. Here she was alone in a hotel. A runaway. Hidden from her little world.

SHE rose and went to the window. The dark had come and the moon was high. There would be a moon when three nights hence, Kit would sail for India.

Three nights! Three days! What was it Browning had said? *In three days and just one night . . . but nights are short . . .*

But why think of Browning? It was of Kit she must be thinking. She had told Yolanda she would not marry him, yet in the background of her mind had been the hope that she might harden her heart to those she loved and leave them. If only she could harden her heart . . . not think of Mary in her bed . . . or of Joel's poor leg . . . or small Joey's wistful eyes.

If she said no word, Kit would sail without her, and it would be the end. They had not really said goodbye when he left her at the club. Kit had held her hand for a moment in a tight clasp and then dropped it: "I shall not see you again unless you send for me." And then she had driven off, looking back at him and waving.

Three days . . . !

SHE found herself putting on her hat and coat, and presently she was out in the moonlighted streets. She walked and walked until she came to Kit's house. She had the key and entered. She dared not light a candle lest the Gilmans should question and investigate. Yet the moon illumined the rooms faintly as she made her way to the library. The shades were up and the windows of the big house across the way were golden squares. She wondered if the Gilmans were having a party. They liked to entertain in the early summer and serve coffee among the roses in the perfumed garden. And Sue would pour, with her sheer sleeves falling back from her white arms . . .

Three days . . . !

The wide glass doors of the dining room were thrown open and people came out on the porch. They went down into the garden, and the light from the door showed Sue among them in a picture frock of crisp, pale green, and back of her was—Joel!

So Mary was alone—alone in her white bed, with only a nurse for company. And Joel was finding his pleasure with Sue. Oh, what a fool she had been to think she could leave Mary!

She groped her way to Kit's desk, and sat in his chair. And all at once it seemed as if his arms were about her . . . and she found herself weeping—great hot tears which fell on her hands and seemed to burn them.

Oh, Kit, Kit—here in this house with its ghosts of the past, its dreams of the future . . . you and I, dearest, here by this hearthstone, with children's laughter all about us, and with little children's feet going up and down!

When her storm of emotion had subsided, she left the library, and ascended the great stairway. She was not afraid. All the ghosts were friendly ones as they pressed close. The moonlight streamed through the high window on the first landing and fell in a flood of silver down the stairs, and Jacqueline, bathed in its light, was like a silver statue.

She had taken off her hat and coat for the night was warm, and when she reached Kit's room she opened a window, and a soft air with a tang of saltiness blew in. And that salt air came from the sea—the sea on which Kit was to sail—in three days . . . !

She made her way to the bedside table, where she found that for which she had come—a little old prayer book which long ago she had given Kit. She had felt she must have something tangible, something that Kit had touched. Kit wouldn't care if she took it. Perhaps he wouldn't even know. Or, if she went with him, she would tell him about it, and they would read their evening and morning prayers—together. Kit was so wonderful about such things. She remembered he had

[*Continued on page 104*]

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C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

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said to her once, "Our love would be less than it is if it were not linked with love of God." Not many men were like that . . . and she was letting him go out of her life!

With the little book pressed to her heart, she breathed an agonized petition, "Show me the way."

After that, she went from room to room, hating to leave and return to the hotel. She wondered if she dared stay for the night. She could curl up on one of the beds, and no one would be the wiser.

As she came once more to the high window on the landing, she stood looking down. She could see the Gilmans' garden where Sue's dinner guests, who had been lounging about in low chairs finishing their coffee, now rose. Their pleasant goodnights floated to Jacqueline's ears and her heart suddenly caught in a tight little pain for Mary—for, in the murmur of happy voices, she recognized Joel's. Even as she watched, Joel, lingering a bit behind the others, held out his hand to Sue, but Sue, looking quickly up at him, slipped her arm through his, and they walked away together.

And Mary would never walk . . . !

JACQUELINE turned from the sight, and descended the stairs. She went into the library for her hat and coat, put them on and started to leave the room, then drew back as she heard the faint rustle of garments, and someone entered—someone who passed without seeing her, and went to the window. And the someone was—Sue!

Jacqueline, among the shadows, stood very still. She hoped Sue would go away without discovering her. But why had Sue come?

As if in answer to her unspoken question, Sue turned and knelt by the hearth. The moonlight shone on her head, and on her outstretched white hand, as her fingers sought the outlines of the crude heart carved on the baseboard beside the fireplace. And when they found what they sought, Sue still knelt, her face uplifted, tears streaming down her cheeks, her quick breath sounding in the stillness.

And it was then that Jacqueline spoke, "Sue."

Sue flung herself about to face the sound. "Who's there?"

"Jacqueline."

They stood now in the darkness, close together. "Jack, what made you come?"

"I'm running away."

"From what?"

"From myself."

Sue put her hand on Jacqueline's shoulder and drew her forward, so that the moonlight fell upon her. "You've been crying?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

Sue did not withdraw her hand, but stood looking down: "Once upon a time you would have told me, but now you are keeping me at arm's length. And I want to be friends. But of late you haven't seemed to want my friendship? Nor Mary. I have an idea she thinks I'm vamping Joel, but I'm not. He's all Mary's, and I know it. And there's only one man for me . . . I came here tonight to keep a tryst with him. He doesn't love me. He doesn't even know that I keep a tryst. And that's why I cried. And I'm telling you all this because you saw me keeping a tryst with the ghost of my dreams. Every night in all the years, I have come to have this moment with my dreams—of Kit."

She said it with a pride which scorned to keep anything back. Jacqueline felt the fineness, the courage of her confession. She felt, too, a sense of awe in the knowledge of a constancy which asked no return but this mystical resurrection of the past.

"You have come every night, Sue?"

"Every night. And I want you to know it, because you are going to marry him, because I love you dearly, Jack, for your own sake, and because you are Kit's."

"But I'm not Kit's."

"What do you mean?"

"He's going away without me."

"Do you mean you are sending him?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Yolanda's going to be married. And we can't both leave Mary."

For a moment Sue did not speak, then she burst forth, "And Kit is letting you do it? If he had a bit of red blood in his body, he'd *make* you go."

"Sue!"

"Oh, I suppose if I were like the girls in the movies, I'd be thinking that I could get him. But no one will ever get him but you, Jack. Can't you see it? He's that kind. But he's been too good to you. If he'd been a bit brutal—hurt you as you have hurt him . . ."

"Sue!"

"Oh, I'm telling you the truth, Jack. I've wanted to do it for a long time, but I thought things were going as they should. But they aren't and you might as well

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 103*]

hear it. You've treated Kit abominably. You've thought of everyone's happiness but his. You've thought of Mary's happiness and Joel's, and the children's. And in doing it you've wrecked Kit's life. But I don't blame you now; I blame him. He is stronger than you, if he chooses to use his strength. And you know it. You know that if he came to you in the full tide of his passion, and said, 'I won't take no for an answer, Jack,' —you'd marry him. But he's been such a lamb . . . letting you lead him about with a blue ribbon!"

Jacqueline gasped, "Sue, how dare you!"

"I dare anything. I want him to be happy. I think sometimes that I love him more than you do. For you make him suffer."

Jacqueline still had Kit's prayer book in her hand. Upstairs she had prayed, "Show me the way." Was Sue showing it? Was Sue tearing away the veil of self-delusion in which Jacqueline had shrouded herself? Had the sacrifice of all these years been simply a self-satisfied gesture?

But Sue had not finished. "I'm not saying you weren't right in the beginning. You were. Mary needed you, and you felt you had a debt to pay, but you've paid it long ago. By the time Joel's prosperity came you'd become obsessed with the idea of immolation. And you'd grown so into Mary's life that it was like tearing flesh to break away. But you should have broken. And if you let Kit go—and he goes because you tell him, I shall be done with both of you."

Her hands were on Jacqueline's shoulders, and she gave her a little shake. "Are you mad to lose the fullness of life when you might have it? Do you know how I envy you your chance—I, who shall never have it?"

Jacqueline clung to her. "Sue, darling."

"No, I'm not a darling. And I'm not big or fine or anything that you're thinking I am. I can't have Kit, and I'm not a dog in the manger. That's why I'm fighting for his happiness. But, oh, why should I have to fight for his happiness, Jack, when you have it in your hands?"

It seemed to Jacqueline then as if a mighty wind swept through the still house, blowing away the doubts which had assailed her. "Sue," she said, "Kit has to sail in three days . . . and I am going to sail . . . with him . . ."

She was in Sue's arms now, her head against that silver shoulder, and a great sense of peace upon her.

After a time, Sue said: "Surely you aren't going home tonight?"

"I've a room at the hotel. No one knows I'm here. Yolanda thinks I'm with Joel and Mary and they think I'm with Yolanda."

"I'll send for your bag, and you can stay with us."

"There'd be too many explanations. Sue, I'd like to sleep here . . ."

"Why not? I'll telephone that you're spending the night with me, and that you'll call for your bag in the morning, or do you want it sent up?"

"I'd rather not . . ."

SUE bent and kissed her. "I shall envy you, sleeping here, with all your—dreams."

"I know . . ."

"Sure you're not afraid, Jack?"

"No."

"I must be getting back, or they'll be wondering."

"Sue you've been so sweet—"

"Don't my dear," Sue bent again and kissed her. "And why can't I take you over tomorrow morning in my motor boat? We can start early. And we'll get a cup of coffee on the way."

So it was settled. And when Sue had gone, Jacqueline went upstairs. She chose the guest room, because it was in the back of the house and there she dared to light a candle. Sue had wanted to bring over fresh linen for the bed, but Jacqueline would not have it. "I'll slip out of my dress and wrap up in a blanket, and sleep like a top."

But she found that she couldn't sleep. After she extinguished the candle, she lay in the moonlight, thinking it all out. When she went to the hotel in the morning for her bag she would call up Kit and tell him . . . And she would tell him, too, that she didn't want to wait for a big wedding. They would be married at once, and sail in three days. Nothing else mattered but that she was to be his wife and would go away with him, and they would have their happiness on the high seas!

Then, as soon as she got home, she would tell Mary! When she reached that point in her thoughts it seemed as if a cold hand clutched her. She tried to tell herself that Mary would be glad. And that Joel and Mary and Yolanda and Joey would somehow make a go of things. But she couldn't. And when she slept it was to dream of them, calling out to her, "*Jack . . . Jack!*" and "*Aunt Jack . . . Aunt Jack*" in a dreadful clamor.

When she waked in the morning, dawn had come into the room—a delicate, rosy dawn. She heard Sue's voice in the hall and ran to open the door. Sue had brought hot water in a pitcher, towels, soap. "It was great fun getting it over without anyone finding it out."

They talked while Jacqueline groomed herself and got into her clothes, then left the house and walked to the hotel. Sue waited in the lobby while Jacqueline went to her room, and called up Kit's New York club. As she waited for an answer, she trembled. It would be wonderful to say, "Kit, I'm coming!"

BUT Kit was not there. He had left, she was told, on the midnight train for Boston. She called up his club on Park Street. He had not come in.

So that was that! Jacqueline hung up the receiver and went down to Sue. "I can't get him in New York or Boston. He took the midnight train."

"He's probably motoring madly to see you."

Jacqueline shook her head. "He won't come to me this time. He said I must come, or it would be—the end."

Jacqueline's bag was light, so the two girls walked to the restaurant by the waterside where Jacqueline had once come with Kit. The old Skipper set before them presently a hearty breakfast of English bacon and new-laid eggs. His coffee was perfect, the toast hot and crisp. Sue and Jacqueline ate everything he set before them, and were rewarded by his air of triumphant satisfaction.

He went with them to their boat, and squinted an eye at the sky. "Clear enough, but it has the feel of a storm."

"Are you trying to scare us, Skipper?" Sue demanded.

"Nothin' scares you, does it?" He laughed and waved as they moved off, and it was not until some time later that they recalled his prophecy, for the harbor stretched before them shining and still.

It was when they came at last to the open sea that they were aware of a shadow on the waters, and of black clouds boiling up above the horizon. "The Skipper was right," Sue said, "there's wind in those clouds. But we may not get it."

They did get it, but not at once. They drove for a time through a stillness which was ominous. The gulls poised above them gave out shrill, piercing cries. A bell buoy, far out, seemed to toll a warning.

But Jacqueline was not afraid. She loved the sea, and she loved the wind—the wild wind—which had brought Kit to her in those days of war. She began to talk to Sue about it. "Sue, the war gave us something we shall never lose—a kind of courage—I've never been afraid of death since."

Sue said, sharply, "What made you think of death now?"

"I don't know. I just did."

The wind was upon them now. The black sky pressing down. "It's going to rain pitchforks," Sue announced; "hand me my slicker, Jack."

There was another slicker for Jack, and the girls in their waterproof coats were like two yellowbirds on a precarious perch. Sue drove her boat strongly through the waves. "It's glorious," she gasped; "just sit tight, Jack, and we'll get there."

"I'm not afraid," Jacqueline told her, and meant it. The only thing she was afraid of was those voices in the night.

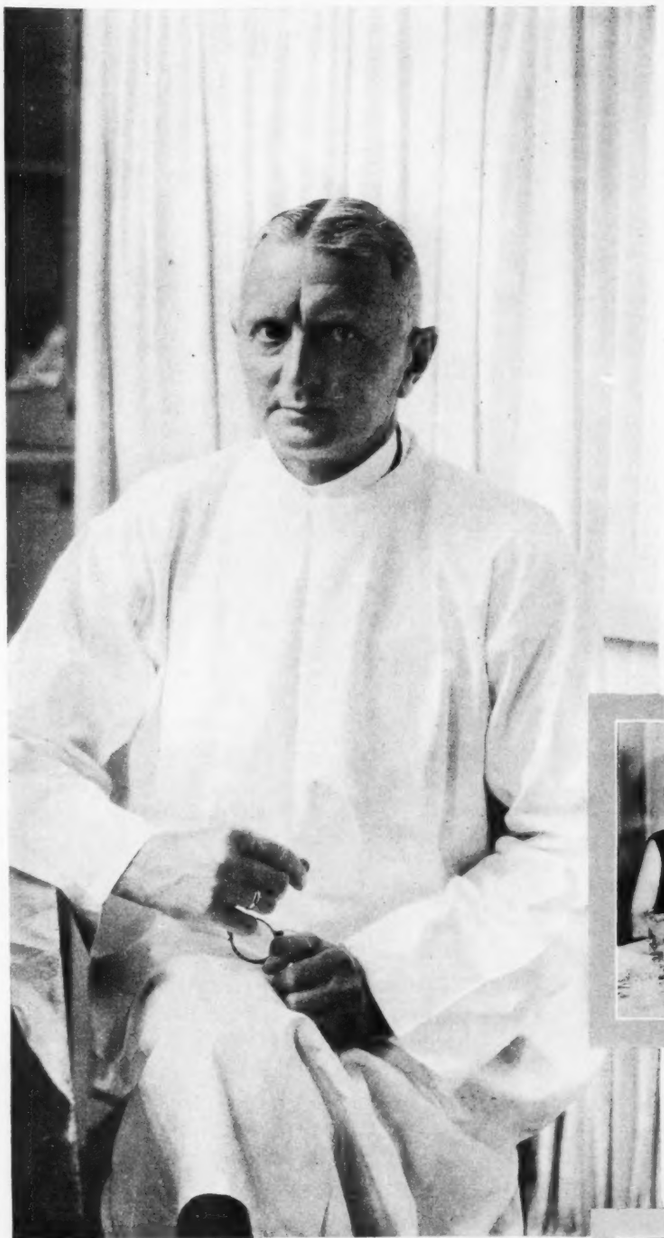
Mary had been alone for two days. The nurses had been very attentive, and Joel and Joey. She had said once to Joel, "Things are really running very nicely without Jack."

And he had said, "Yes," and had gone down presently to dine with his small son and to wish that Jack were there or Yolanda. "A man needs a woman opposite him at the table."

But Mary did not know and was happy in her ignorance. And when the third morning [*Turn to page 106*]

Keep Stomach in shape *this way..*

urges Norwegian Authority



Dr. J. E. Bruusgaard says, "I have used fresh Yeast for years"

HERE is friendly advice from the head of a famous clinic . . . Prof. Dr. Johan Edwin Bruusgaard, of the great State Hospital in Oslo, Norway!

Dr. Bruusgaard is an honored member of the most exclusive medical societies in Europe. He says:

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Leading doctors everywhere now trace many stomach troubles to an unhealthy condition lower down . . . to the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

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PROF. DR. BRANDWEINER, head of well-known Vienna clinic, says: "A good fresh yeast will keep the digestive processes active and the intestinal canal free of the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin."

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Her experience bore out what great doctors say

(BELOW) "I was always bothered with indigestion," writes Miss Jeanne Johnson of Los Angeles. "Then I noticed a lot of the peppiest girls at school ate Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it—and my indigestion was forgotten. My complexion improved, too."

(BELOW) "When I returned from the War I couldn't eat without indigestion," writes Willard Davis of Atlanta, Ga. "I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast, tried it, and soon lost my sluggishness and indigestion."

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 104*]

came, and there was a letter from Yolanda, she opened it with anticipation. It was a special delivery letter, and there clung about the envelope a faint whiff of Yolanda's favorite perfume. Yolanda's script was firm and square, and the letter began, "Darlingest Mums!"

Mary read a few lines, then gave a little cry. The nurse hurried toward her. "What is it?"

"Yolanda's married!"

"*Married!* Oh Mrs. Hutchins!"

"Listen," Mary's voice ran on hurriedly:

"When you read this Stuart and I will be married. We decided it just after Aunt Jack left this afternoon for home. She's probably told you all about it, and that she's giving up Kit. But, listen Mumsie, you mustn't let her. It is time she lived her own life, and anyhow you and Dad will *adore* being alone. I told her that I thought she really ought to know.

Stuart and I are going to his friends in Westchester, and you needn't worry. All the proprieties will be observed. We've telephoned out, and I'm to stay there tonight, and as soon as possible in the morning we'll get the license, and I'm going to wear my orchid satin. It seems queer, doesn't it, to be married in orchid. But Stuart says he loves it.

And, darling, I love you. And you'll forgive me because this is the only way out of it all, and I'm just being sensible and taking things as they come to me. Dad will rage, of course, but you can smooth him down. Oh, yes, and we're going to honeymoon on a *yacht*. One of Stuart's friends is lending it. And it will be *gorgeous* . . . . !"

MISS MEEKER, listening to that hurried voice, reached for a bottle of sedative. Mary was excited, shaking, her cheeks red. "How dared she . . . and yet . . . she has what she wants, Miss Meeker . . . and Stuart's wonderful . . ." There was a hint of complacency in her voice not missed by the astute Miss Meeker. Stuart Dudley, with his wealth and his background, was a match for any woman. And Mrs. Hutchins knew it.

Mary, rereading the letter, stopped at the third line. "She says that Jack left New York yesterday. What can she mean? She hasn't arrived."

"She probably stopped over in Boston."

"But why didn't she tell us, and why didn't she come this morning?"

"She may have told Mr. Hutchins."

"He'd have told me. You'd better call him up, Miss Meeker, and see if he has heard."

But Joel hadn't heard. He said that Mary was not to worry. He'd call Kit up in New York. Jack was probably safe and sound at the hotel. But what was that Miss Meeker was saying about Yolanda? *Married. Great guns! What a girl! Going off like that!*

Yet even as he protested, Miss Meeker was aware of that note of gratification which she had detected in Mary's voice when she heard the news. "I think you'd better come home if you can, Mr. Hutchins. Mrs. Hutchins is taking it very well, but of course it's a shock. And she's worried about Miss Jack."

"Tell her not to worry. Jack's all right. Yolanda was so excited, she probably didn't know what she was talking about."

As Miss Meeker went back to her patient, the curtains of the windows in the hall streamed in the wind. She called down to Marta, "You'd better shut things up tightly, Marta. There's going to be a storm."

Mary still lay with Yolanda's letter in her hand, but her mind was not on her daughter. "What did Joel say about Jack?"

"He says you're not to worry. That she's undoubtedly in Boston or New York. He's going to get in touch with Mr. Howland."

The rain was streaming now against the windows. "I hope Jack isn't out in it," Mary remarked.

"Of course she isn't," Miss Meeker was soothing. "She has too much sense."

Mary, her hand under her cheek, lay looking off into space. "Jack's a darling. She has been more than a sister to me. The tie that binds us is very strong."

The tie that bound them was so strong, that as the moments passed Mary grew very restless. More and more she was oppressed by the feeling that something was happening to Jack. And if anything did happen to her could they ever forgive themselves? For, in all the long years since the war, had any of them been really concerned about Jack's happiness? Hadn't they taken all that she had to give of youth and strength without a thought of what it might mean to her?

"She's a darling," Mary said again to Miss Meeker, and burst suddenly into tears. "What *do* you suppose has happened? It's been an hour since you called up Joel and we haven't had a word."

"He's coming now." Miss Meeker rose and stepped into the hall. She met Joel, who said something to her in a low voice, and then went on to Mary.

"Cheer up, old girl. You mustn't break down like this."

"Have you heard anything from Jack?"

"No."

"Something has happened, Joel. I'm sure of it."

"Nonsense. What could happen? And now let me see Yolanda's letter." He swept Mary away from the subject of Jacqueline. And Miss Meeker went downstairs. For Joel had said in the hall: "For God's sake go down. Howland's there. He drove me out—sixty miles an hour. We broke all traffic rules and got away with it."

Miss Meeker found Kit in the sun room. He turned quickly as the nurse spoke to him. "I have just called up the Gilmans'. They told me at the club that just before I arrived this morning there was a long distance from Salem. Miss Paula says Miss Sue went out early in her boat and that Miss Jack was with her. One of the maids saw them from an upper window."

"Then they are on the water—in this storm?"

"Yes. Miss Meeker, will you tell Hutchins that I'm going after them?"

He did not wait for slicker or hat. The wind blew his rough curls about as he ran down to the pier. The whole world was dark with the storm.

Miss Meeker, coming in, once more urged rest for Mary. Joel finally went away, to be followed presently by the nurse. "She'll sleep a bit now, I hope. And Mr. Howland left a message for you, Mr. Hutchins."

But Mary did not sleep. As a rule she had no fear of storms, but there seemed something sinister and frightening in all this crash and clatter at midmorning.

She rang her bell. There was no answer. She called, and no one replied. She was filled with a sense of her impotence, and rang and called again, raging. Why didn't they come? She could hear strange sounds—of hurrying feet, of whispering voices! Something had happened! To Jack!

Frantic, and driven by her fears, she found herself sitting up. The last time she had raised herself in bed, Jack had been there to see . . .

The wind shook the house and screamed like a thousand furies, as Mary moved to the edge of the bed and put her feet to the floor. They were bare feet, and she had no slippers. Why should there be slippers for one who never wore them? She had no dressing gown, for a woman who never left her bed needed none, and so when at last, shaking but triumphant, she stood on the rug, she was thinly clad in bedjacket and nightrobe of rosy crêpe.

Slowly she made her way to the hall and looked down. A group of people had gathered there—Joel and Miss Meeker and Marta, and two unknown men, and Sue Gilman, dripping like a rat.

But it was not at any of these that Mary looked. For in the center of the group, held in the arms of Kit Howland, who was on his knees, was Jacqueline. And Jack's face was as white as death, and she lay as one dead, and Kit was saying hoarsely, desperately, "Open your eyes, my darling, open your eyes, and look at me."

Jacqueline, far off in the darkness, heard faintly the call of her lover. She felt herself rising up from deep waters, and she opened her eyes and saw . . . Kit! And she felt the strength of his body as he held her to him, and tasted the salt on his lips as he kissed her!

And then she remembered!

The boat had gone over in the midst of a whirling sea, and she and Sue had managed to cling to the wreck and keep their heads above water. Sue had been wonderful! She had laughed at the thought of danger. "It's only a matter of keeping cool until someone comes."

It was Sue who had talked and had kept Jacqueline talking. About intimate things. Of that time in India. "Paula made me think that Kit cared, but he didn't."

"She wrote me that he did. That's why I let Kit go. I didn't want to hold him."

"You held him by more than mere vows, Jacqueline. It is something in themselves that makes men constant."

"Darling Kit . . . ." Jacqueline had felt suddenly chilled and weak. Would she ever see him again?

SUE had spoken sharply, "Jacqueline! Hold tight. If you let go now, you may not be able to swim back." And Jacqueline had felt that she wasn't sure whether she cared to swim back.

She had heard Sue's frantic voice, "Jack, Jack!" and then darkness had swept over her.

And now the world was filled with golden light and she was aware that Sue was saying, "If Kit hadn't come just then! Kit, you looked like Lohengrin or Tannhäuser or some of the old gods."

But Jacqueline didn't want to hear what Sue was saying, for she was back in Kit's arms, and he was whispering, "Dear heart," and she whispered back, "In three days we will sail away—together."

Everybody was about her, making her for once the center of things; Joel, laughing in his relief, and Miss Meeker, urging that she be put to bed, and Sue with hot water bottles and blankets, and Kit, hearing nothing, seeing nothing but the face of his beloved.

Then all at once, they all turned from her, and gazed upward—staring! Even Kit stared and his arms loosened. And Jacqueline, following the direction of their eyes, saw Mary, all pink and gold like a radiant angel, coming down the stairs!

[THE END]

WE'RE LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

But

Do you remember lovable little Nunny, the girl who went back for her umbrella, in the June issue? Well, Rayner Seelig, author of that delightful story, has written another called DINNER FOR THREE. *(But only two arrive!)*

And Lynn Montross, who with his wife wrote *Early to Bed,* returns to McCall's with the rollicking comedy of Virgil Throop—a boy who, in ten easy lessons, becomes the sort of man that a wife, mother or sweetheart would be proud to claim. The title is YOURS WITH A PUNCH.

If you're wondering what has happened to Eddie Ware, Mary Rutledge and Dave Glenn, you'll find the dramatic answer in LAST RESORT by Octavus Roy Cohen.

And in our very own McCALL'S CENSUS, Helen Christine Bennett contributes the most exciting story of the last ten years.

What's more, there's THE SHOW GOES ON, told to Dorothy C. Reid by "Uncle Bob" Sherwood, a tanbark trouper of the 80's and 90's in "the greatest show on earth."

You'll find these and other stories in the
SEPTEMBER McCALL'S

"Mama doesn't wash Daddy's hands – so I won't let her wash mine!"

"Oh, I know *you!*" said Mrs. McRae* one sunny afternoon recently when I had knocked at her door. Then she laughed, "at least I *feel* that I know you—I've read so many of your stories."

Now wasn't that a nice sort of welcome? When I meet women like Mrs. McRae I'm always glad that I'm the P AND G Naphtha visitor!

And you can imagine how quickly the two of us began to chat together about soap. "I use P AND G—lots of it," explained Mrs. McRae. "Goodness knows, I *have* to—with a youngster like George."

(Then I asked to see George, but Mrs. McRae said that the pride of the family was taking his afternoon nap.)

"He's a very small boy," she said fondly, "but he thinks he's grown up—so he doesn't want to let me wash his hands—"

Mrs. McRae laughed. "I always supposed I'd have to *make* him wash his hands. But he dotes on it! The only trouble is that every hand-wash means a soaking down the front of him. Yesterday he used the garden hose while it was running at full pressure. He had been making mud pies, so you can imagine the mess he was in."

*This is not her real name of course.

Mrs. McRae went on to say that washdays do not mean hard work even though George often needs three changes of suits in a day. "Our water is a little hard," she said, "but a P AND G soaking *alone* gets out most of the dirt. Really I do very little rubbing. P AND G is a splendid soap."

In practically every P AND G home women tell me that they have whiter, fresher clothes since they've changed to P AND G Naphtha Soap. They prefer this *fine, white soap.*

Perhaps you have wondered why P AND G—though so smooth and white and firm—actually costs less than ordinary soaps. Well, the reason is very simple. P AND G is made on an enormous scale (row after row of soap kettles three stories high, bubbling full all the time!)—so naturally it is produced very economically.

P AND G White Naphtha Soap costs you less because it is so popular. And it is so popular with millions of women because *it really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—how to lighten washday labor." These and other problems are discussed in a free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NM-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For white clothes — white soap preferred! Wherever I go I find that women today have more confidence in *white* soaps. And the favorite white soap is *P AND G Naphtha.* The last town I was in 3 out of 4 women told me they were using it. And when I asked them why, the gist of their answers was—"We want really white clothes so we use good white soap—and that, of course, means P AND G!"

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YOU might criticize her small soft button of a nose or the slight double curve of her chin. But you'd fetch forth a fluttering sigh in homage to her petal-smooth skin. For she is a living authority on the subject of beautiful complexions . . . every single inch of her, from her crown to her frivolous heels, is the pink of perfection—and very kissable!

What is her secret? Well, she goes in wholeheartedly for a very simple beauty program. She sleeps as soundly as a little bunny; she firmly demands plenty of water and milk; and every single day her entire complexion delights in a gentle Ivory bath.

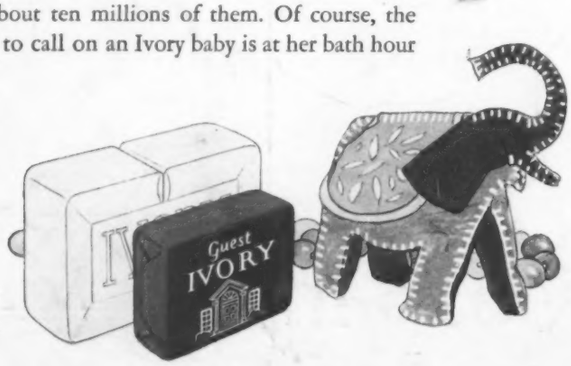
For her doctor told her nurse, and her nurse told her mother that Ivory Soap-and-water cleansing is the very best beauty treatment for a very sensitive skin!

If you should ask your doctor, he'd say that this very same Ivory cleansing is perfect for a grown-up complexion, too. For Ivory's clear bubbly foam *really cleans* the pores . . . gives your skin its rightful chance to be clear and fine and smooth. It washes away every bit of clogging cream and powder and rouge. And then, how refreshed and wide-awake your complexion feels!

So won't you try this Ivory beauty treatment whenever your complexion feels a bit listless and tired? And by all means, give your face this thorough, gentle Ivory cleansing faithfully every night so that your sleep may become a real beauty-sleep!

And do drop in for a consultation soon with an Ivory baby. You surely must know at least *one*, for there are about ten millions of them. Of course, the nicest time to call on an Ivory baby is at her bath hour when she is displaying her whole complexion! Most Ivory babies take their tubs in the morning, but some prefer them toward evening. And then you'll see the *proof* that Ivory is a perfect friend of truly sensitive complexions! PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free—a little book on charm. "What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The 'why' of wrinkles." Send a post card for "On the Art of Being Charming" to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VM-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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